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A PROJECT FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL IGNORANCE.

(REJECTED BY THE EDITOR OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.)

THE MARCH OF KNOWLEDGE.—It is full time that the career of this democratic principle should receive a check. We do not allude to its fatal effects upon the continent—a Bourbon in exile—a Polignac in captivity—a Miguel in danger ;—let foreign nations protect themselves ; our own perils are too many and imminent to give us time or space to discuss those of our neighbours. Our object is to kindle a flame of resistance to the further advance of knowledge in our *native land*. There is no chance of quiet until we overcome this domestic enemy. Jeremy Bentham is not a more irreclaimable radical, nor Daniel O'Connell a more indefatigable agitator. It is this unseen but restless demagogue, that has raised the cry of reform from every corner of this deluded country. Hence the broken sleep of my Lord Duke of Northumberland ; hence the shattered health of his grace of Newcastle ; hence the tear on the venerable cheek of my Lord Eldon. The classic union of ease and dignity is dissolved ; there is no repose in the snugest sinecure ; no peace of mind in benefice or bishopric—all because of knowledge. While we yet speak, it menaces the chastity of the constitution in Scotland, and its very life in Cornwall ; fulminates fierce anathemas against the patriotic section of the peerage ; and darts a sacrilegious glance at the temporalities of the church. Were principles indictable like persons, knowledge would long since have been tried for sedition, perhaps for treason, and sent to the colonies, or the gallows. It would hardly have escaped so many Tory administrations to become the ally and instrument of Whigs and Radicals. The Attorney-Generalship of Sir James Scarlett would have saved us the trouble of devising the plan which we now offer to the conservative party, and which we humbly submit is the only way left to avert their ruin. We speak

in sad earnest : unless the measures we are about to propose are speedily taken, we venture to predict that at the close of another century, probably much sooner, the friends of established institutions will look round them in vain for a single sinecure place ; nor will there be a mitre, nor so much as the shovel-hat of a dean, throughout all England.

We begin, by taking for granted, that the most effectual way of counteracting the influence of knowledge, is by the instrumentality of the antagonist principle—ignorance. The grand object, therefore, is to augment the quantity of the latter as much as possible, and bring it into action (if we may use the phrase) with the greatest possible mechanical advantage. Now, if we remark the proceedings of the Knowledge-party, we shall find that the secret of their success consists, not in the intrinsic strength of their cause (as they insolently pretend), but in the organized and systematic plan of operations they have long and steadily pursued ; not squandering their resources in desultory efforts, or relying upon the powers of individuals, however vast their learning, or splendid their talents ; but concentrating their forces in a variety of societies and associations, such as Mechanics' Institutes, Circulating Libraries, Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, &c.,—acting, in fact, upon the same principle which led those kindred spirits, the Reformers of Birmingham and other places, to form themselves into the confederacies called Political Unions. To this systematic method of carrying on the war, it appears to us, that knowledge is indebted for all her successes ; and it is our deliberate opinion, that the interests of ignorance owe their present depressed (though far from desperate) condition, to the neglect of corresponding operations upon that side. Their dependence has been entirely upon occasional sallies and detached movements—a speech of my Lord Londonderry, or my Lord Dudley, a pamphlet by Mr. Sadler, or an article in the *Quarterly*, by Basil Hall, or the Ex-Secretary of the Admiralty. All that mere personal prowess could do was unquestionably done ; powers of dulness and mystification, almost supernatural, were put forth by individuals ; and, as far as either cause was capable of being furthered by the mere quantity of ignorance or knowledge in an isolated effort, Lords Londonderry and Brougham were equally powerful supporters of their respective parties. But it was not upon this sort of guerilla warfare the latter nobleman and his friends reckoned for success : no ! they established lectureships ; pulled down ancient ale-houses and erected Mechanics' Institutes ; they founded a society for the *avowed purpose* of extending useful, and (mark the arts of the seducers !) entertaining information ; they encouraged Lancastrian schools ; patronized Hamiltonian, Pestalozzian, and divers other systems for propagating knowledge as it were by force of steam ; and to crown all, they founded an Institution in the democratic precincts of Russell-square, to which they gave the name of University, with the fraudulent intent of masking its real object, by leading the unthinking to regard it as a similar establishment to those of Oxford and Cambridge ; whereas it soon came out, that its views were diametrically *opposite*, and that in reality it was only another engine for carrying on the trade of disseminating truth and knowledge.

Having thus stated the machinations of the enemy, and the successes that have attended their manœuvres, our advice to the conservative party is simply as follows :—The Romans overcame the world by adopting the military arts and weapons of the nations by whom they were themselves



originally vanquished. "*Fas est ab hoste doceri*," was their maxim. Let the foes of education but follow the same line of policy, and it is highly reasonable to expect that the same good fortune will be their guerdon. As the partizans of knowledge combine their lights, so would we counsel those of ignorance to unite their opacities—to unite them skilfully and methodically—perhaps we might be permitted to say scientifically—with one grand object constantly in view: the distribution of the greatest possible quantity of ignorance amongst the greatest possible number of persons, which might be called, to adopt an expression from the Benthamites, THE GREATEST-IGNORANCE PRINCIPLE.

It was once an hypothesis of astronomers that night was caused by certain dark stars, supposed to rise at sunset, and irradiate the earth with darkness, precisely in the same way that the sun irradiates it with light. However this question be determined, it is certain that intellectual night is capable of being produced in an analogous way. An ignoramus may do as much to obscure and perplex any given subject as a philosopher to elucidate and explain it. It is notorious that speeches, books, and sermons are as valuable instruments of communicating error and folly, misinformation and non-information, as the opposite elements. This is matter of daily experience, and we have only to read the parliamentary debates, or look over the booksellers' catalogues, to get as many instances as we like. Now we are prepared to shew that not only is ignorance susceptible of propagation, but of propagation by system, or in other words, by means of societies and institutions similarly constituted to those which Brougham and his myrmidons have established, and are daily establishing, for the diffusion of knowledge. If a single ignoramus (as nobody denies) is often so mighty at overshadowing the topic he treats of, whether it be scientific, political, or moral, the effect to be expected from a college of ignoramuses, or any similar institution for collecting, as it were, into a focus all the rays of darkness in the kingdom, must necessarily be prodigious. And why should not the conservative party have their mechanics' institutes, their circulating libraries, their societies for the diffusion of useful ignorance, &c., as well the reformers and radicals? A mechanics' institute, provided with a *proper* lecturer, would answer just as well for inculcating the baneful effects of machinery, or the blessings of the corn-laws, as the opposite doctrines. The member for Preston has delivered philippics without number against threshing-machines and harrowing-machines; and we see no reason why, if adequately salaried, he might not lecture the labouring classes once or twice a week to the same useful purpose. We seriously suggest this to the Tories, as the most effective way of employing the talents of their new auxiliary, Mr. Hunt. In like manner Mr. Sadler—what might not his profound ignorance of the true principles of political economy accomplish, if, instead of being dissipated in replies to the Edinburgh Review, it was uniformly and steadily brought into action from some professor's chair, endowed by his noble patron the Duke of Newcastle? The abilities of Mr. Goulburn might in the same way be turned against those of Sir Henry Parnell. What a glorious obscuration a course of public lectures by the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer would shed over the whole science of finance! Why, he would involve it in such a night that the knowledge of the Irish baronet, which now shines so conspicuously in his late publication, would look like a star of the twelfth magnitude, or require the eye of a Galileo to discover it. In the next place, nothing would be

easier than to defeat Lord Brougham's favourite project, or hobby, the establishment in every town and village of circulating libraries for the labouring classes. By merely keeping these institutions faithful to the principles on which our ancestors founded them, we should foil the noble philosopher at his own weapons. Instead of such books as "The Working Man's Companion," "The Advantages of Machinery," and "The Mechanic's Magazine," the shelves should contain nothing but novels and romances, such as "The Atrocities of a Convent," "The Enchanted Castle," &c. for adults; and for children, "Jack the Giant-killer," "Cinderella," and "The Life and Death of Cock Robin." There is an obvious objection to historical romances, as well as to travels and voyages; but a few such works as Croker's edition of Boswell could do no harm. Many useful hints for new works might be taken from the publications on the other side. For instance, as there is a book entitled "*The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties*," so there might be prepared another on "*The pursuit of ignorance under difficulties*," in which all the temptations to the acquisition of knowledge, and the countless obstacles to be surmounted in the present trying times (when that tremendous character, the schoolmaster, is abroad,) by those who are nobly determined neither to be frightened nor flattered into education, might be fully set forth, and illustrated in the lives of noblemen and gentlemen who have set the most brilliant examples of this never-enough-to-be-lauded resistance. Instead of the plebeian names of Franklin and Watt, and Black and Saunderson, the work we contemplate would be dignified with the names of dukes, bishops, generals, and even princes of the blood royal. We should have Northumberlands, Newcastles, Winchelseas, Wharncloffes, Wellingtons, a host of Right Reverend Prelates, and a Royal Highness or two. We should never be obliged to travel out of the peerage for instances; certainly never to descend lower in the scale of rank than members of the House of Commons.

But to proceed with the main parts of our plan, we would most earnestly recommend the formation of "A SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL IGNORANCE." That ignorance is useful, is well known to those who have governed England for the last hundred and fifty years: they have experienced its advantages in so many ways, it has been the means of raising them to such a height of prosperity and power, that gratitude alone obliges them to omit nothing that can save its interests from ruin. The society we now propose would have ten supporters amongst the aristocracy for one supporter of its rival; and as to writers, we may be sure, that as the harvest would be rich, so the labourers would be many. Murray would of course be the publisher; and, to suit the present crisis, the subject of the first number might be, "The evils of a representative government." The next and last proposition we shall make (for we do not mean to give more than an outline of a plan on the present occasion), is the foundation of a new Royal Society. The members should have affixed to their names the letters F.S.I., or Fellow of the Society of Ignoramuses. Nothing could look better than Sir Robert Inglis, F.S.I., or Captain Gordon, F.S.I., or the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, F.S.I. Not to be behind its rival at Somerset House, the chair of this new institution ought to be filled by a Royal Duke, and the choice would not be a matter of much difficulty; the public having long since conferred a title upon a particular personage, which marks him out for president of such a society the moment it shall be incorporated.

If the ignorance party should be prevailed on to follow the advice thus frankly, though humbly tendered to them, they will have one great advantage which their adversaries never had and never can have, namely, the authority and influence of the whole corps ecclesiastic exerted in their behalf: hierarchy and priesthood will be with them to a man. There will be no need to order the bishops to charge. Down to the minor canons all the artillery of the church are ever ready to open their brazen mouths upon the cause of education. The incumbents of fat benefices know that ignorance and tithe are as near akin as cause and effect, and piously do they believe that tithe and gospel are convertible terms; so with their whole "vis inertia" of soul and body will they not fail to throw themselves into the front of the battle. Then consider the universities on the Cam and Isis; from remote antiquity how skilfully fortified against useful knowledge; and (with the exception of a few traitors in the camp) how admirably garrisoned! Under the joint command of her two representatives—representatives in the true import of the word—Oxford might make good her stand against the strongest force that Gower-street could send against her, particularly with such a Tyrtæus as Mr. Robert Montgomery to animate her members to the conflict. At first sight it seems deplorable, that the Political Economists should have succeeded in establishing in the university in question a professorship of that branch of knowledge; but on the plan already explained it is far from matter of regret; all that is necessary is to take care that the chair be always filled by a *proper* person, a point which might be secured by framing an oath to be taken by candidates, solemnly abjuring (like transubstantiation and divided allegiance) the doctrines of free-trade and the other best-established principles of the science.

That even by the plan here suggested, the career of intellect, after it has been suffered to acquire so vast an impetus, would *easily* be stayed, we do not presume to assert; but sure we are, that by no other project devisable in the brain of man will so desirable a consummation ever be effected. The mass of reason and intelligence now accumulated in this once ignorant and happy country is enormous; and unless an overwhelming weight of the contrary materials be collected and thrown into the opposite scale, the evils we have already experienced are light compared with those which await us. There must no longer be any waste of ignorance permitted; its energies must be economised and concentrated. Dissipated as they too long have been, they have produced no more effect than gun-powder in a school-boy's squib; constrain their action to regular channels, and they will do the execution of gun-powder in a soldier's rifle. To resume a former metaphor, we must not only have dark stars, but dark constellations—ay, and not only constellations, but systems. The luminaries in the firmament of folly must learn to regulate their motions, and darken the world by rule. The wandering stars must observe orbits, and the Wetherells and Londonderries, who may be said to be the comets of the opaque system, must leave their eccentric courses, and become more efficient, even at the expence of being less conspicuous, in the grand confederacy against light. All the obscurity that can be collected from every quarter of the unintellectual world is not—depend upon it, my lords and gentlemen of the conservative party! it is not—more than enough to compensate the illumination with which the instructors and reformers of



mankind have deluged society—to dispel that unnatural glare which hurts the tender vision of so many peers and placemen, and scares the poor bishops from their comfortable slumbers—and to diffuse once more over the nation, if not the blessings of utter darkness, at least that “dim religious light,” in which, and in which alone, the ineffable advantages of a gorgeous church and a borough parliament will ever be discerned by the bulk of the people. Keep no terms, noble lords and honourable gentlemen! any more, with knowledge. It is a foe you may hope to conquer, but will never conciliate; you must destroy it, or be destroyed by it; you are its natural prey; and an alliance betwixt you is impossible, until the wolf lies down with the lamb. Its policy and your’s are at eternal variance. In the state, it aims at the total abolition of pensions and sinecures, of close borough and commercial monopolies, with every thing, in short, after your own hearts; in the church, it will never rest while a mitre glitters, or a tithe-pig wags its consecrated tail. An aristocracy, like yours, of wealth and blood, it scorns; and, had it power to-morrow, it would substitute one of talent, industry, and virtue—the qualities most congenial to its plebeian tastes. In short, it goes about “like a roaring lion, seeking whom it may devour;” and its voracity will never be appeased, until reform has finished his work of havoc, and there is nothing left worth living for in England. Already has this evil made terrific progress; already has many a venerable prejudice given way, and many a time-honoured abuse been trampled down; the flag of knowledge, inscribed with the ill-omened word Reform, floats from many a fortress, which was fondly deemed impregnable to truth and reason; but still it is not too late to avert your ruin. A vast deal is still left worth fighting for; there are still offices in plenty unincumbered with duties; there are still bishoprics; there are still corn-laws; still many a way open into the pockets of the people. But to save these good things from the fate that has befallen others, the genius of ignorance—your genius—noble lords and honourable gentlemen! must rise with collected strength, and go forth in the spirit of ten thousand Vandals. From no second irruption from the store-house of the north does your country look for her deliverance; but to the Goths and Visigoths of her own soil. On you, the Wellingtons and Wetherells, the Newcastles and Northumberlands, the Sadlers and Sugdens—whether, in the Commons’ House of Parliament, or in the hereditary chamber, you “darken counsel by words without knowledge”—on you devolves the proud task of beating down the arch-enemy, and establishing the throne of ignorance for ever in England.

## THE RE-ASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT has once more met for the "dispatch of business"—that is, they have re-assembled to talk about trifles, and to do as little as possible. The debates of the last fourteen days sufficiently shew, that the favourite plan—the most pertinacious interruption, with the smallest possible progress—will be consistently adhered to, as long as the Reform question shall be agitated. Indecent haste, and unconstitutional hurry, are still the watchwords of the Opposition; their Jack-the-Giant killers are, night after night, employing their pigmy faculties in spreading straws over the pit, on the brink of which the Ministers are stalking with giant-strides, as if they really meant to walk into it. This is no time for parliamentary etiquette, and slow-paced politeness; every mind in the country is made up on the subject, one way or the other; and all that the house has to do nightly, is to divide. Our state-Falstaffs must learn, that there is a time when discretion ceases to be the better part of valour. It is well for them, that the country has still confidence in their integrity and good intentions; but good intentions alone will tire the most confiding people in time, who will be apt to require other demonstrations of integrity, than deprecatory addresses to Sir Robert Peel, and gentle dissuaves to Mr. Croker. It would be ludicrous—if Lord Althorp, by listening with such gravity, did not render it lamentable—to see some "friend to the constitution" start up at this the eleventh hour, and declare that the whole foundations of the state were giving way, because Lord John Russell had represented, that the borough of — contained only two hundred houses, instead of two hundred and one. He might as well say, that a plot existed for pulling down St. Paul's, because he had met a man with a pickaxe in Cheapside. It is the business of these people to talk, and the business of ministers not to listen. Such springs will serve well to catch woodcocks, but, from the company we find him in, Lord Althorp should be a bird of higher wing.

A more formidable battery, however, has been opened upon the ministry. They have been nearly burnt to death, between the two slow fires of Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Herries. Belgium and Russia have been hurled at them, at the same moment. They escaped, however, both from Scylla and Charybdis; and we hope the danger of a defeat has inspired in them the only thing that they require—the courage to conquer.

The Fast-Day, a farce, has been read in the parliamentary green-room, and is to be immediately produced. Of course Mr. Perceval is the author of it. He spoke with closed doors, and an open Bible. Nobody seemed to recollect that three-fourths of the nation are keeping fast-days all the year round. Mr. Goulburn concurred in the propriety of *national humiliation*, but said, "he preferred it in the *usual way*." National humiliation, we imagine, means national starvation and bankruptcy; and few statesmen understand "the usual way" of producing these results better than Mr. Goulburn.

Lord Eldon was very facetious the other night on the subject of the Birmingham petition in favour of the Bristol rioters. The honour which government might have done itself, by saving the unhappy men, would have infinitely exceeded even the satisfaction with which a legislator like Lord Eldon must contemplate their doom.

## A RAMBLE WITH THE TRAVELLERS.

Our recollections of Travellers have been called up, by a perusal of Mr. St. John's lately published "Lives" of some of the most celebrated of them.

To the philosophic inquirer, surveying with anxious eyes the various moral features which characterise the physiognomy of the great human family, the study of man under the variations of climate must continue to be one of surpassing interest. The researches of such men as Pococke, and Chardin, are to him magic threads, by whose guidance he is enabled to penetrate into the devious labyrinths of fiction and fable, and to trace out with a precision otherwise impossible, the footprints of ancient customs which have been worn out by the successive generations of time, and the introduction of a more refined civilization. The true traveller is in fact the philosopher of history, and he beholds, as in an enchanted mirror, the past ages, in their pride and magnificence, passing before him. Gibbon formed his idea of the "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," while lingering among the ruins of the Coliseum. But independent of any higher or more consequential reason, the narratives of travellers will always be read with delight, for their own sake. They prove to us in every page the correctness of Lord Byron's remark, that "*truth is stranger than fiction*." The imagination of the most fertile novelist cannot pourtray feelings so various, or shades of character so many-coloured, as are to be found in the high-ways and by-ways of human life. The wonderful sights of *Ibn Batuta*, are contrasted with the plain and unornamented science of Hasselquist, and the cold and passionless classicalities of Pococke, with the daring and untiring enthusiasm of the unfortunate Ledyard. We have romance and reality so pleasantly blended, that we do not stop to separate one from the other. We have not forgot the pleasure with which we dreamed in silent wonder over the terrible accounts of "fish which resembled a mountain," and whose eyes were like two doors, "so that people could walk in at one eye and out at the other;" or of the pearl-divers, who remained under water for two hours without any personal inconvenience; or of that extraordinary tree which possessed the power of bestowing *rejuvenescence*, so that any one fortunate enough to catch a falling leaf, was restored by an alchymy more rapid than that attributed to the philosopher's stone, to his summer bloom and activity. The celebrated Michaelis, thought that the stones upon which Moses had commanded the laws of God to be graven, might be at some future period discovered in Palestine; and many early eastern travellers were not without a hope of taking the accurate dimensions of the foot-prints of our Saviour. Some odd twenty years ago, we never doubted the Indian traveller, when he described the *Land of Darkness*, as being situate forty days' journey from the city of Bulgar, in Siberia.\*

Those days of beautiful credulity are gone by, and we are now desirous of obtaining the reality without the romance. The diffusion of travellers over the world, has been gradually increasing from William de Rubouquis, who hoped to convert the Khan of Tartary to the ca-

\* The narrative of the extraordinary traveller to whom we allude, *Ibn Batuta*, has been translated, it may be recollected, by Professor Lee. It abounds in marvels of the most startling character.



tholic religion, down to the explorer of central Africa, who expected to find Timbuctoo a city of Emerald Palaces. Bruce has been succeeded by Lander, and Lady Montague by Mrs. Colonel Elwood. But in proportion to the increased love of discovery, the glory of the emprise was abated. A voyage to Canton is thought little more of than a sail to Dublin, and a month in Barbary scarcely entitles the tourist to any honorary attention. In a very scarce work, "The Travels of Certain Englishmen into various Countries," we remember to have been extremely amused at the quaint and hyperbolical terms in which the editor eulogises his hero; "By land," he says, "he travelled farther than Jacob, and the same way that Jacob did, from Hebron to Padan Aram; and hath had hard lodging in his travel as Jacob had, *viz.* the ground to his bed, a stone for his pillow, the skie for his covering, and sometimes the aire for his supper." The conclusion of the preface deserves to be quoted—"And thee, gentle reader, travelling towards the heavenly Jerusalem, where God grant we may at length all arrive. *Jesus Christ being our pilot and Jenizary to conduct us thereunto.*"

William Biddulph, from whose letters, published in 1609, these extracts are made, lived, as the reader will perceive, in the reign of Elizabeth; and we observed an instance of the estimation in which she was held, in a marginal note, where he alludes to a report of her death which had reached him in his travels. "Queen Elizabeth," he says, "was famous throughout the whole world, and her death will be wailed by heathen people."

One of the most curious manuals for travellers we have seen, is a little work purporting to be written by the "three much admired, Robert, late Earle of Essex, Sir Philip Sidney, and Secretary Davison."\* Even in the sixteenth century, that affectation which has since been the distinguishing characteristic of English tourists, appears to have been common—Lord Essex, writing to his cousin, in 1596, cautions him against, "being given to affectation, which is a general fault among English travellers;" and the advice of Sir Philip Sydney to his brother, as to the manner of his behaviour to persons whom he might meet in his wanderings, is worthy of a place in the note-book of every traveller. "Task him well," he says, "before you drink much of his doctrine, and when you have heard it, try well what you have heard before you hold it for a principle; for one error is the mother of a thousand. But you may say, how shall I get excellent men to take pains to speak to me? Truly, in few words: either much expence, or much humbleness." The latter would be the preferable method, a meekness and teachableness of heart will always meet with correspondent gentleness from the intellectual learned.

But we are wandering from the Travellers. One of our chief favourites is Pietro della Valle: as Mr. St. John very justly remarks, he was endowed with qualities almost certain to make him illustrious,—enthusiasm, romance, and enterprise. Gibbon, while attacking his wearisome vanity and frequently tedious egotism, yielded him the high meed of knowledge and judgment, and considered him the most acute observer of Persia and its inhabitants that had hitherto appeared. The most romantic in his adventures of all true travellers, as the Poet

\* The title, if we recollect rightly, is to the following effect. *Profitable Instructions, describing what special observations are to be taken by travellers, in all nations, states, and countries.*

Laureate has styled him, he seems to have been carried forward by the natural impetuosity of his character. He speaks of his "always hungry intellect," and the love-disappointment which he experienced at Rome, was perhaps the most fortunate event of his life, for it turned his abilities into that track which led him in after time to the Temple of Fame. His vanity is excessive, but then it is rendered amusing by the hyperbole of its nature. He has left a ludicrous description of the "miseries" he underwent at a dinner to which the Indian king invited him, and of his extreme anxiety not to touch anything likely to soil his fingers, which, considering the nature of an Oriental repast, must have been very difficult. There happened unfortunately to be a dish of rice and butter before Pietro, which the king was exceedingly desirous he should taste. He made many excuses, but the king obviated them all by offering to send to his house for a spoon. "The servant," Della Valle informs us with great complacency, "brought back a silver spoon, a fork, and a clean and fine napkin, very handsomely folded in small plaits." Having laid the napkin on his knees he began to eat; and the royal entertainer and his company being astonished, as they well might, at these "exquisite and, to them, unusual modes," exclaimed, "*Deuru! Deuru!* A great man! a god!" Indeed so highly did the king and his party seem gratified, that our traveller narrowly escaped death by repletion.

But the character of Pietro della Valle offers traits of a different kind; we have rarely read anything more touchingly beautiful than the narrative of his wanderings in India, accompanied by the coffin remains of his lovely wife Maani. We would refer our readers for this pathetic passage in the history of the Italian to his own letters, or to the elegant abridgment given by Mr. St. John. A change had truly come over the spirit of his dream, and he went forward upon his future pilgrimage as one having no hope in the world. He writes from Rome, three years after, to his friend Schipano, in terms that convince us that his love of her who was "to be no more seen" upon this earth, had suffered no diminution. The burial of the body of Maani is affectingly related. "On St. James's Day," he says, writing to his friend, "the 25th of July last, intending to bury the body of Sitti Maani Gioëride, my wife (which I had brought with me so many voyages) in the Chapel of St. Paul, belonging to the Church of Asa Coeli, in the capital, before I unclosed a coffin of lead prepared, I resolved to open the innermost wooden coffin, that I might see how it was after so many years. I found the flesh of the head wholly consumed. The rest of the body seemed better preserved, but because the face was no longer to be seen I would not unfold the linen further. The dry herb wherewith I had first filled the vacuities of the coffin were still entire." He then proceeds to say that he descended into the vault and assisted in placing the coffin "with his own hands," and he concludes thus: "This last office of piety which remained I have paid to the mortal reliques of my dear consort Sitti Maani; yet it is not the last that I perform to her other and immortal part, which I accompany with suffrages; neither have I abandoned those in the tomb, but deposited them, intending (when it shall please God) to have my own ashes laid in the same place and to rise again with her." We quote, with trifling alteration, from the translation of 1665.

Our space will not permit of our lingering with Della Valle, but the passage in which he alludes to the peculiar mode of instructing Indian children may be noticed. It was after passing the Western Ghauts that

the traveller's observation was attracted by the singular manner in which some little boys were learning arithmetic. It must be almost unnecessary to remind the reader that on that method the celebrated Madras system was subsequently founded. Della Valle little thought, when writing to Schipano, from Ikery, in the November of 1623, that in less than two hundred years that "pretty and easy way of learning" would be modelled into a scheme of education, at once the most simple and the most successful which has ever been discovered.

Africanus is another favourite. The fact of his having actually visited Timbuctoo has contributed in modern times to enhance his reputation, which is deservedly high for deep and accurate knowledge and elegant and perspicuous narration. He flourished long before Della Valle, but we have not bound ourselves to any chronological arrangement in these remarks. He made two visits to Timbuctoo, first with his uncle, who was sent on an embassy from the King of Fez, and secondly about the year 1516. His picture of the African city differs widely from Caille's. The king, he says, was viewed with terror by his subjects, who approached him in the most humble posture, "falling prostrate on the ground and sprinkling dust upon their heads," a humiliation in which strangers and foreign princes were obliged to participate. M. Caille, on the contrary, describes the reigning prince as very gentle and benevolent, and his government perfectly patriarchal. So far the country appears to have improved since the time of Leo. They both agree, however, in praising the mild and inoffensive manners of the inhabitants.

Algiers has undergone a far greater change since the visit of Africanus. The modern traveller seeks in vain for the *ædificia sumptuosissima* of which he speaks. Algiers is seen to most advantage from the sea, where it presents a beautiful spectacle, glittering with thickly planted olive and orange trees. A very interesting account of the state of Algiers, immediately preceding the French invasion, may be found in a work entitled *Tableau du Boyanne de la Ville d'Alger et de ses Environs*, published at Paris in 1830. Its author, M. Renaudôt, is we believe an officer in the artillery.

Leo Africanus, like other travellers, conceived an exaggerated idea of the villas and gardens surrounding Algiers; they have been reckoned at twenty thousand, but M. Renaudôt states the estimate to be at little more than half that number.

With respect to females, we are told;—"a Moor observed one day to some follower of the Bey of Muscasa, that he had just been cutting off the head of one of his wives, who would not live in peace with the others. His friend replied, with great unconcern, that he acted perfectly right, and hoped that he would meet with one of a more quiet temper." We recollect an anecdote somewhat similar in Mr. Turner's "Turkey." A lady was congratulating Signor Papathopolo, a rich Greek, on the many virtues of his wife. "*Bisogna che sia buona*," he answered, "*altramente si taglia la testa*;" which may be roughly Englished, that if she did not conduct herself to his satisfaction, he should think himself at liberty to take her head off. If the relations of the wife be rich enough to prove that the husband has been unjust in his complaints of her, they may succeed in procuring his punishment for the murder. But this is only to be effected by large presents.

M. Renaudôt tells so singular an anecdote of filial affection among the



Moors, and one so peculiarly characteristic of the people, that we are induced to translate it from his own work.

A Portuguese surgeon was accosted one day by a young Moor from the country, who, addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *drogues* to kill his father, and as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself, (for he knew the habits of the people well), he replied, with *sang-froid* equal to the Moor's, "Then you don't live comfortably with your father, I suppose?"—"Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; "he has made much money, has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and he seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course, appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well and departed. About eight days after he came again, to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well-feigned surprise, "he will die." He composed accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, (who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable); "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of the remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied, mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt now that he is a Marabout"—(a Saint).

The Moors in Africa afford abundant matter for sad and melancholy reflection. The territory of Algiers, it will be remembered, embraces a considerable portion of the Numidia and Mauritania of the ancients, The names of Massinissa and Jugurtha occur to the memory, the first rendered immortal by the picturesque and affecting narrative of Livy, and the second by the fiery and melo-dramatic history of the penetrating Sallust. If the traveller be inclined to seek for the descendants of those men who bearded the Roman power with so much vigour and intrepidity, he will find them, to borrow the words of M. Renaudôt, miserably clothed, and knowing nothing of their ancestry, or the names of the places which they themselves inhabit, and acquainted only with the deserts, which ignorance and barbarity are daily extending around them. Wonderful and inscrutable to our aspurged eyes are the changes of time! Over how many hundred cities, once the thrones of magnificence, has the river of years rolled since the brief segment of time from the creation until now! The Turkoman looks out from his black tent upon the broken temples and ruined pillars of the gorgeous Persepolis, and the wretched and half-starved peasant hides himself among the aqueducts and triumphal arches of Imperial Carthage! W.



THE TO THE CHARLES WETHERELL



**"ANTI-RADICAL."**

INSCRIBED TO SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.



## ODE TO SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

"Descend, ye Nine!"

Yet stop!—

Ere from your seat celestial ye come down,

To drop

Benignity and balm into my line—

Teaching me how to win the olden crown

Pindaric;

To blend, in fact, with drolleries divine

A pathos deep as Garrick;

Let me but pause a moment—to prepare

A "name" for him

Who here hath found a "local habitation"—

The monarch of all wisdom and all whim,

Whose train our pages are most proud to bear.

Yet, ah! to find a fitting designation

Would tax the skill of the united Nine,

When phrases were most fine.

How shall I name thee, how conceive the stanza,

Oh! Knight illustrious!

Knight of the rueful visage, windmill-warrior—

Or, what is more appropriate, Sancho Panza;

The 'Squire of Toryism stark staring mad,

Doomed, on a hack (has Cruikshank shewn a sorrier?)

To stumble on with "motions" most industrious—

Punning, predicting, proverbizing still—

To save the falling and to smite the bad;

Slaughtering the Whigs, that take their wicked will

Of weak and innocent boroughs—washing out

The state's dark stains with rhetoric's ablution;

And slaying those foul fiends who go about

(As Hampden, Sidney, Russell did, no doubt)

Deflowering the virgin-Constitution.

## II.

Again, and yet again, Sir Knight, I ask,

How merely mortal quill should treat of thee,

Most merry and immaculate M.P.

(I wish the poet-laureate had the task!)

Oh! who could paint a rainbow with one hue,

Or harlequin—all blue?

As little may I hope to find one name

Descriptive of thy glory and thy fame;

Thine—whom a crazy world, that always snarls,

Calls "mad Sir Charles."

Whom brother-members, in familiar parley,

Jocosely designate as "old Sir Charley."

But whom we here pronounce, in purer taste,

The droll Democritus of dull debaters—

The Pan of politics, the prince of satyrs,

The Great Unbraced;

Patron of habits loose—and looser reasons;

So loose that even Tories fear to trust 'em;

Denouncer of high treasons

Against the hoary majesty of custom;

An ex-expounder of the libel-laws,

Levelling the tree of freedom with "old saws;"

The fabled nibbler, the illustrious Mouse,  
 Burning to set the British lion free  
 (As Castlereagh  
 Was wont to say)

From the vile net of Liberty.  
 Oh! great Grimaldi of the lower-house;  
 Clown in the parliament's long pantomime;  
 A merry Andrew, holding up the pall  
 Of sixty boroughs stifled in their prime—  
 Mourning their fall

In fine Joe-Miller jokes and apothegms,  
 That, set in dulness, glisten more than gems;  
 Oh! Lord Low Chancellor in that strange cause  
 Of "Twenty Millions *versus* Twenty Tories,"  
 Ungrateful would it be to give thy glories  
 Less than a super-natural cognomen.

Thou art a link in nature—though not lit;  
 Zoology must leave thee still unclassed—  
 Unless some showman,

Who deals in curious monsters unsurpassed,  
 Fine dwarfish giants, and fierce poodle-bears,  
 Should in his great sagacity think fit  
 To take thee, as first conjuror, to fairs.

### III.

An odd conundrum art thou, great Sir Charles;  
 A sort of Philip Quarles,  
 Mistaking England for a desert isle,  
 Where "learned lions, and "right reverend" leopards,  
 Should feast—instead of shepherds.

Thy arguments quite equal Captain Shandy's;  
 Thy speeches—might be measured by the mile;  
 Thou beau-ideal of the anti-dandies,  
 The very Brummel of the race of slovens!  
 Yet chiefly *this* thy future bards shall sing;  
 Thou art the rival of the famed Fire-King,  
 Who for a "crown" (but not like thine, we know)  
 Like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.  
 Would shut himself, rare oddity! in ovens.  
 Yes, though thou art indeed the "ancient Pistol"  
 To that most funless, and yet fine "old Jack,"

Whose sack

(I mean the woolsack) was his constant care—  
 Thy letter to posterity must bear

The postmark "Bristol."  
 Of this renown thou canst not be bereft;  
 Thou art the martyred knight who fled, in fear,  
 A blazing city, to be roasted here—

The lawyer who, in common, somewhat thrifty,  
 And long inured to smoke, behind him left  
 One Wig, to fall beneath the strokes of fifty.  
 What were Napoleon's retreats to thine?

Oh! clear "explainer," learned inuendo,  
*Lucus a non lucendo,*

Oh! greater than Guy Fawkes, oh! Phoenix fine,  
 Thou with the heroes of mythology,  
 When the Millenium comes, must take thy station;  
 And Herschels yet unborn shall find in thee,  
 A tail-less comet, or a constellation.

## SPECIMENS OF LATIN COMEDY.—THE CAPTIVES, OF PLAUTUS.

No. I.

COMEDY, which might be etymologically interpreted "village-song,"\* cannot be better defined than in the words of the great Roman orator, who calls it "the imitation of life, the mirror of custom, the image of truth." The primary object of comedy is the amusement of the people; and, therefore, all compositions which accomplish this end may lay claim to the title. But the Greek and Roman comedians took such different courses for the attainment of their common end, that their dramas can hardly be considered as belonging to the same class of writing. The comic writers of Greece took for their subjects the political measures of their most distinguished statesmen, and withheld the poignancy of their satire from no member of their councils or their senate, when they thought they could employ it to the gratification of the people. Thus the comedy of Greece acted as one of the mightiest engines for the conservation of the public liberty. Such unsparing attacks, however, on the character and the integrity of her legislators could never consist with the grave and aristocratic spirit of Rome. Her comedians were not suffered to imitate those of Greece, by exercising that political *surveillance* over the conduct and the proceedings of her statesmen; and were thus compelled to seek, in private life, for suitable subjects for their pen. The Latin comedy was more adapted to the bacchanalian festivals of half-civilized Rome, than to the fastidious ear of refined and philosophic Athens. But, though the construction and design of the Latin comedy differed so essentially from that of the Greek, Plautus did every thing in his power to give his plays a Grecian air, by using Greek names, and frequently copying even whole scenes from the Grecian comedies.

But our object is not to try the patience of our readers with a regular and consecutive history of comedy, or to risk a tedious and uninteresting comparison of the Greek, the Latin, the English, and the French; but to present them with a few well-selected specimens of the best portions of the comic writers of ancient Rome: we shall imitate the John Bull custom of Horace, and rush at once *in medias res*.

The most ancient author, of whom any entire comedies are extant, is Plautus. The first of his plays, from which we shall take our extract, is entitled *Captivei*—the Captives; we have been induced to begin with this in preference to any other, not only because it is one of the best of his comedies, and was pronounced by that celebrated scholar and critic, Gotthold Lessing,† to be the most perfect comedy that had ever, up to his time, been acted on the stage, and was particularly recommended by M. Lemercier‡ to the study of young poets, but because it differs greatly from his other plays, and may be considered as the first of that class of dramas, called *Comedies Larmoyantes*, which at one time obtained such popularity in France.

We must first give a short account of the plot, that our extracts may lose none of their interest from being deprived of their connection.

Hegio, the chief character in the play, is a gentleman of Aetolia, the

\* See his *Beytrage zur Historie und Aufrahme des Theatres*.

† *Cours de litter.* tome II.



central district of Greece; he had two sons, one of whom, when only four years old, was carried off by a slave, and sold in Elis, a country in the north-west of the Peloponnesus, or the Morea. Hegio was soon afterwards deprived also of his other son, and has to lament that he has "begot his children only to be childless;" for a war subsequently broke out between the Elians and the Aetolians, and he was taken captive by the Elians. The bereaved father, with a view of afterwards ransoming his son, by an exchange, purchased an Elian prisoner, called Philocrates, together with his servant, Tyndarus; and the play opens with the master, Philocrates, personating his slave, while the slave, Tyndarus, assumes the character of his master. Hegio, a good-natured old man, though none of the keenest, is thus deceived, and is persuaded to send the true Philocrates (the master), under the name of Tyndarus (the slave), to Elis, in order to effect the exchange of his son. The fraud, however, is discovered to Hegio by one of his other captives, called Aristophontes, before Philocrates returns; and we find the old man execrating both master and slave, and lamenting that he has "lost the kernel, and, for security, the shell is left" him. Hegio, now fearing that he has lost all hope of ransoming his child, condemns Tyndarus to labour in the mines. Just after this Philocrates returns from Elis with Hegio's son, and also brings with him the fugitive slave, who had stolen his other son in infancy. It is then discovered that Tyndarus is this son, who was sold by the slave to the father of Philocrates, and was by him appointed to wait on Philocrates, who afterwards treated him as his confidant and friend. Our readers cannot but be struck with the great resemblance of this plot to that of Ben Jonson's comedy, entitled, "The Case is altered."

The scene is laid in Calydon, a city of Aetolia.

One of the most interesting characters, which we have omitted to mention in our account of the plot, that there might be no interruption to the thread of the narrative, is the Parasite. He is the broad comic character of the drama. In this, as in most of the other plays of Plautus, the Parasite is a sort of episodical character; he is not so familiar on the modern stage, but he is chiefly exhibited in the old comedies of Ariosto and Aretine, who copied so servilely from the plays of Plautus and Terence. On him we depend chiefly for the humour of the piece. In the *Captives* he goes prowling about all day for a supper, and failing in all his attempts, at last we find him entering on the stage, at the commencement of the third act, with the following amusingly lugubrious soliloquy in his mouth:—

It is a sad case for a poor wretch to prowl  
In quest of a meal's meat, and at the last  
With much ado to find one;—sadder is it  
To fish and hunt the live-long day,  
And at the last find nothing; but most sad  
To have a keen and craving appetite,  
Without a morsel to appease its longing.—  
A plague upon this day!—I'd dig its eyes out,  
Had I the power; it has so filled mankind  
With enmity towards me.—Never sure  
Was there a wretch so starved, so crammed with hunger,  
Or one whose projects have so little prospered.—  
I fear my throat and belly must keep holiday.  
Would it were hanged for me, this scurvy trade,

This Parasite's profession!—Our young bloods  
 Consort not now-a-days with us poor drolls;  
 They care not for us humble hangers on,  
 Who are content to take the lowest seat  
 At table, who bear buffets like a Spartan,  
 And have no other fortune but our jests.—  
 Their choice is to associate with their equals,  
 Who, having sup't with them, return the favour  
 At their own houses.

Human nature has altered but little since the days of *Plautus*. Hungry wits, who trust to their pleasantry alone for a supper, are not in danger of having their digestion impaired by a surfeit. Although, by the way, we might instance a few diners-out at the present day as splendid exceptions. The Parasite continues:—

Buffoons they now  
 Count nothing worth; in fact they're all self-lovers.  
 For when I went from hence a while ago,  
 I went up to these youths in the forum.  
 "Good day," said I:—"where shall we dine together?"  
 No answer.—"Who speaks?" says I:—"Who now  
 Will promise me a dinner?"—Still silent all,  
 Not a word did they reply; nay, not a single smile.  
 "Where shall we sup then?" says I: still no invitation.  
 One of my best jests, such as heretofore  
 Have got me supper for a month, I then  
 Repeat them.—Not a soul vouchsafed to smile.  
 I then found out, 'twas a conspiracy:  
 Not one e'en deigned to imitate a dog,  
 When he's provoked:—But if they did not choose  
 To laugh outright, at least they might have shewn  
 Their teeth, as though they smiled.—Finding myself  
 The scoff and mockery of these sparks, I leave them,  
 March up to others, others still, and others;  
 But no, 'twas just the same; all in confederacy,  
 Like the oil-merchants in the market.—Well then,  
 Finding myself thus fooled, I came back hither.  
 There were more parasites sauntering in the forum,  
 And to as little purpose as myself.—  
 But I'm determined that the law shall right me  
 Against all those who join in combination  
 To have me starved.—I will appoint a day  
 For them to give me their answer. I will have  
 Large satisfaction.—Dear as are provisions,  
 They shall be fined at least ten entertainments.  
 Now to the port where I have yet one hope  
 Of feasting:—if that fail me, I'll return  
 To this old Hegio, and his scurvy supper.

Hegio had previously invited Ergasilus, for such is the Parasite's name, to sup with him, warning him, at the same time, that he would have but an *aspera coena*, or homely supper. We shall see, by-and-by, the result of Ergasilus's visit to the port. Hegio now appears on the stage (with Aristophontes behind), giving an account of his yesterday's proceedings, in which he tells us that, upon going to see his other captives, and on asking if any one of them knew Philocrates of Elis, Aristophontes cried out instantly, that he was his friend and intimate. Tyndarus (who, as our readers will recollect, personates Philocrates),

somehow gets scent of the matter, and is greatly alarmed, and appears in the next scene in the most distressing torture of mind, almost frantic with the fear, or rather confident expectation, of a discovery of his fraud:—

Ah! fatal moment! Would I were dead now,  
Rather than alive!—Hope has deserted me,  
No succour will come near me.—The day is come  
When there is no chance to save my life!  
My ruin's unavoidable,—no hope,  
That can dispel my fear,—no cloak to screen  
My subtle lies, false dealings, and pretences:  
No apology can excuse my perfidy,  
No subterfuge can palliate my offence:  
No room for confidence, no place for cunning.—  
What hitherto was hid is brought to light,  
My tricks laid open, and the whole discovered:  
Nor have I aught to do, but meet my fate,  
And die at once for me and for my master.  
Aristophontes, who is just gone in,  
Has been my utter ruin; for he knows me,  
He is a friend and kinsman to Philocrates.  
Salvation could not save me, if she would:  
Nor can I 'scape,—except that I contrive  
Some cunning trick, some artifice.—(*Cogitating.*)  
A plague on't;

What can I think of?—What devise?—My thoughts  
Are foolish,—I am at my wit's end.

Tyndarus now sees Hegio and Aristophontes advancing, and, accordingly, retires on one side; he is evidently quite perplexed, and, as he said, "at his wit's end." However, like many a man besides, though desponding and hopeless, when brought to the test, he acquires a confidence and dauntlessness not easy to be shaken. He resolves, as we shall see in the sequel, to meet it *in limine*, to deny all acquaintance with Aristophontes, and to braze him out with sheer impudence. But seeing an interview unavoidable, he could not help half turning aside, and inly muttering—

Can there exist a greater wretch than I am?

Aristophontes perceived Tyndarus turning aside as if unwilling to meet him, and accordingly saluted him with the following interrogation:—

Why is this, that you avoid and slight me,  
Tyndarus, as though I were a stranger, and you ne'er  
Had known me?—It is true I am a slave,  
As you are:—though in Elis I was free;  
You from your youth have ever been a slave.

Hegio saves Tyndarus the trouble of replying—

In truth I am not in the least amazed  
That he should shun you, and avoid your sight,  
Or hold you in despite and detestation,  
When for Philocrates you call him Tyndarus,

TYND. Hegio, this fellow was at Elis deemed  
A madman:—give no ear to what he says.  
'Tis there notorious that he sought to kill  
His father and his mother, and has often  
Fits of epilepsy come upon him,  
Which makes him foam at mouth.—Pray keep away from him.



The unsuspecting Hegio gives ready credence to the ingenious figment of Tyndarus, and follows his advice by ordering the slaves to remove Aristophontes from his presence. Aristophontes, infuriated to the last degree at the abominable effrontery of Tyndarus, almost too full of rage to give vent to his real feelings, and, to undeceive their common master, breaks out in these words:—

How say you, rascal! that I am mad, and sought  
To kill my father and my mother, and have often  
Fits of epilepsy come upon me,  
Which make me foam at mouth?

HEGIO. Be not dismayed. Many under this disease  
Have laboured, and spitting has recovered them.

TYND. I know to some at Elis it has proved  
Of special use.

ARIST. And will you credit him

HEG. I credit him!—In what?

ARIST. That I am mad!

TYND. See how he eyes you with a furious aspect!  
'Twere best retire.—'Tis, Hegio, as I said:—  
His frenzy grows upon him,—take you care.

HEG. True,—when he called you Tyndarus, I thought  
That he indeed was mad.

TYND. Nay, but sometimes  
He knows not his own name, nor who he is.

HEG. He said you were his friend.

TYND. I never saw him;

Alcmaeon, and Orestes, and Lycurgus,\*  
Are just as much my friends as he is, Hegio.

ARIST. How, rascal!—do you dare bespeak me ill?  
Do I not know you?

HEG. By my troth, 'tis plain  
You know him not, when for Philocrates  
You call him Tyndarus:—you are a stranger  
To him you see, and mention him you see not.

ARIST. 'Tis he pretends himself the man he is not,  
Nor owns himself the man he is.

TYND. (*Ironically*). Yes, to be sure, you'll get the better of me,  
In reputation for veracity.

ARIST. You, as it seems, my truth will overpower  
With falsehood.

Aristophanes now finding it impossible to extort a confession from Tyndarus by any other means, determines to put the question to him *point blanc*, and continues—

Look me in the face now.

TYND. Well.

ARIST. Do you deny that you are Tyndarus?

TYND. I tell you, I deny it.

ARIST. And do you say

You are Philocrates?

TYND. I say, I am.

ARIST. (*to Hegio*). And you,—do you believe him?

HEG. More than you,

Or than myself.—The man you say he is,

Set out this day for Elis to his father.

\* These were three noted madmen; of whom the two first became insane from having killed their mother.

ARIST. What father?—He's a slave.\*

TYND. And so are you!  
Once free as I was,—as, I trust, I shall be,  
When I have gained this old man's son his liberty.

ARIST. How, rascal! dare you say you're born a freeman?

TYND. Not freeman; but *Philocrates*, I say.

ARIST. See, Hegio, how the rogue makes sport with you!  
For he's a slave, and never owned a slave  
Besides himself.

Aristophontes here taunts him with his having been a slave; and  
Tyndarus, resolved not to be behind hand with Aristophontes in this  
way, begins rallying him, in his turn, with his quondam servitude:—

TYND. So then—because you lived  
A beggar in your country, without means  
For your support, you would have every one  
Placed on the self-same footing with yourself?  
No wonder:—'tis the nature of the poor  
To hate and envy men of property.

ARIST. *Hegio*, take care; nor rashly credit him;  
As far as I can see, he means to trick you:—  
Nor do I like at all his talking to you  
Of the redemption of your son.

TYND. I know you wish it not; but with the help  
Of Heaven I shall accomplish it:—I shall restore  
His son to him, and he will send me back  
To Elis to my father; for which purpose  
Have I sent Tyndarus.

ARIST. Why, you are he;  
Nor is there any other slave at Elis  
Of that name but yourself.

TYND. And will you still  
Reproach me with my state of servitude  
Brought on me by the chance of hapless war?

Aristophontes now grows quite enraged at the shameless impudence  
and assumption of Tyndarus, and Tyndarus takes advantage of his fury  
to confirm what he had before said to Hegio about his madness.

ARIST. I can't contain myself.

TYND. Ha! do you hear him?—  
Wont you fly out of his way?—He'll pelt us with stones  
Unless you have him seized.

ARIST. I'm vexed to death.  
TYND. Look how his eyes strike fire!—A cord, a cord,  
Good Hegio!—Don't you see his body's charged  
With livid spots all over?—The black bile  
Disorders him, poor fellow!

ARIST. The black pitch  
Disorder you beneath the hangman's hand.

TYND. How wild he talks! By evil spirits he's possessed.

HEG. Suppose I order he be seized?

TYND. You would act by far the wisest part.

ARIST. It vexes me I cannot find a stone  
To dash the villain's brains out, who insists  
That I am mad.

---

\* In law, slaves were not considered as having any relations.

Tynd. There—do you hear him, Sir?  
He's looking for a stone.

Arist. Shall I beg, Hegio,  
A word with you alone?

Heg. Speak where you are,—  
What would you?—I can hear you at a distance.

Tynd. If you permit him to approach you nearer,  
He'll bite your nose off.

Aristophontes now prevails, though with difficulty, on Hegio to grant him a private audience, which leads to the final disclosure of the artifice, as has been detailed in the account of the plot. When Hegio's eyes were opened to the gross imposture that had been played off upon him, his natural facility of temper resigned its sway, and the frenzy, which his disappointment and mortification excited in his mind, ended in the condemnation of him who was afterwards discovered to be his own son, namely, our old friend Tyndarus the *psuedo-Philocrates*.

We are now brought to the commencement of the fourth act, which shews us plainly that the Parasite's attempts have not been ineffectual; for Ergasilus appears on the stage in a state which must remove every lingering doubt of his having done ample justice at least to the wines, if not to the viands of some bountiful patron. Hegio perceives him advancing at a distance, though, as Ergasilus's eyes had probably suffered some obscurity from his potations, he did not descry the old gentleman; and thus we find him walking towards Hegio's house, and vociferating:—

Haste, haste, Ergasilus—look to thy business.  
(Very loud) Hence,—take care,—I warn you, and forewarn you.—  
Let no man stop me in my way, unless  
He thinks he has had enough of life;—  
Whoever stops me, he shall kiss the ground.  
I'll do't—by heavens I'll do't.—Let every one  
Pursue his own track, nor by any thing  
Clog up the street.—My fist is a *balista*,  
My arm a *catapulta*, and my shoulder  
A battering-ram.—On whomsoever once  
I dart my knee, I'll give him to the ground.—  
Whatever mortal I shall light upon,  
I'll knock his teeth out, and employ the wretch  
In picking them up again.—If any dare  
Oppose my cause, I'll make him well remember  
The day, the place for evermore, and me:  
Who stops me, puts a stop to his existence.  
I give you notice, caution you beforehand,  
That it may be your own fault, if you're caught.—  
Keep home, then guard you from assault.  
Then for your bakers, breeders of swine,  
Rascals who feed their hogs with refuse bran,  
That no one can pass by their bake-house  
For the stench;—let me but see one of their swine  
Here in the public way, my fists shall give  
The owner such a dusting . . . . .  
Then for your fishmongers, who hawk about  
Upon a four-legged, dull, provoking jade,  
Their stale commodities, whose very stench  
Drives off our saunterers from the forum:—troth,  
I'll beat their filthy baskets 'bout their chaps,



That they may know how much offence they give  
To others' noses . . . . .  
No more a parasite, but I'm a king,  
More kingly than a king—a king of kings.

Ergasilus at last arrives at Hegio's house, and stands thundering at the door for admission; but Hegio, being just outside, requests him to desist, and, upon coming up to him, finds the parasite in transports of joy about something, but what he could not conjecture.

Now order,—says Ergasilus.—

HEG. Order what?

ERG. A roaring fire.

HEG. A roaring fire?

ERG. Yes, a roaring fire;

A huge one let it be.

HEG. What, you great glutton,

Think you that I will set my house on fire  
To please you.

ERG. Nay, prithee, don't be angry.—

Will you order, or will you not, the pots to be put on?

The dishes to be washed? The larded meats

And kickshaws to be set upon the stoves?

Won't you send some one to buy fish?

HEG. He dreams with his eyes open.

ERG. Bid another go for pork, lamb, pullets.

HEG. Yes, you understand good living, had you  
The wherewithal to get it.

ERG. For hams,

For choicest fish and fowl, and a fat cheese.

HEG. Easier 'tis for you to talk of all

These dainties, than with me to eat them.

The visit of Ergasilus, however, was not all annoyance; for though the combined excitement of the juice of Bacchus, and of its consequent ecstatic delight, would not allow of an immediate enunciation of the object of his peremptory call, Hegio was soon rewarded for the trouble which his guest had caused him, by the pleasing news he brought. Ergasilus had seen Hegio's captured son, Philopolemus, at the port. Hegio's joy at the intelligence was only equalled by that of his informant; though the joy of the parasite probably arose less from his delight at the restoration of Philopolemus, than from the prospect of his preferment to some honourable station in the extensive household of Hegio—a prospect which was no sooner anticipated than realized; for Hegio immediately elevated him to the dignified post of head cellar-man, and gives him a *carte blanche* to provide a magnificent banquet worthy of such an occasion.

This was the height of the parasite's ambition (as may easily be conceived when we see him, in one instance, swearing by "holy gluttony," as the dearest and most sacred object to which he could address his invocations), and we accordingly find him congratulating himself on his new honours in the following soliloquy:—

He's gone: and has entrusted to my care

The high and grand concern of catering.—

Immortal gods! how shall I cut and quarter!

How I shall chop the crags from off the chimes!

What devastation will befall the hams!

What a consumption rage among the bacon!

What massacre of fat sow's pap. Of brawn  
 What havoc there will be!—Then what fatigue  
 Awaits the butchers! what the pork-sellers!—  
 But to say more of what belongs to a good repast,  
 Is loss of time, and hindrance.—I will now  
 Go enter on my government, and sit  
 In judgment o'er the bacon,—set at liberty  
 Hams, that have hung untried or uncondemned.

Hegio's servants, unaccustomed to such lavish profusion as Ergasilus was contemplating with such rapture, were quite alarmed at his portentous threats, and terrified at the prospect of such promiscuous expenditure; though their fright probably arose more from an apprehension of the result of such proceedings to themselves, than from the strangeness of the circumstances; for Hegio was one of that class of gentlemen, who, though they possess considerable wealth, conduct their establishments with a frugal, if not a parsimonious economy. The consternation of Hegio's domestics is amusingly described in the following scene, in which a lad comes rushing out of the house, to give the signal of alarm to any one he could find. His exclamations may not be unworthy of a translation:—

May Jove, and all the gods, Ergasilus,  
 Confound thee and thy belly, with all parasites,  
 And all who shall hereafter entertain them!  
 Storm, tempest, devastation, have just broke  
 Their way into our house!—I was afraid  
 He would have seized me, like a famished wolf;—  
 I was, indeed, in a most piteous fright,  
 He made such horrid grinding with his teeth.—  
 Soon as he came, he knocked down the whole larder,  
 With all the meat in't:—then he snatched a knife,  
 And stuck three pigs directly in the throat;—  
 Broke all the pots and cups, except the measures,  
 And asked the cook whether the salting pans,  
 With their contents, might not be clapped upon  
 The fire altogether all at once:—He has broke  
 The cellar door down, laid the store-room open.—  
 Secure him, I beseech you, fellow-servants:—  
 I'll to my master, tell him he must order  
 Some more provisions, if he means to have  
 Any himself:—for as this fellow manages,  
 There's nothing left, or will be nothing soon.

Hegio is now returning from the port with his son Philopolemus and Philocrates, till at last they arrive at the house, where they all meet together—Hegio, Tyndarus, Philocrates, Philopolemus, and the slave who stole him; and now, on comparing notes, they discover that Tyndarus, whom Hegio had condemned to labour in the mines, is in reality his son; and Tyndarus has some faint recollection that his father's name was Hegio. The chains are accordingly taken off from Tyndarus, and fastened on the slave who stole Philopolemus, and to whom we are primarily indebted for the *Captevei* of Plautus.

Thus then have we presented the readers of *THE MONTHLY* with the first of our series of "Specimens of Latin Comedy"—a subject which has been much neglected in modern times, and in England almost entirely forgotten. How deserving it is of this neglect, our readers will

now have some opportunity of judging. But it can be no inconsiderable acquisition to the English litterateur to rescue from the obscurity of an antiquated dialect of a dead language, the comedies of one, whose purity of diction and elegance of composition induced Varro to say,\* that "if ever the Muses were to speak in Latin, they would use the language of Plautus." It was no disgrace to Plautus, that, while he was dazzling his countrymen by the coruscations of his wit, and instructing as well as amusing them by the productions of his pen—it was no disgrace to him, we say, that he had to labour in a mill, in order to save himself from beggary; for such was the case; but if we occasionally meet with an equivocal expression in his writings, or a metaphorical allusion inconsistent with the modern rules of decency, we cannot be surprised. The faults of Plautus were not the faults of the man, but those of his circumstances and his age. Livius Andronicus, his predecessor, was a slave before he was a poet; and Terentius, his successor, bent his neck to the yoke before he figured on the stage. But Plautus was at the same time a miller and a comedian; as, in after times, the far-famed Cincinnatus was at once husbandman and dictator. And as, in the one instance, Rome disdained not to furnish her theatre from the mill; so, in the other, she disdained not to take her legislator from the plough.

#### CALAMITIES OF CARVING.

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to carve!"

I HATE carving—hate it in all its branches, moods, and tenses—abhor it in all its figures, forms, and varieties. What is carving, in fact, but a spurious kind of surgery, which we are called upon to exercise, without the advantage of a common apprenticeship? Far from crying, like other children, for a knife and fork, *my* early years were marked by a decided aversion to those weapons; and when my uncle, who brought me up, first put them into my hands, and abstracted my spoon, I regarded it as the loss of a sceptre; nay, its consequences amounted almost to a prohibition of food, and I felt something of the horror of anticipated starvation. Long, indeed, I endured the mortification of seeing dinner come and go without the ability to secure a tolerable meal; for my uncle was a martinet in all matters of the table, and his whim was, that the plates of the youngsters should be removed as soon as the knives and forks of the elder branches had ceased to ply. My cousins got through their work adroitly: they had the advantage of early initiation in the mystery; moreover, they had a natural liking for the instruments which were my abhorrence. With a quick sense of shame, much natural timidity, and an appetite of no ordinary cast, many a meal passed with ineffectual struggles to assuage that hunger which is the unfailing attendant of a sound constitution, and regular bodily exercise. On one occasion, the effort to satisfy myself had nearly cost me my life. Spurred to despair, I attempted to dispatch the slice assigned as my allowance, without the preparatory process of cutting.

\* Quintil. Inst. Orat. x. l. c.



At length I succeeded in mastering the difficulty of the knife and fork as far as regarded this preliminary step; but, truly is it said—

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

Carving was still my abhorrence. An expert carver was ever allied, in my imagination, to an executioner, or headsman. He who asserts a liking for the art, tells us, we know, a gratuitous falsehood. Your professed carver is a lover of good dinners, a man of tit-bits; his passion for which has conferred upon him the facility of dissection. Can it be credited, then, that he is fond of an art, which imposes the obligation of offering the choicest parts to others in entire exclusion of himself? Can he expect us to believe that he desires to sit utterly dinnerless two or three times a week, as infallibly he must, if he acquit himself in the style the hateful office enjoins? Yet, as I cannot compete with, let me not abuse him. If absurd custom demands that the lady of the house must sacrifice one of her guests to the comfort of the others; or if any one, in an insane moment, volunteers himself as the victim, he gains a reputation which I have never been able to achieve by similar means. It were vain to recount the miseries in which my want of relish for this mystery have involved me. Not to mention the positively painful situations in which it has placed me, the minor distresses I have endured are beyond the power of enumeration.

Judging by the obstacle the barbarous art of carving has proved to my views, and observing the beneficial effect which has attended adepts in it, I conclude the man who can carve well to be in the direct road to the highest offices of church and state; and if I were asked what were the three grand requisites for success in life, I should unhesitatingly reply, in full conviction of the truth, the first, *carving*—the second, *carving*—the third, *carving*.

I was designed for the church, and despite of my lack of qualification in the carving art, which, with men of my cloth, is considered nearly as essential as subscription to the thirty-nine articles, I entered into orders. The living of S— soon afterwards became vacant, and the bishop of the diocese, to whom I was slightly known, and who had been on terms of intimacy with my father, expressed himself disposed to confer it upon me. The friend to whom I owed this communication, gave me, at the same time, an invitation to dinner for a day in the following week, adding that his lordship would be of the party. I would fain have declined this intended kindness; but reminded that the bishop would be there, whom it was important I should meet—that my temporal interests might greatly depend upon it, I consented, but with a reluctance which, though not expressed, ill comported with the service my friend conceived he was rendering me.

The chance of being placed next to some dish which might call my carving into play, would, in this instance, have dictated a refusal, and in all cases the apprehension has heavily outweighed any enjoyment, which otherwise I might have anticipated. Many a time have I dressed to join a convivial dinner-party with the same stagnation of feeling, the same half-conscious sense of the operation, with which a culprit prepares himself for the scaffold. My mind recoils at the jostling, the shuffling, and manœuvring, I have been guilty of to avoid proximity to a particular dish, which might be supposed to contain a *joint*; in fact, I have always shirked a large cover, as though a living tiger were

crouching beneath it ready to spring upon me. But the day for my meeting the bishop arrived. As it was (to use my friend's expression), one upon which my temporal interest might greatly depend, I resolved, as far as possible, to atone for my ignorance in carving, by looking through various books upon cookery, which contained carving instructions.

One I was possessed of, which treated largely of this infernal art, and presented pictures of birds and beasts, with lines drawn, indicating the course the knife was to take. I studied hard, and went through the whole list. I then paced my room, and, in imagination, cut up, in the most approved manner, all animals, common and uncommon; and though thus, in some measure, theoretically prepared, still I made my appearance with a fluttering heart at my friend's house. As I entered it, a combination of fumes, escaping from the kitchen, reached my olfactories; and as I followed the servant to the drawing-room, I resolved to avoid conversation before dinner, and recal my morning's study, fixing my particular attention upon the dishes, which I might now, from the hint given to my nose, expect to appear. But, strange to say, none but the most unusual viands would now occur to me; and I was busily engaged in banishing visions of quails, herons, swans, and others of the feathered race, least subject to human mastication, when dinner was announced.

The only seat unoccupied upon my entrance, was one next the lady of the house; and before I could well extricate myself from my musings, my friend begged I would lead her to the dinner-room. I offered her my arm therefore, though I would gladly have exchanged this distinction for a howling wilderness; since it seemed to bespeak the probability of my sitting next her, and if so, I knew too well, though she did not, what was likely to follow. As I augured, so it proved—she assigned his lordship a station on her right hand, and placed me on her left—the post of honour, it might be; but I remember the pillory occurred to me, as a sort of paradise compared to it. The cover being removed, a turbot was exhibited to view; the lady turned to me, requesting my assistance. My last hope, flimsy as it was, hung upon his lordship's soliciting this distinction; but he sat erect and mute; and when she politely handed me the fish-slice and the knife, I felt about as much obliged to her as though she had presented to me a poisoned goblet and a dagger. But there was no retreating; I was tied to the stake.

Now be it known I was no gourmand, and independently of my gross want of skill, I knew not for my soul, why one part of any creature designed for our use was not as good as another. Moreover, the tail of the turbot was towards to me, and I judged from this circumstance that it was designed I should commence there. I began therefore at the tail, and insinuating the fish-slice at its very extremity, turned over a thin fin-less morsel to his lordship, whose plate was first at my elbow. The bishop looked any thing but the living of S—— at me, as it was placed before him. The lady soon perceived my error, and before I had dispatched another plate, pointed to the upper part of the fish. I dashed in the slice, under the superintendence of her fair finger, and detached a portion for the other guests; for every one, as fate would have it, would eat fish, and no one would taste soup—a sound which my ear eagerly longed to catch, as a remission of at least a part of my sentence. Unceasing demands made me desperate, and I laid about me

with knife and slice, but with so little address, that before half the company were supplied, the turbot lay an unsightly heap of ruins, and the most experienced eye might have been puzzled to determine what in reality it had originally been. This achieved, I waited in grim despair a second attack upon the next dish, and in the brief interval, I had full leisure to observe that I had disconcerted the lady, and displeased the bishop; which did not, however, so entirely absorb my faculties as to conceal the certainty that I was undergoing the ban of several of the other guests. But before I could cast up the sum total of my demerits, a servant appeared, bearing an enormous dish and cover, which he placed in the situation the hapless turbot had so recently occupied. The cover being taken off, a turkey was exposed. I had as soon it had been a rhinoceros. However, limited as was my information, I chanced to know that the breast was the favourite part, and desiring to atone to the bishop, on whom I kept a penitent eye for my late infraction of the law of gulosity, and considering I could not do too much to repair my error, I sent him a junk in the form of a wedge, that might have puzzled the capacity of an alderman. Here I was again set right by my fair and offended auxiliary, who, in evident perturbation, audibly whispered "*thin*, Sir, if you please, *thin*." I took her at her word, dispatched slices to the others which rivalled Vauxhall. "The cry was still they come;" turkey, nothing but turkey would go down—all the fish-eaters had suddenly become bird-fanciers. A legion of plates were at my elbow, and it was now necessary to disengage some of the limbs. My fate had reached its crisis—in endeavouring to cut off one of the legs, I suddenly drove the ill-fated bird to the edge of the dish, and sent the gravy it contained, like a jet d'eau over the spruce dress and rubicund face of his lordship. No trap-door opened under my feet, for which I heartily prayed, and prayed in vain. The bishop, after vainly endeavouring for a moment to rid himself of the effect of the accident, was translated to an adjoining apartment, to which the servants accompanied him, and when he resumed his seat, who can paint the anger that sat on his brow? on the brow of him, who, from his sacred calling and exalted station, is said to be "above the atmosphere of the passions?"

At length the cloth was removed—I had not swallowed a morsel, and the bumpers I drank to subdue my uneasiness, assailing an empty stomach and disquieted spirit, soon attacked my brain; I went through almost every grade of intoxication. I talked incessantly; became vehement and vociferous; and finally was fast verging towards something worse, when a glimpse of my unhappy state, before reason was quite dislodged, helped me to discern the expediency of a retreat. I made an abrupt exit, but I have no distinct idea how I succeeded in getting home. All I remember is, that I tripped in the mat on leaving the dinner-room, and turning my head into a battering-ram, made a forcible entry into an opposite parlour, where, as my evil stars would have it, my fair hostess had retired to write a note. I was past making any apology. The servants, alarmed at the noise, ran to my assistance, and though stunned by the encounter between my skull and my friend's mahogany, I recollect, when they took me up, hearing one of them answer the inquiry of the lady, "It's the gentleman, ma'am, what splashed my lord bishop." These were the last words I heard that



night, and certainly the bespattered diocesan was the first image that occurred to me the following morning. It was plain my prospects in that quarter were utterly ruined, and as I lay in bed I revolved and re-revolved, with the advantage of a parched tongue and fevered brain, the means of ridding myself at once from all the disquietude which I felt must ever be my lot whilst carving was in fashion. If I looked back I saw nothing but suffering, acute suffering—if forward, I perceived one interminable vista of similar discomforts. It was clear, that to avoid the dissection of dishes, which despite of my efforts to escape were often placed under my distribution, I had feigned sprained wrists, cut fingers, and sudden indisposition, until they could be feigned no more. Something therefore was immediately necessary to be decided upon to relieve me from the burden of such an existence as I was enduring. Mine was no common calamity—a marriage, a bankruptcy, a duel, may occur in the course of a man's life-time; but carving is of diurnal occurrence—no man is safe for four-and-twenty hours—no sooner is one dinner dispatched, than in some way or other, another must be in preparation; and who can endure an everlasting conflict with antipathies? I resolved therefore to quit England, once and for ever—a country where the very poor are the only very happy people—for they have no dinners.

Arriving at this determination, I wavered for a time between China and France. The Chinese, I had heard (like sensible people), always eat alone; but I knew less of their general habits. France occurred to me as the land of ragouts, hashes and fricasees; of course, little or no work for the knife, and much for the spoon. I determined therefore for France. I rose with alacrity, dispatched my affairs, collected my moveables, and made all ready for a start.

Fortune, however, could not be satisfied without a parting blow at me, even when I had consented to succumb to her dictates and expatriate myself. During a ride which I took to bid farewell to my few remaining relatives, I was approaching, about fifteen miles from my house, an inn which I had been in the habit of stopping at, when a fellow belonging to it called to his companion, and exclaimed, in a subdued tone which he thought could not reach my ear "I say, Tom, here comes *Chops*." I looked round, but perceiving no one, dismounted and entered the house. Presently after, having ordered some refreshment, I heard one of the waiters in the passage ask another, if a party who had just arrived were to dine in the Unicorn. "No, no," said he, "they can't dine there, *Chops* is in that room." Assured, as I was the only tenant of it, that they must have some reference to me, I rang the bell, and when the waiter entered, insisted upon an explanation. After much prevarication, and a promise on my part of entire forgiveness whatever it might be, he said, "Why, all the servants calls you so, Sir, because you never orders nothing but *chops*."

It was too true; my anti-carving faculties had doomed me to a monotony of mutton—to perpetual dinners upon chops.

Now, fortune, I defy thee—I am on board the packet—the wind is fair, and in a few hours I shall be across the channel.

B. F.

## A MODEST DEFENCE OF LITERARY PUFFING.

"Puffing is of various sorts. The principal are the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication."

THE CRITIC.

"*Er tu brute!*" What! a truculent and despicable attack upon the pleasant and profitable practice of literary puffing from the reviewers! Nay, this would "raise a soul under the ribs of death;" and I must positively run a tilt with my grey goose-quill against these dirt-throwing Zoili, giving no quarter, not even to the Quarterly, until I make them confess that they are themselves the authors of the very evil they deprecate, and infinitely more culpable, both as to fact and motive, than the parties they presume to arraign. They really remind one of the fuliginous kitchen utensil, in the proverb, reproaching a more cleanly one with its blackness; or of the goose finding fault with the gosling—"Why do you go nodding and waggling, so like a fool, as if you were hip-shot foundered?" *Gentlemen Reviewers!* (excuse this term; it proceeds from my recent perusal of the "extinct titles")—*Gentlemen Reviewers!* you are like Othello, not because of your black looks, or of your stifling the innocent in their own sheets, but because your occupation's gone. The field-day of the Reviews is over; they are giving way to Magazines; they are gasping for the breath of life; their final extinction is rapidly approaching. Of the minors, several have already yielded up the ghost; some, volunteering the punishment inflicted by Mezentius, have protracted their sufferings by incorporating themselves with a defunct brother; others have struggled to escape extinction by changing their titles, or periods of publication; all are rapidly diminishing in influence and circulation; and if two or three still command a sale of any magnitude, it is precisely because they are no longer reviews, but party pamphlets, criticising authors, not books—appealing to the passions and prejudices of a particular class, instead of addressing themselves to the lovers of general literature: and who are the writers selected for this honourable office? One or two men of eminence are admitted, that their names may give a sort of sanction to the work; and these individuals may perhaps have virtue and independence enough to spurn the shackles to which their coadjutors must submit; but the mass are notoriously mercenaries, who, with the natural irritation of their tribe, are embittered against the possessors of talent in exact proportion to their want of it. "Let those teach others who themselves excel," was the maxim of former times; but in the march of no-intellect we have reversed all this; the convicted dunce wields the magisterial rod, the ass sits in the professor's chair, and both are naturally severe, because the Boetians have found, by degrading experience, that it is much more easy and pleasant not to like, than to do the like—*Hi præ cæteris alios liberius carpere solent, qui nil proprium ediderunt*:—those men will be most disposed to depreciate others who have done nothing themselves. But the Latin quotation does not accurately describe the Zoili in question. Generally speaking, they are not men who have written nothing, but who, having signally and miserably failed in their own literary attempts, take their revenge by attempting to run down and destroy those who are likely to succeed, more especially in the departments

where they themselves have demonstrated their incapacity. *Hinc illa lachryma*—hence their virtuous indignation—hence their impartial strictures—hence their disinterested regard for the sacred cause of literature! Not infrequently they are known to be actuated by less amiable motives than even these—by some petty, paltry, dirty personality; but it is immaterial whether ignorance or malice prompt them, for both concur in the same language, as geese and snakes both hiss; and of all such critical sibilations, it may truly be said, without the poor conceit of a *Paranomasia*, that the author upon whom they are inflicted—“*laudatur ab his*.” Like Fuller’s earth, their abuse may defile him for a moment, only that when it is rubbed off it may leave him the cleaner; and even this evanescent injury it is not in the power of every puny whipster to inflict, for we must not suppose that all weeds sting because nettles do. It has been well said of calumnious imputations in general, that they resemble the rubbish thrown up by a furious volcano, of which the lighter portion is dispersed by the winds, while the heavier falls back into its own mouth—a remark specially applicable to the angry diatribes and scurrilous personalities of reviewers. He of the ungentle craft, whose assault upon puffing has stimulated us to this defence of injured innocence, does not attempt to absolve his own tribe, and his own art, ingeniously confessing, that “title-pages, prefaces, advertisements, *and even critiques*, may be clubbed together as one great lie.” Can he wonder, after this candid admission of a fact, which the public had long since discovered, that reviewers, utterly disregarded by all classes, even down to boarding-school misses and pensive lieutenants, as criteria of literary merit, have fallen into their present state of languor, exhaustion, and approaching dissolution? It is really edifying to hear literary bravoës, whose profession it is to stab in the dark, who never venture from their hiding-places without a crape over their features, who may be hired for a miserable pittance to attack either friend or foe; it is truly instructive to hear such men assuming the high and noble tone of indignant virtue, and stigmatizing the poor puffer as the most odious of caitiffs, because, forsooth, he may not always be sincere and disinterested in his praises! Oh, the candid, honest, truth-loving varlets! As if it were not a thousand times more honourable to deal in unmerited encomium than in hired detraction!

I have said that reviewers themselves were the real authors of all the puffing evils and enormities against which they vent their spleen, and the assertion is susceptible of very easy proof. What! is a bane to exist without its antidote; are malevolence, scurrility, perversion, and all the captious chicaneries of corrupt hypercriticism, to have undisputed possession of the literary field; are authors, *ex necessitate*, such nefarious felons as not to be allowed benefit of clergy? No; as Nature, where she plants a vegetable poison, generally provides an antidote, so in the moral world she causes sympathies to spring up by the side of antipathies. Extremes, moreover, have an inherent tendency towards each other; the pessimist makes the optimist: and thus it is that the unfairness, the bitterness, the rancour of reviewers have generated those much more excusable failings, if such they may be termed, of superlative, fulsome, high-flown panegyrics. One excess invariably begets another. If a reviewer endeavours to shew that an author is a slaving idiot, his friendly puffer naturally attempts to prove that he is an Admirable Crichton; and if the latter do not always come into



court with clean hands, it is precisely because he has had to deal with so dirty an adversary as the former. The washerwoman cannot cleanse our clothes from the filth which the scavenger throws about him, without being herself occasionally contaminated; but her occupation is not on that account the less necessary or the less respectable. It is natural that stains and dirt should hate the whitewasher who obliterates them, but it is, nevertheless, they themselves who have called him and his art into existence: and thus do I maintain, that as the devil is the father of lies, so are reviewers the parents, and the cause of puffers.

Be it observed, that in all these mutual mal-practices, acting and re-acting with aggravated effect upon each other, the author has no share; he has parted with his copyright, has no interest in the conflict, and can find no more pleasure in being made the shuttlecock between the black and white battledore, than would a well-dressed gentleman in being alternately jostled by a miller and a chimney-sweeper. Were the author at the same time the puffer, I should scorn to become his champion, for I abhor all egotism, holding it to be a disfigurement rather than a beautifying of one's proper features. Minerva threw aside the flute, when she found that it puffed up her own cheeks—a classical authority against every other description of self-inflation. Bobadils and Bardolphs, ancient Pistols and Falstaffs, with all such thrasonical and blustering bragadocios, have only rendered their cowardice the more conspicuous by vaunting their valour. Did the Gascon expect to be believed who boasted that his seven-foot mattress was stuffed with the mustachios of the enemies he had killed in battle; or he who declared, that it became him to be cautious in approaching the foe, because, as he was all over heart, the prick of a pin would kill him; or he who, being observed to tremble before an onset, said that his body shuddered at the thought of the dangers into which it would inevitably be hurried by his valorous spirit? Such philautical hyperboles are not less ridiculous and offensive than vain, for we may be assured that the more we speak of ourselves in superlatives, the more will others speak of us in diminutives; and the less we put ourselves forward, the more will the public be disposed to advance us. "*Præfulgebant Cassius et Brutus eo ipso quod eorum effigies non visebantur,*" says Tacitus. There is the authority, indeed, of a distinguished nobleman and author, for a certain degree of personal boastfulness, as well as for an occasional extension of truth—"The exercises I chiefly used, and most recommend to my posterity," says my Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "were riding the great horse; and I do much likewise approve of shooting in the long bow." His posterity, I hope, have disregarded his injunction; and, indeed, I have been given to understand that some of them suspect the above words to convey a different meaning from that which they would seem to import, a question into which I enter not, being reverently chary of wresting the sense of our ancient writers!

And now then, the literary puffer not being the author of the works eulogized, what can be more amiable, more benevolent, more praiseworthy than his character? Whether it be by premeditated accident or fortuitous design that his laudatory paragraphs go the round of the papers, dividing the attention of a breathless public with Warren's Blacking and Rowland's Kalydor, how philanthropical is his practice, and how benignant must be the motive that prompts him! Howard sinks into insignificance, compared with a public benefactor who so con-

where they themselves have demonstrated their incapacity. *Hinc ille lachryme*—hence their virtuous indignation—hence their impartial strictures—hence their disinterested regard for the sacred cause of literature! Not infrequently they are known to be actuated by less amiable motives than even these—by some petty, paltry, dirty personality; but it is immaterial whether ignorance or malice prompt them, for both concur in the same language, as geese and snakes both hiss; and of all such critical sibilations, it may truly be said, without the poor conceit of a *Paranomasia*, that the author upon whom they are inflicted—“*laudatur ab his*.” Like Fuller’s earth, their abuse may defile him for a moment, only that when it is rubbed off it may leave him the cleaner; and even this evanescent injury it is not in the power of every puny whipster to inflict, for we must not suppose that all weeds sting because nettles do. It has been well said of calumnious imputations in general, that they resemble the rubbish thrown up by a furious volcano, of which the lighter portion is dispersed by the winds, while the heavier falls back into its own mouth—a remark specially applicable to the angry diatribes and scurrilous personalities of reviewers. He, of the ungente craft, whose assault upon puffing has stimulated us to this defence of injured innocence, does not attempt to absolve his own tribe, and his own art, ingeniously confessing, that “title-pages, prefaces, advertisements, *and even critiques*, may be clubbed together as one great lie.” Can he wonder, after this candid admission of a fact, which the public had long since discovered, that reviewers, utterly disregarded by all classes, even down to boarding-school misses and pensive lieutenants, as criteria of literary merit, have fallen into their present state of languor, exhaustion, and approaching dissolution? It is really edifying to hear literary bravoës, whose profession it is to stab in the dark, who never venture from their hiding-places without a crape over their features, who may be hired for a miserable pittance to attack either friend or foe; it is truly instructive to hear such men assuming the high and noble tone of indignant virtue, and stigmatizing the poor puffer as the most odious of caitiffs, because, forsooth, he may not always be sincere and disinterested in his praises! Oh, the candid, honest, truth-loving varlets! As if it were not a thousand times more honourable to deal in unmerited encomium than in hired detraction!

I have said that reviewers themselves were the real authors of all the puffing evils and enormities against which they vent their spleen, and the assertion is susceptible of very easy proof. What! is a bane to exist without its antidote; are malevolence, scurrility, perversion, and all the captious chicaneries of corrupt hypercriticism, to have undisputed possession of the literary field; are authors, *ex necessitate*, such nefarious felons as not to be allowed benefit of clergy? No; as Nature, where she plants a vegetable poison, generally provides an antidote, so in the moral world she causes sympathies to spring up by the side of antipathies. Extremes, moreover, have an inherent tendency towards each other; the pessimist makes the optimist: and thus it is that the unfairness, the bitterness, the rancour of reviewers have generated those much more excusable failings, if such they may be termed, of superlative, fulsome, high-flown panegyrics. One excess invariably begets another. If a reviewer endeavours to shew that an author is a slaving idiot, his friendly puffer naturally attempts to prove that he is an Admirable Crichton; and if the latter do not always come into

court with clean hands, it is precisely because he has had to deal with so dirty an adversary as the former. The washerwoman cannot cleanse our clothes from the filth which the scavenger throws about him, without being herself occasionally contaminated; but her occupation is not on that account the less necessary or the less respectable. It is natural that stains and dirt should hate the whitewasher who obliterates them, but it is, nevertheless, they themselves who have called him and his art into existence: and thus do I maintain, that as the devil is the father of lies, so are reviewers the parents, and the cause of puffers.

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siderately points out to us the tit-bits of literature, makes us think the better of one another, and inculcates a liberality of judgment, which must be equally gratifying and improving to all parties, ever excepting the critics. Has not the eulogist, moreover, when by constant puffing he spreads and diffuses the leaves of his favourite book, and purifies the peccant humours of the critical world, the example of Nature before him, who by a similar process unfolds the vegetable leaves, and disperses the foulness and ill humours of the atmosphere?—Even should the amiable encomiast undesignedly bring grist to his own mill, by availing himself of a natural and most useful auxiliary, surely he is not more culpable than the miller who confessedly lives by puffs, and yet pursues his avocation without impeachment; so true is it that one man may steal a horse, while another must not look over the hedge.

A few words as to the alleged evils of this system, which, according to the reviewer, is to effect an universal corruption, a pervading disregard of truth, a total depravation of literature, results long since predicated from the abuse of criticism, but no more likely to be realized in the one case than the other. Reviews having been detected, have utterly lost their influence, and such must speedily be the fate of puffing. Both evils will work out their own cure, and the latter the most rapidly, and certainly, if there be any truth in the dictum, that “praise undeserved is censure in disguise,” or that—

“A vile encomium doubly ridicules,  
Since nothing blackens like the ink of fools.”

The wine-merchant and the blacking-vender, whose trades ought to be united, like those of the ancient barbers and surgeons, in the same company, have not injured the genuine commodity, by puffing the spurious one; it does but occasion us a little more trouble to examine our money, when we know that counterfeit coin is abroad. No one will be twice taken in by the same imposture, or if he is, *qui vult decipi, decipiatur*. Auctioneers' statements, such as those of a hanging wood, where there is nothing but a gibbet, or of a purling stream, which is represented by a stagnant gutter, do not operate any delusion, being now looked upon as professional lies, a mere *façon de parler*. In this instance, then, the evil has effectually wrought its own cure, as it will ultimately, ay, and speedily too, in the case of literary puffing. Minor publishers will follow the example of the first offender, their paragraphs will be huddled together in the same corner of the paper, the public will take no more notice of them than they do of the wall-writing of rival competitors in blacking, and the booksellers will gladly discontinue an expense, when they find it to be at once burthensome and unavailing. In the event of such a consummation, it is to be hoped they will add the amount saved to the copyright, the authors being the only parties who have any real right to complain in the whole transaction.

It is a mistake to suppose that puffing is a peculiar characteristic of the present era, or even that it has suffered any material increment in the last half century, as any one may see who will read over the Critic, published nearly fifty years ago. The suppression of lotteries has in fact very much diminished the quantum of this offence, and even the asserted augmentation and flagrancy of literary puffing is rather a change of form than any addition of substance. All publishers in their advertisements are in the habit of subjoining commendatory extracts to

the works announced, cited probably from reviews of their own dictation, or under their immediate influence, if indeed the encomium within inverted commas be not altogether quotations from their own heads—and this is held to be an allowable practice; but if the paragraph in question be detached, and inserted separately, there is as furious an outcry against the offender as if he had committed high treason against the majesty of Paternoster Row. Truly this is a distinction without a difference, and I suspect that those who clamour against it are more jealous of its apprehended success, than scandalized at the offence itself. Even Sheridan has failed to notice one species of literary puff, from which the present era is happily exempt, and which may be termed the puff devout, if it might not with more propriety be designated the puff profane. It is that wherein a work is attempted to be sanctioned, and its circulation to be extended, by obtaining for it the imprimatur of Heaven, a daring act of irreverence, limited, I believe, to Lord Herbert of Cherbury. This nobleman having secret misgivings as to the propriety of publishing his work "*De Veritate*," since the whole frame of it differed from all former writings concerning the discovery of truth, wished to obtain a sign from heaven as to the course he should pursue; wherefore taking the work in his hands, and kneeling down, he devoutly besought some manifestation of the divine will. "I had no sooner spoken these words," says his lordship, "but a loud, though yet gentle noise, came forth from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon I resolved to print my book." If this be not rather a miserable evidence of vanity and self-delusion, it is unquestionably the most audacious puff upon record.

There is one more species of puffing, scarcely more justifiable than the above, to which I shall only allude, in order to stigmatize it with reprobation, and to express deep regret that it should ever be resorted to by publishers who make the smallest claims to respectability. Sheridan thus admirably describes it in the *Critic*—"The puff collusive is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets. 'An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem, called *Beelzebub's Cotillion*, or *Proserpine's Fête Champêtre*, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read: the severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking; and as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought up by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age.' Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth: first that nobody ought to read it; and secondly, that every body buys it; on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition before he has sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for scan-mag!"

If booksellers now-a-days do not venture to recommend their publications upon the ground of their indelicacy, they scruple not to attract readers, by openly setting forth the personality and scandalous nature of the work they are puffing, thus pandering to a vice which is the stigma and opprobrium of the day, adducing as a merit that which ought to condemn the book with every right-thinking and right-feeling reader, and perverting public morals by an unblushing substitution of wrong for right. "That's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in him that uses it. Oh, reform it altogether!"

## THE PARISIAN NEWSPAPER PRESS.\*

“ ————— Si quid novisti rectius istis  
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.”

HORACE EPIST.

THE English, in general, have a very incorrect idea of the Parisian Press, of its influence, and of the character of its editors; and I have often heard very able politicians speak of some Parisian journal in a manner so contrary to its real merit, that I conceive it to be very essential to truth to expose the system of the Parisian press; speaking impartially, avoiding exaggeration, and refraining from personalities as much as possible. But if my just criticism, instead of being useful to their future conduct, should excite in them the spirit of revenge, I advise them to beware, lest, to defend truth, I should be obliged to reveal secrets which are buried in the bottom of my heart, and which will there remain until my honour is compromised by their concealment; then they will know, but too late—

“ Quod nos tela etiam, ferrumque haud debile dextra  
Spargimus, et nostro sequitur de vulnere sanguis.”

VIRGIL ÆNEID.

I shall divide the Parisian daily journals into four classes—*The Slave Ministerials*, *The Occasionally Ministerials*, *The Slave Opposition*, *The Occasionally Opposition*. The *Legitimist*, *The Bonapartist*, and the *Republican journals*, are comprised in the class of the slave opposition. The independent portion of the press will occupy but little space in this article.

The morning papers are—

The Moniteur Universel.

The Journal des Debats.

The Constitutionnel.

The National.

The Temps.

The Journal du Commerce.

The Nouveau Journal de Paris.

The Globe.

The Quotidienne.

The Courrier Français.

The Tribune.

The Echo de Paris.

Galignani's Messenger.

The evening papers are—

The Gazette de France.

The Messenger des Chambres.

The Revolution.

The Courrier d'Europe.

The Stenographe.

The small theatrical journals, such as the *Figaro*, &c. form no part of the present subject.

*The Moniteur Universel* is the French official journal; it is printed by the government, and, of course, its composition is most insipid, and most insignificant. This paper was established after the first revolution of France, and has since served, without exception, all the rulers of the French dominions. M. Sauvo is its acknowledged nominal editor; but its real editor is always the first secretary of the minister of the interior. The columns of this paper are open to all the *paid defenders* of the reigning administration; and at present M. Barthe, the minister of justice, often inserts in it long elaborate articles in favour of his colleagues. Facts have been so repeatedly misrepresented in this journal, that it is fallen into the greatest discredit; and for this reason is styled by the public, instead of *Le Moniteur Universel*, *Le Menteur Universel*.

\* We have been favoured with this communication by a foreigner of high rank, and give it in his own language. [ED.]



*The Journal des Debats* is one of the best written and the best arranged journals of Paris. Its political principles are purely aristocratical; and its editors have always been of the Bourbon party, and sham constitutionalists. When Polignac came into administration, Bertin de Veaux, its principal editor, became all of a sudden of the opposition, and concurred with the other journals in overthrowing the prince's power. But when the fatal ordinances of Charles X. appeared, the *Journal des Debats* would not sign with the other journals the protestation of illegality; and having made its submission to Peyronnet, obtained the license to continue its publication. After the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons, this paper became the champion of the family of Orleans, and has done, and still does, all in its power to render Louis Philippe as little democratical as it is possible. The most renowned members of the *juste milieu* fill the columns of this journal with their lucubrations; and one may easily perceive those that belong to Guizot and Dupin, and those that have been written by Sebastiani, Thiers, Villemain, and other partisans of Perier. I must, however, say, that the *Journal des Debats* gives often the best foreign information; that morals, decorum, and delicacy, are always observed; and that an article of this paper will produce a greater sensation on the public than articles of any other journal of Paris.

*The Constitutionnel*, which has long been, and is still considered by many foreigners the political arm of the French press, has at present very little influence on the enlightened portion of the French nation. It owes its celebrity and circulation to its early appearance as an opposition paper soon after the restoration of the Bourbons, and to the gorgeous title of *Constitutionnel*. Its object is rather a commercial than a political one; for it is the property of a few individuals, the greater part of whom have no other interest at heart than to get money. This is the reason why the *Constitutionnel* has no fixed principles, and is sometimes ultra ministerial, and at other times as much the reverse; for whenever one of the proprietors has been denied a favour, or a sinecure, by a minister, for any of his protégés, it is to be expected that a rude attack will be made against the administration; but it will cease the day the demanded favour has been granted. This stratagem is so well known in Paris, that when such a change takes place, it is a common saying—"Le *Constitutionnel* est fâché; on lui a refusé quelque chose." I must however add, that among the fifteen share-holders of this paper, there are two honest and truly independent writers, who for a very long time have not participated in its management; and one of them has also attacked the professed principles of the *Constitutionnel*, addressing letters to the *National* and other journals, to acquaint the public of his being quite a stranger to the system of politics adopted by his co-proprietors. By so doing he obtained a sensible amelioration in the political editorship of the *Constitutionnel*, and has been appointed chief conductor of it about a month ago. Every one is therefore now more satisfied with its articles. As for foreign news, this paper contains good interest; but not seldom its accounts are much exaggerated, and sometimes officially contradicted.

*The Courrier Français*, established in 1818, has distinguished itself by its constant opposition to all the administrations of the restoration, and by its repeated attacks against the despotism of the mock constitutional power of the Bourbons. Often its editors incurred the severity of

the king's attorney-general, and of the judges, literally at the disposition of the government; and twice not only its editors were prosecuted, tried, and condemned to fine and imprisonment, but the publication itself, by an extraordinary interpretation of the constitution, was suppressed for two months.

However, on its re-appearance, the *Courrier Français* recommenced with increased force its opposition, and soon became very popular all over France. The eloquent Foy, Benjamin Constant, Girardin, Lamarque, De Tracy, and the most celebrated members of the opposition, in order to remunerate the zeal and perseverance of this journal, filled its columns with their articles, and from this epoch its influence and circulation increased with astonishing progress.

Notwithstanding the powerful aid of so many literary and political contributors, one of the editors, in order to maintain the independence of the *Courrier Français*, and pay the continual fines which were imposed month after month by the corrupted judges, sacrificed his entire fortune, and for several years was reduced to subsist upon the emoluments derived from his employment as editor. Although Richelieu, Decazes, Villele, Martignac, and Polignac, did always all in their power, first to ruin the *Courrier Français*, and afterwards to bribe its editors, their intrigues had no success; and to the last day of the restoration, this journal lost no opportunity of exposing any fault of the government, or of censuring the least act of arbitrary power; and as often these attacks were corroborated by facts, they excited public indignation, and prepared the struggle of the late revolution of 1830. During, and after this epoch, the editors of the *Courrier Français* have constantly distinguished themselves for their personal courage, their independence, and their active co-operation in restoring order and tranquillity.

Under Louis Philippe, they have kept themselves at a dignified distance from the Palais Royal, and thus have avoided to fall in the snares of the court, and have been forgotten by their ancient friends in the distribution of places and honours.

From what I have just mentioned, it may be easily perceived that the *Courrier Français* is one of the best opposition papers of Paris; but it must be allowed, that sometimes its opposition is too violent, and that personal animosity often occasions some ungenerous attack against the government, and, consequently, an indirect appeal to the mobility of the lower classes, encouraging them to use their numerical wisdom and preponderance. However, when in any popular movements the general welfare of the nation is at stake, the *Courrier Français*, fully aware of its influence on the minds of the people, always enforces order and forbearance, and certainly more than once the government have felt the benefit of it.

As for its principles, no one can exactly say to whose party the *Courrier Français* belongs; but it is certainly liberal, and much inclined to Bonapartism, with republican institutions.

The *National* owes its origin to a dissident member of the *Constitutionnel*, the present much renowned M. Thiers, the champion of Casimir Perier. This historiographer having been humiliated in his pride by the refusal of his co-proprietors to allow him to become one of the chief conductors, gave up his share, and established the *National* in opposition to the *Constitutionnel*. This paper, in the beginning of its opposition, published some very strong articles against the administra-

tion of Polignac ; its editor was tried and condemned, and, it must be said, the prophecy which it contained with regard to the eldest branch of Bourbon, was fully accomplished by the ordinances of Charles X., and by the late revolution, during which the National gave proofs of courage and character. But on the 29th of July, while all the walls of Paris were covered with placards—"No more Bourbons,"—M. Thiers, who had had an interview with the Duke of Orleans and with M. Lafitte, published a small paper in favour of the present King of France, representing him as a revolutionary general, and as a great friend of the national independence and of the freedom of the French nation. Thousands of these papers were given in the Faubourgs, and thus the multitude began to think and speak of the Duke of Orleans, and then the members of the Provisional Government prevailed on Lafayette, and Louis Philippe was proclaimed "The Provisional Lieutenant-General of France!" About this important affair strange rumours were spread ; some said that M. Thiers received for this service a very great sum of money ; others insisted that he did it only because the Duke of Orleans had been generous to him during the restoration ; certain it is, that as soon as Louis Philippe was elected King of the French, this journalist became a counsellor of state, had all the places he demanded, and is now considered as the favourite of the reigning dynasty ; and what is truly extraordinary, since M. Lafitte has lost his influence at court, M. Thiers, who owes all he possesses to the ex-banker's generosity and friendship, has forgotten the past, and is become one of his opponents. For what regards the National, the ancient colleagues of Thiers would not change their principles, and are still working hard in opposition to the system of the administration of Perier ; but their opposition is often too virulent, and their attacks are sometimes very unconstitutional. Nevertheless, the National is a well-conducted paper, its principles are truly based on the honour, independence, and freedom of France, and its influence is very great with the enlightened portion of the nation, and particularly with all classes of students in France.

*The Temps* is a journal of the fashionable world, and consequently has no fixed principles of its own. It was established about three years ago, under the auspices, and with the funds of seventy-one opposition members of the Chamber of the Deputies, of whom several filled its columns with their articles. The editor is well known all over France for his cunning and abilities in similar enterprises, and is a man perfectly fit to direct the material part of a journal. His private character is not highly honourable, and his conduct in former political and commercial transactions has incurred the just reproaches of all those who know him. For under the administration of M. de Villele, being the editor of the *Tablettes Universelles*, without the permission of the proprietors, he sold them to government, and left Paris in a great hurry, to escape from the prosecution of those who had been defrauded by such a scandalous transaction. However, with regard to the present publication, he seems to meet with the approbation of his constituents, and the circulation of the *Temps* increases. At the epoch of the late French revolution, the editor of this paper gave undeniable proofs of his personal courage, opposed himself most bravely to the brutal force of the gendarmes, who went, by the order of Mangin, to seize and destroy his printing-office. He succeeded in concealing some presses, and during the three glorious days was very active in publishing, and circulating



among the people and the army, articles fit to excite great courage in the former, and desertion in the latter. It must be allowed that he strongly contributed to promote the success of the insurrection, and the triumph of the popular party. When the new government of Louis Philippe was established, the Temps by degrees became the partisan of the *juste milieu*, and the champion of the Guizottine administration. At the resignation of Lafitte and Merilhou, Casimir Perier, the intimate friend of Guizot and Dupin, was chosen to succeed the former; and, it may be said, that he became the *seven ministers of France*, as his colleagues are bound to his tyrannical control. Since Perier reigns over Louis Philippe and his subjects,\* the Temps militates in his favour; but now and then Sebastiani is rudely attacked, and his expulsion is strongly recommended. This must be attributed to the private animosity of a writer to whom Sebastiani has not granted a demanded consulship. This journal exercises no great influence on the public in general; but its articles have much power over the principal agents of the administration, and are not disguised by those friends of the new king. Klaproth, the well-known master of several *unknown tongues*, is the conductor of the foreign department of the Temps.

The *Journal du Commerce* was chiefly established for the amelioration and welfare of commerce, and the best French economists contributed to its publication. For a very long time it has been of great service to commercial men. Politics were not the main object of this publication; but no subject of importance on this point was ever neglected. Since the revolution of 1830, the editors of this journal have shewn great personal independence; for they have neither demanded, nor obtained any favour, or places. Very little of all that has been done by the different administrations of Louis Philippe has been approved by the *Journal du Commerce*; it is for the movement party, and strongly co-operates in forwarding the popular interests. Such is the prudent manner which the editors have adopted in attacking all the past and present ministers, that their journal has never been compromised, and it is, perhaps, the only opposition paper which, since the late revolution, has not been prosecuted by the king's attorney-general.

The *Nouveau Journal de Paris* is the most scandalous ministerial paper of Paris, and it is truly despicable. Voltaire was very right in saying—"Il y a une certaine fatalité attachée à certains noms." For the old *Journal de Paris*, by selling its independence and its opinions to M. de Villele, disgraced all those who had had any thing to do with its publication; and the *Nouveau Journal de Paris* has done still worse; for after having been for some time one of the warmest defenders of popular rights and national independence, it has sold itself to Casimir Perier, and to the nabobs of Louis Philippe. Such is the submission of this paper, that not one article, nay, not one word, can be inserted in its columns unless it has first been approved of both by the secretary of Perier, and by the appointed censors of Louis Philippe. *Ab uno disce omnes.* The *Journal de Paris* has fallen into such contempt, that although it is dispatched *gratis* to several places, no one takes the pains to peruse it; but all the public authorities dependent on the ministers,

\* Now Casimir Perier, and his successors, may reign over the King of the French, if they can, but as for his subjects it is impossible, since it has been proved before the Chamber of Deputies, that the French are no longer subjects of the King of the French!!!

have been, and are obliged to take in this paper for the welfare and conversion of their subalterns.

*The Quotidienne* is a true jesuitico-aristocratical journal, but it often combats under the standard of Bonapartism and Republicanism, for the purpose of embarrassing and overthrowing, if possible, the present state of things in France. Its influence is immense in the south and west provinces, and particularly with the nobility, the clergy, and all the partisans of absolute monarchy. The *Quotidienne* is conducted with the greatest ability, and some of its articles, written against the existing government, are very interesting, and standing on facts and logical principles, produce a great sensation on the public in general. It is for this reason that all the ministers who have been in power since the revolution of July, have been very sanguine in prosecuting the *Quotidienne*, whose editor, M. de Brian, has repeatedly been tried, and condemned to imprisonment and fine, and is still to be confined for more than another year. But neither the assiduities of the attorney-general, nor the severities of the jury, have yet deterred the editor from persevering to attack the dynasty of Orleans, and all the consequences of the revolution. It is very remarkable that, notwithstanding this paper is of the most daring opposition, it often contains, before any ministerial journal does, very important and interesting information, which can only be known to persons who approach the king, and must be in the most intimate acquaintance of the ministers. This seems to me to be a convincing proof that some of the faithful servants of Louis Philippe are still inclined *servire Deo et Mammonæ*.

*The Tribune* is a journal which forwards more than any other Parisian paper the movement party and the republican system. Its writers and editors are almost all young men belonging to the secret societies of France. M. Marrast, one of them, took a very active part in the late revolution, and is one of the most violent members of the society of the *Amis du Peuple*, and makes in this journal a continual personal war on Casimir Perier and all the champions of the *juste milieu*. His historical narration of the political transactions of *the three glorious days of July* has produced a great sensation on the public, and has exposed in a clear light the duplicity and cunningness of many mock patriots, especially of Casimir Perier. It is to be remarked that what he has advanced has never been contradicted, either directly or indirectly, by the partisans of Perier. The *Tribune* is much esteemed by all the students of France, and exercises a very great influence on the lower classes of the population of Paris. "The patriot king," and his most intimate friends, are often personally attacked in this paper, and by written documents and historical facts, they are exposed as opposed to the principles of the present state of things. It is on these grounds that the *Tribune* has been *twenty-eight times* seized, and its editors brought before the jury. But notwithstanding all the endeavours of the king's attorney-general in all the tyrannical trials, they have only *twice* been found guilty of libel. There is no rumour circulated either on the exchange, or in the public, which can injure the dynasty of Orleans, or the ministry, that is not inserted directly in the columns of this journal, and soon is known to all the lower classes of Paris.

*The Globe* was founded about ten years ago by M. Dubois, a very clever, and very studious gentleman, and for a long time has been the best French scientific, philosophical, and literary journal. All the per-

sous who supported his management were well known for their liberal principles, and the learned public perused their publication with great interest and profit. In 1830, under the impolitic administration of Polignac, the *Globe* became a political paper; and in its first number it contained an article so hostile, and so historically true, against the Bourbons, that it was immediately seized, and its author and editor, M. Dubois, was tried and condemned. When the revolution of July arrived, M. Dubois was still confined. For the first three months after the new era of France, the *Globe* continued in its system of opposition, and always defended the sovereignty of the people. But towards the end of 1830, this paper became the journal of the well known religion of Saint Simon, and since that period it is entirely devoted to promote and defend this new sect. It must be allowed that some members of this incomprehensible doctrine are men of great abilities, and very eloquent; but, in spite of their endeavours, in July last, the number of their congregation had not yet amounted to a hundred. The *Globe*, therefore, having become the property of a sect, does not belong to the public press, and has no influence on the people. Whenever, out of curiosity, any person takes the pains to peruse this publication, disgust, generally, or a stronger sensation, is the consequence.

I have always thought the writers of the *Globe* as persons who are deranged; and I have formed this opinion, lest I should be obliged to think that they are impostors and rogues.

*The Echo de Paris* is a mere recapitulation of all the Parisian morning journals, and it is published every day at eleven o'clock; but as no body is influenced directly by the *Echo de Paris*, I think I have already spoken enough of it.

*Galignani's Messenger* is an English and French *mélange*. It contains political articles, extracted from the English and French journals, but with so little care and skill, that it is truly astonishing to see that it still has a great circulation. A good English paper, in my opinion, could not fail to repay an intelligent speculator.

*The Messenger des Chambres* is an evening journal, and owes its origin to the administration of Martignac, for it was established to defend its system. When its patrons were expelled from the ministry by Polignac, the *Messenger* attacked continually, and strongly, the new administration; and with the revolution of July it became again ministerial, and has been ever since the most servile defender of the system of Perier and Guizot.

*The Gazette de France* is the best conducted evening paper, and may be considered as the greatest enemy of the dynasty of Orleans, and of the revolution of July, for its attacks are constitutional, and founded on the faults of the present government. Its circulation is immense throughout France and the continent; and its principles are in favour of legitimacy. The principal writers of the *Gazette de France* are not, as one would think, illiberal; but they defend, to gain money, any system; and when they meet any writer of the *National* or of the *Tribune*, they do not deny that they defend a *bad cause*, and against their own conscience.

*The Stenographe* has been lately established by some young reporters of the morning journals; it is published in a corridor of the Chamber of Deputies when the house is sitting, and is of the *juste milieu*; but exercises no influence, and often reports the most absurd foreign news.



*The Courier d'Europe* has been founded by the partisans of Henry V., and is conducted with much ability. The celebrated lawyer, Berriyer, writes daily in this journal; and his articles, under the cloak of nationality and justice, are subversive of the principles on which stands the present government of France. Its influence and circulation are great in the south and west provinces; and there is scarcely a curate or a priest that does not promote the welfare of the *Courier d'Europe*.

*The Revolution* is the most violent Parisian journal, and, faithful to its title, it is continually advocating the revolutionary party, and exciting the lower classes to assert their rights by general assemblies. Like the *Tribune*, it carries on a personal war against Louis Philippe and all his ministers by relentless attacks. The famous Republican Bonapartist, Lennox, fills often its columns with his projects, and letters addressed to the king and the nation; and under the mask of the national dignity and common welfare, does all in his power to overthrow the dynasty of Orleans, and to promote the interest of young Napoleon. But the attorney-general is indefatigable in ordering to seize, and prosecute this journal; and the editors have often been tried, and condemned to prison and fine. This, however, has not deterred the young writers of the *Revolution*, and they continue, with increased animosity, to embarrass the existing government, and to create disaffection in the population.

Now that I have given an idea of the Parisian press, and of the spirit that animates its editors and writers, I think that the English may form their own opinion as to its influence on the public. They will perceive the present order of things is tottering, and that soon there must be a great change in France. Will it be Republican, or a third Restoration?

P.S. Since this article was composed, two other new journals have appeared in the French capital. They are *The Patriot* and *The Mouvement*; and both of them, from their first appearance, have declared a systematical opposition to the *juste milieu*. The *Patriot* is edited under the immediate direction and control of M. Mauguin, one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies, and one of the best *jurisconsult* and statesmen of France.

The *Mouvement* has been established by General Dubourg, the only officer of rank who, from the first day of the revolution of 1830, declared himself for the popular party, and who contributed very much to the triumph of the citizens, and to the tranquillity of the metropolis. But a few days after the victory, he was disgraced by those who had got into power by cunningness and baseness, and since that period has been six times arrested under suspicion of Republicanism and Bonapartism. However, after having been each time arbitrarily confined for five or six weeks, he has always been restored to liberty without appearing before the jury. From the above statement, the reader will easily perceive that this journal has no mercy for the existing government of France.

## RIVERS!

**RIVERS!!** How many delightful recollections; how many fine associations; how many splendid visions are called up by this word! The glory and riches of empires are linked with it, as well as all that is beautiful or picturesque in nature; but it is my intention at present to take up the subject in a matter-of-fact way, and to write a plain explanatory paper—not a rhapsody. There is no word perhaps to which so great a latitude of meaning is allowed as this word river. The garden of an acre, and the garden of a rood, have common features: they are both gardens; only the one is a little, the other a big garden. The mountain of four thousand, and the mountain of twelve thousand feet, differ in sublimity; but they have a thousand points of resemblance—they are both called mountains, and nobody sees any thing absurd in the designation. But where shall we find any similitude between the mighty flood of the Amazons, and the sparkling stream that bounds our garden, or winds through our lawn? Yet, they are both called rivers; the term is applied indiscriminately to the wide waters of the new world, and to the trouting streams of our English counties—to the vast expanse that embraces the rising and the setting of the sun, and to the insignificant current that may be diverted to turn a mill-wheel. There is evidently nothing in common with these, excepting that they are both running water; and yet, I fear, there is no mode of distinguishing and duly settling the claims of running water, unless by prefixing augmentatives or diminutives to the word river.

I would make the following classification:—First come the *mighty* rivers. These are the rivers of South America—the Amazons, the La Plata, the Orinoco. Then follow the *great* rivers—a more numerous class—the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Nile and Niger, and some others; but none of this class are to be found in the continent of Europe, which supplies the third *grade*: these I would designate the *large* rivers; for great and large are not entirely synonymous; and, to most minds, the term *great* river, and *large* river, will present a distinct image. The lower we descend in the scale, the more numerous do we find the species. The continent of Europe abounds with examples of the third class—such as the Rhine, the Danube, the Rhone, the Elbe, the Tagus, the Ebro, the Guadalquivir. The fourth class is still more numerous; and of this class, which I would call *considerable* rivers, we may find examples at home. Father Thames takes the lead, and the Severn, and perhaps the Trent, the Clyde, the Tweed, the Tyne, and the Tay, may be entitled to the same distinction. Abroad, it would be easy to name a hundred such; let me content myself with naming the Loire, the Meuse, the Soane, the Garonne, the Adige, and the Maine. Fifthly, come the *small* rivers. Multitudinous they are, and not to be enumerated in the compass of a magazine; but, as examples, I may name the Wye, the Dart, the Derwent, the Dee, the Aire, the Spey, the Ex, and a thousand such; while on the continent, of the same class, may be mentioned the Gave, the Seine, the Reuss, or the Sambre. The word river can no longer be employed. Now come the family of *streams*—nameless, unless to those who live upon their banks; then follow *rivulets*; and lastly, we close the enumeration with *rills*.

With each of these classes our associations are in some degree dif-

ferent. With the mighty river we have no distinct association; all is vague and indefinite. We know that they flow through vast unpeopled solitudes; and our only image is a joyless waste of waters flowing in vain. Our associations with the *great* river are less depressing, and somewhat more defined; the sun rises on one bank and sets on another. We have a vision of cities, and even of commerce; but with these associations of life many dreary ones are mingled. African deserts; American forests; flocks of buffaloes; the solitary lion slaking his thirst; or the great river-horse walking by the shore. How different are the associations—now, indeed, recollections—called up by the third class. We see the large river rolling its ample flood through cultivated plains, watering them into fertility and abundance; and images of life and utility are vividly present with us. Our associations with the fourth class are similar, but more varied, and more defined. These lie nearer home; and with the ample stream of the Thames, the Clyde, or the Garonne, are presented a thousand images of cheerfulness and activity, the very opposite of those which were associated with the mighty rivers of the New World, giving no token of man or his works. Again, our associations change at the recollection of the next class. We have to do with nature rather than art; utility is confined to the turning of the mill-wheel, or the irrigation of the meadow. The small river cannot bear upon its bosom the commerce of kingdoms, but it is familiar with the charms of nature; it visits by turns the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful; and our associations are with these: we see effect added to the wild and desolate; grace, to the gentle and pastoral. And now we come to the family of streams—the rifest of all in pleasing associations, and gentle and endearing recollections. For who is there that has not passed a day—a long summer day—upon the banks of a clear brawling stream? And who is there that does not associate with it a thousand images of simple rural life, and a thousand scenes of quiet delight? The heart of an angler “leaps up” at the recollection; he sees the green pastoral slope before him, and he knows that at the foot of it runs the trouting stream; he quickens his pace, unscrewing his rod as he walks on; and now he sees the clear, yet dark-coloured water tempting him forward, with all its eddies, and dimples, and little rapids, and noise and bustle. But it is not the angler only to whom the stream recalls pleasant and endearing recollections; he is but an indifferent worshipper of nature, who cannot wander the live-long day by the margin of a stream, without a rod. But the *rivulet* and the *rill* yet remain to be noticed; and with each of these our associations are somewhat different. Rivulet—

Free rover of the hills, pray tell me now  
The chances of thy journey, since first thou,  
From thy deep prisoned well, away didst break,  
A solitary pilgrimage to take.  
Among the quiet valleys, I do ween  
Thou with the daisied tufts of tender green,  
Hast loving lingered; didst thou not awake  
With thy soft kiss, the hare-bell bending low,  
Stealing her nectar from the wild bee's wooing?  
And thou hast toyed (though thou wilt tell me, no)  
With many a modest violet, that looks  
Into thy glassy pools in secret nooks.  
Come, tell me, rover, all thou hast been doing!



As for the rill, the tiny tinkling rill, our associations are of the simplest, gentlest character—far-up valleys, heaths, and mosses; and that music—

“The noise as of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.”

Beauty of scenery is almost, though not altogether, in an inverse ratio to the magnitude of the river. Scenery is evidently out of the question with rivers, whose banks cannot be distinctly seen from the centre of the stream. The next two classes—great and large rivers—do not certainly offer so great attractions as the fourth and fifth classes. The scenery of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, is sufficiently celebrated; but at the hazard of appearing singular I will venture an opinion, that the scenery of the Upper Rhine, the Upper Rhone, and the Upper Danube, is more beautiful than it is lower down. The banks of the Rhine, from Schaffhausen to Cologne, may be more gigantic, and possessed of stronger features, but it is certainly less varied, and, as it seems to me, less interesting than between Schaffhausen and its source. The banks of the Rhine, too, between Geneva and Lyons, are much more beautiful than between Lyons and Avignon. The same may be said of all large rivers—of the Danube, which is more interesting above than below Vienna; or the Guadalquivir, which loses below Seville all the attractions it possessed between Seville and Cordova. And the reason is obvious. A river does not become large until it descends into the plains; and it is not among plains that we must look for fine scenery. It is among small rivers, or the beginnings of great rivers, when they too are small, that we must go to feast with nature. The Gave, the Reuss, the Wye, the Dee, or the Spey, will satisfy the most extravagant expectations of the most ardent worshipper; and many, too, of the insignificant streams, nay, even nameless rivulets, will conduct the traveller among scenes of surpassing beauty. Among the Pyrenees, among the Bavarian Alps, and in the Tyrol, I have often been led by such companions among the most majestic scenes that nature offers to the contemplation of man.

It has often been a question with me, whether it is more agreeable to journey up or down a stream. In journeying down, there is certainly more companionship, for we are fellow-travellers; and there is no small pleasure in seeing our companion, for whom we naturally acquire a kind of affection, growing daily bigger, receiving the contributions that pour into it, and, as it were, making its way in the world. But, on the other hand, if, in journeying upward, the stream be less our companion, in as much as it is ever running away from us, this is balanced by other advantages. There is still a fonder feeling engendered by going back with it to its infancy, and tracing it to those small beginnings, from which, like many other great things, it must ascribe its origin. Gradually we perceive its volume diminishing; now we may wade across it; now, leap over it; now, we are able to bestride it; and, lastly, we stoop down, and drink from the spring.

This naturally leads me to speak of the sources of rivers. “Throwing my shoes off,” says Bruce, in his travels to the source of the Nile, “I ran down the hill, towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick

grown over with flowers. I after this came to the island of green turf, which was in form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at this moment." This rapture was perhaps foolish, but it was natural; and even those who cannot, like Bruce, boast of having accomplished that which has baffled the inquiry and industry of both ancients and moderns, will yet admit, that there is a peculiar pleasure—a pleasure, perhaps *per se*—in reaching the source of any well-known river. This may partly arise from the consciousness of having overcome difficulty; for to reach the sources of any of the greater rivers some difficulties are to be vanquished; and it may also be in part attributed to the many associations that are instantly awakened, as following the tiny rill with our eye, imagination continues to accompany it in its long and victorious course, fertilizing empires, enriching cities, and carrying the products of industry to the remotest parts of the habitable world.

The sources of the greatest rivers are not the most remarkable for the features that surround them. The sources of the mighty rivers of the Western Hemisphere, or even of the great rivers of Africa or Asia, have not, as far as is known, been visited by the traveller, with the single exception of the Nile; their sources are probably placed amid those unapproached solitudes, where the foot of man hath never yet wandered; what appearances of nature may preside over their birth we have no means of knowing; but it does not appear from the narrative of Bruce that the source of the Nile afforded any example of extraordinary sublimity. The sources of the large rivers of the European continent are many of them well known; but the sources of neither the Rhine, the Rhone, nor the Danube, present those majestic and imposing features that distinguish the sources of some of the smaller class. Nor is this difficult to explain; the large rivers have not one, but many sources; and, as the source *par excellence*, we mount to the highest, which invariably lies among the upper fields of snow. The smaller rivers, on the other hand, may gush at once from a single spring, placed perhaps among the rocks, and ravines, and precipices, which lie lower than the line of congelation. It is, at all events, a fact, that the most sublime sources are those which belong to the smaller-rivers. Of these, I may mention the Soane, the Gave, and the Sourgue—the two latter especially. The Gave rises in the magnificent amphitheatre of Marboré; and the Sourgue bursts at once, an imposing torrent, from the immortal fountain of Vaucluse.

Different, very different, are the associations called up to different minds, by the contemplation of a river's source. The utilitarian would most rejoice to stand by the spring from which swells forth the Ohio or Mississippi of the Western Hemisphere, destined to carry the riches of one world to contribute to the wants and luxuries of another; or he would rejoice, like Bruce, to stand beside the sources of the Nile, appointed by its inundations to fructify lands, that, without it, would be deserts; or place at the source of the Rhine the utilitarian, the historian, the novelist, and the simple lover of nature, and the thoughts of each would run in a different channel. The utilitarian would see in it a mighty artery, carrying on the circulation between Western Germany, the Netherlands, Holland, and the rest of the world; the historian would recal to his memory the epochs in which the Rhine has been the

barrier to conquests, the scene of warfare, or the object of treaties; the novelist would see only the grey ruins of the baronial castles that frown upon its heights, and would recollect only the feuds of feudal times, and the legends that tell the achievements of chivalry, or the triumphs of love: while the lover of nature would see but a rich assemblage of images; a blending of nature with art; woods, rocks, and cataracts; and the noble stream gliding away, beautiful, if even it bore upon its bosom no token of industry—and interesting, even if a battle had never been fought upon its banks—or if its time-worn castles had never been built for any other purpose than to adorn the landscape.

#### THE CURRENCY AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

BELIEVING that the question of the currency—though now almost buried in oblivion—is yet the one important subject for the consideration of all who view with dismay the calamitous condition of the country, we propose, in the following remarks, to turn aside from the warring ranks of Reform, to exhibit the fatal consequences of that unjust, unnecessary, and violent alteration in our circulating medium which has brought on the present melancholy stagnation of our trade; from which has resulted the hunger, nakedness, and disaffection of the working classes; with all that train of ills, the hourly accumulating weight of which now threatens to hurl this monarchy to the ground.

To exhibit a full view of the present condition of our affairs, we must return and re-examine the track which we have travelled since the days of "Prosperity Robinson;" that short gleam of sunshine in the wilderness of war, when all was joy through the tents of Israel, and the nation, like an overloaded camel, appeared to have arrived at last at a well, and a green spot. Suddenly the scene was overcast again, and the panic ensued. We propose, then, to shew that this panic was produced by bad legislation; that the subsequent one pound note act—though intended as a remedy—was an aggravation of that great national calamity, and that, if it be not now speedily repealed, that favourite and never-failing political recourse, "the hand of Providence," can alone save this country from universal ruin, despair, and civil war.

This glorious and beautiful scene, exhibited by the country during the administration of Robinson, has been called a prosperity of paper; and so it certainly was, for a prosperity of paper is a prosperity of national credit. It was a prosperity of flourishing manufactures, agriculture, and foreign trade; it was a prosperity of improving towns, roads, and public institutions; it was a prosperity of increasing wages, blankets, and household furniture, and of decreasing crime and poor rate. Suddenly all these blessings were swept away by that tyrant of the commercial world—the Bank of England; for the panic was occasioned by a most capricious, unjust, and arbitrary contraction of its issues, when our most substantial merchants, manufacturers, and provincial bankers, were suddenly and treacherously consigned to beggary and oblivion. But, notwithstanding the heavy blow thus inflicted on the nation by the overgrown power of the Bank of England, our trade would soon have revived again, owing to the vast accumulation of capital and stamina made during even that short period of prosperity in



a country possessed of such vast capabilities as this ; if the whole commercial fabric of the nation had not been shaken by the fatal one pound note act—a measure which has perpetuated the miseries of the panic—which has starved despairing thousands, and brought England and Ireland to the verge of rebellion.

For it is apparent that the bankers are the supporters and Corinthian pillars of trade, and that a paper circulation is the essence, profit, and credit of the business of a banker's transactions of loan—discount and deposit being peculiarly liable to hazard—whilst the profit upon notes in circulation is certain and unfailing. It is equally clear that the five pound notes, still permitted to be received by the public, are useless to that class of society who deal in labour, there being an indispensable necessity for something smaller to change them with ; and, since the small notes have been forcibly withdrawn by law, the whole paper circulation of the kingdom has been at once swept away, and the banks, restricted to unprofitable gold, can no longer grant the public that accommodation from which they are debarred themselves.

We propose, to examine first the justice of thus passing a law for the purpose of destroying the business of a banker, and, afterwards, the expediency of this extraordinary measure.

A banker is a dealer in money ; he possesses the common right of all other traders to take and to give credit ; he has a right to issue all the notes which the public will voluntarily take ; and his own judgment, self-interest, and local knowledge, will regulate properly the amount of his issues, for the redemption of which his estate and mansion are at hazard. On the other hand, the public possesses the right, power, and opportunity to judge of the trustworthiness of the banker. Common principles of mutual self-interest thus operate throughout. If banks occasionally fail, so cotton spinners sometimes fail ; a law prohibiting a banker from issuing less than five pound notes is an oppression similar to a law forbidding a baker from selling less than five loaves of bread, or a draper less than five yards of cloth, and it is entirely inconsistent with the freedom of trade, that the greatest trade of all, and that which governs and supports all others, should thus be fettered and destroyed.

But as few ministers of this country have ever consented to see the plain, secure, and easy methods of government, by following the common rules of natural justice, we will examine those motives of supposed expediency in which this fatal measure originated, and upon which it has been persevered in till chaos is well nigh come again. We appear to be destined to destruction by our false worship of the "golden calf." Our ministers will not learn the alphabet of political economy ; they do not know that gold and silver possess no natural properties superior to paper, shells, or other convenient representatives of the various commodities of life ; that specie cannot be eaten, worn, or administered as a drug ; and that a paper circulation is superior to gold, as much as lighter commodity is more convenient than one heavier and more costly of transportation. No alarm need ever be entertained for an abundant supply of the precious metals in this country, for the rate of exchange is at all times in favour of England with every nation to which we trade, exclusive of the celestial empire ; consequently bills upon our bankers are above par in foreign countries, and, by the amount of the premium, so much better than gold. The specie of such countries is thus at our entire command, and can all be brought to England in as short a time as

it would occupy to convey it; and when Lord Ellenborough laments that forty-five millions of gold have been exported to China in a period of eighteen years, he may be assured that that sum is a portion only of the amount brought to this country, in a similar time, from countries with which we have this favourable balance of trade; that this partial outlet of our specie produces no injury to this nation whatever; that abundance of gold will ever be in our power whilst we continue to export cloathing, tools, and blankets, to the people of France, Russia, and America; and that bullion committees, bank restrictions, and currency regulations, are mischievous follies in a nation possessed of our mines of coal and iron, a temperate climate, and patient, ingenious, and industrious people. That there is no deficiency of gold in this country is proved by that fatal declaration of the Duke of Wellington, that there were twenty-eight millions of sovereigns in the Bank of England; for this immense mass of gold might as well be all thrown down again into the mines of Mexico as lie buried in the vaults of the Bank. We want, then, an instrument for the dispersion of this gold, a service which the country bankers and the one pound notes effectually performed.

But it is advanced that London, Liverpool, and Manchester, possess no paper circulation, and, none being wanted in these cities, it is not required elsewhere. Here the reverse is the truth. London, Liverpool, and Manchester, from their advantages of situation, great capital, and other commercial and manufacturing advantages, have a balance of trade against the country, as England has against the nations; this brings in abundance of provincial gold upon the bankers in those cities, which, therefore, require no paper circulation; whereas the country bankers require a circulation of small notes as a counterbalance to the advantages of those cities. Consequently London, Manchester, and Liverpool, will absorb, at last, the whole metallic money of the nation—ruin will encompass first the distant portions of the empire—a deficiency of reaction in the suppression of the usual supply of commodities into the starving country will carry the misery to the cities, and over all the kingdom. The suppression of the small notes has produced the famine, fires, and insurrectionary movements in Ireland. This measure counteracted the good effects of Catholic emancipation; we gave the people of Ireland religious liberty, and took away their bread; we stopped the overflow of our superabundant capital into that impoverished country, and rendered it impossible for an exhausted, disorderly, and famishing people to pay their ancient rents, rates, and tithes, whilst this new extraordinary inroad upon their trade rendered money of double value, and unattainable to the mass of the people. Abroad, the consequences of this measure have been equally fatal. In the United States of America the low prices of the staple exports of that country—erroneously attributed to the operation of their Tariff—has almost dissevered the southern from the northern states of the Union; in the West Indies, the depreciation of the value of sugar, coffee, and rum, has aggravated to despair the distresses of the planter; and all nations are now so dependant upon our commercial policy, and so compelled to follow in the wake of England, that this violent alteration in our monetary concerns has shaken and distracted the globe.

All these evils are said to be rendered necessary by the excess of speculations in preceding years. That many speculators arose during the season of the administration of Robinson is certainly true; that much

injury was sustained by their hollow operations is equally certain, and so there will ever be some portion of dishonesty and folly amalgamated with the vast and complicated transactions of a great commercial nation. But still the common principles of human self-interest will protect us sufficiently against the effects of speculation, for bankers do not usually give away their notes for nothing to these speculators: the speculators do not deliberately encounter ruin and a prison; our insolvent and bankruptcy laws are the only available defence against speculation, and since none are compelled to speculate, or to be speculated upon, it is apparent that the loss of property consequent upon such transactions is the proper punishment of voluntary folly.

But let us examine these speculations, and lay bare the imbecility of Robinson and the other ministers of that time. It has been shewn by the author of the "*Wealth of Nations*," in his consummate reasoning upon the subject of monopolies, that the only companies entitled to special incorporation are joint-stock banking companies, road companies, and fire and life insurance offices; those alone having these three requisites to be of great national utility, such as cannot be executed by private capital, and the affairs of which can be brought into a regular routine of management. This is founded upon the equal rights of all subjects in a free state, where the exemption from the usual severe liability to contracts and the other privileges of a joint-stock company ought only to be granted in return for some national advantage; besides that the operations of private self-interest are more beneficial to the whole community than the waste, irregularity, and fraud, which are found in all incorporated bodies. Now the various companies incorporated by Robinson were of no national utility—washing, milking, and mining can all be carried on by private individuals. These companies should have all been stopped in parliament; and if the Bank of England was induced to contract its issues by the mania for these speculations, still the panic, and the ruin of thousands, is much more directly at the door of those improvident ministers themselves. Thus legislative folly destroyed one of the most prosperous scenes of commerce ever known in England, when comfort reigned almost universally through the country; our wealth was overflowing upon every land, and Lord John Russell and Parliamentary Reform were neglected, forgotten, and unknown.

But the suppression of the paper currency has been persevered in by all succeeding ministers upon a principle of over-trading, over-production, and over-population—new terms in the art of government, which seem to have been borrowed from the Suetan or from Satan. Our own poor exhibit no superfluity of wages, clothes, or food; our gaols are crowded; Ireland is strewn with men expiring in the agonies of want; and we yet live under a government which in the midst of famine, fires, and rebellion, yet attributes our calamities to an over-production of the blessings of existence. A short time, indeed, will this monarchy endure if this diabolical policy be followed, and if our ministers do not speedily unlock the sluices of the stagnant pools of trade. The history of China presents a timely warning to these over-population ministers. That empire has seen twenty-two dynasties, each brought to the throne by a vast and bloody revolution, caused, says Montesquieu, by commercial restraints upon an industrious people in a populous empire. Their government discourages navigation and foreign trade; the cities are jealously guarded from commercial intercourse with strangers; sump-



tuary laws prevent the circulation of the money of the rich ; and though China contains the wealth of half the nations, yet its masses of gold and silver lie accumulated, buried, and useless. Bread cannot be obtained by the people more than in the poorest country ; travellers see the lower orders devouring offal and vermin ; at length famine drives even that feeble race to despair, gang-robbery, and rebellion, and the throne is, of course, overturned. This is the inevitable order of events. In this small island these scenes of revolutionary violence will arrive too soon, for it is not in the power of human government to stay the increase of our race. Encompassed by the sea, we cannot fly beyond these sanguinary laws, and it is upon extensive continents alone, where abundance of land is open to a retiring population, that tyrants have existed who have laid their dominions waste. It is a temptation of their fate that our ministers should presume to stem the increase of mankind ; our population has doubled since 1798, and, in defiance of human regulations, will continue to multiply with all the rapidity of progression ; whilst emigration, cottage destruction, and transportation are but as drops subtracted from the sea. Under a just government there can be no surplus population in this country ; wealthy, fertile, and secure at home, with the stores of all nations poured at our feet, and a superabundance, not of people, but of the blessings of existence. Give us but our natural rights of human intercourse and barter—abolish the monopoly of the trade in money by the Bank of England—abolish the monopoly of the trade in bread by the aristocracy in the corn laws, and the monopoly of the trade of half the world by the East India Company, and there is then a certain, plentiful, and unfailing provision in this country for five hundred millions of people, if so many could stand upon the island. Clear away these obstructions from the channels of trade, and the tide of population, however full, will then flow easily and usefully along. Indeed, no alternative remains, for the people of Israel will be strangled no more ; there is a fiery pillar in the sky, and our ministers must retrace their fatal steps, or Pharaoh, and all his host, at last will be buried in waves of blood.

But it is the province of a counsellor not only to point to the errors apparent to us all, but to exhibit also their most speedy and effectual remedy.

The Bank of England, then, is at the head and front of our commercial dangers, and ought to be abolished. The Bank of England is a common joint-stock company—consisting of Mr. Horsley Palmer and his partners ; men who have no more right than any other company of money-dealers to the rank, style, and title, of the Bank of England ; for it is the magic of its name alone which enables this bank to monopolize the whole credit of the English nation—to create panics, and desolate the commerce of the kingdom. There is no necessity for any national bank in this country : the same amount of capital is in the kingdom—the trade in money should be allowed to flow in its natural channel, like the trade in corn, iron, wool, or other merchandize ; and a national bank is no more required than a national tallow-chandlery, or a national bakehouse. Even retrenchment demands the immediate abolition of this charter : for the Bank of England receives annually two hundred and sixty thousand pounds for the management of the national debt ; and as this enormous sum is the mere commission of the banker, we propose to remove the management of the national debt to some

cheaper money-house ; for this business merely consists in taking the daily transfers of stock, and paying the quarterly dividends to the respective fundholders, in which the Bank of England incurs no hazard whatever—but, on the contrary, usually holds about four millions of the public money, received from the Customs, Excise, Post-office, and other branches of revenue—the Treasury being proved by the Report of the Finance Committee to be merely a piece of straw. This business, then, can be managed equally well by any other responsible banking-house ; and if an advertisement were inserted in the newspapers, that upon a certain day, contracts for the annual management of the national debt, directed to the Speaker, would be opened in the House of Commons, it would probably be found that the bank of Coutts and Co. would undertake the management of the 3 per cents. for the sum of ten thousand pounds per annum ; and Jones, Lloyd, and Co., or Baring and Brothers, the whole remainder of the stock, at a sum of four or five thousand pounds ; for an immensity of business may be transacted for a certain sum of fifteen thousand pounds per annum, without any hazard whatever, and with the advantage of immense sums of the public money in hand. The interest upon the accumulating unclaimed dividends will alone pay this annual expense for management ; and it cannot therefore be politic to continue gratuitously to present two hundred and sixty thousand pounds annually to Mr. Horsley Palmer and his partners in the Bank of England, whose whole original capital is only about fourteen millions—not greater than other banking concerns—but who, by plundering the revenue, have supported a mass of extravagance, forgery, and defalcations ; maintained an immense nursery for clerks, patronage, and directors, and yet have been able to lend us back about twenty millions and a half of the public money. This twenty and a half millions may therefore be repaid by the new contractors for the management of the national debt, or the sum may continue to rank amongst the other stock, the Bank of England to receive the interest upon it, amongst other fundholders, from Coutts, Jones, or Drummond. It only remains for the parliament, in the ensuing session, upon the application for a renewal of the charter, to take away the name of the Bank of England, and substitute that of the Threadneedle-street Joint Stock Banking Company ; and if Mr. Horsley Palmer and his partners cannot carry on their business under that name, and upon a level with the other bankers of the kingdom, it is then certain that the Bank of England is in a most desirable situation for being converted into a bazaar. Almost all our calamities have arisen from the dishonest privileges granted by law to the Bank of England ; the authorized suspension of its payments in the specie, contracted to be paid upon the surface of its notes, was a violent, unjust, and arbitrary exercise of power, which led to infinite calamities at home, which for thirty years has involved us in senseless foreign wars, and rendered Europe one vast slaughter-house. The time, therefore, is providentially arrived for the destruction of this internal tyranny ; and we shall be traitors to our children if, after the present session of parliament, a stone of the Bank of England remains upon a stone.

Having thus slain and dismembered this dragon of the commercial world, the repeal of the one pound note act, and of all other restrictions upon the trade in money, may with safety follow, and, indeed, the

repeal of the many restrictive laws upon our trade, is the only policy by which the future affairs of this country can now be carried on without vast and furious convulsions. All interference with our trade is needless, impolitic, and unjust; for commerce consists of an infinitude of small wheels, each best directed by the judgment, industry, and skill of individuals. These will always harmonize and combine into one self-regulating engine, which no ministry can ever adjust, but which all their measures inevitably tend to derange. Our whole commercial policy, monopolies, bounties, and prohibitory duties, are at variance with natural liberty, reason, and good policy; they all counteract themselves, waste millions of the public money, and disorganize the course of trade. The capital and labour of nations should be allowed to flow, without interruption, in the channels which nature opens peculiarly in all countries; for governments are not instituted to superintend the common transactions of the people; and it is a maxim given to us by Burke, that after the authorities have repressed violence and discountenanced fraud, the less that they interfere with the affairs of mankind the better. This is a just sentiment—it embodies the whole origin, objects, and duties of human government. In an enlightened condition of society, mankind require but little government at all; and to establish a pure administration of justice, and to defend the country from foreign invasion, is all that the public should usually yield to the powers that be. Freedom of person is only the half of liberty; free trade is included in the security of property, and without an unfettered right to pursue the course of commerce where we will, our freedom is a shadow. There is the liberty of conscience, the liberty of the press, and the liberty of trade. We ought to be determined upon real commercial liberty, because upon that all other liberty depends. A restrictive commercial policy has destroyed the commerce, wealth, and liberty of every great, prosperous, and powerful nation. Venice, Spain, and Holland, have all fallen beneath the weight of tyrannical restrictive chains, and destroying monopolies are fast hurrying England into the condition of the states of modern Italy; a land of palaces and of hovels—of nobles and of slaves. Self-preservation, therefore, requires that the government of England should no longer oppose an extension of commercial liberty; nor, with all our suberabundance of the blessings of life, can we enjoy comfort or repose, till our ministers shall learn that their wisdom is folly, and that our legislation is the curse of the country.

Certain it is, that by a repeal of the one pound note act, and the abolition of the Bank of England, the government may soon mitigate the public misery, and render England once again a peaceful, a contented, and a loyal nation. This must be the work of a Reformed Parliament.



## ELLISTON AND THE ASS'S HEAD.

ELLISTON was, in his day, the Napoleon of Drury-lane, but, like the conqueror at Austerlitz, he suffered his declensions, and the Surrey became to him a St. Helena. However, once an eagle always an eagle; and Robert William was no less, aquiline in the day of adversity than in his palmy time of patent prosperity. He was born to carry things with a high hand, and he but fulfilled his destiny. The anecdote which we are about to relate, is one of the ten thousand instances of his lordly bearing. When, the season before last, "no effects" was written over the treasury-door of Covent-garden theatre, it will be remembered that several actors proffered their services *gratis*, in aid of the then humble, but now, arrogant and persecuting establishment. Among these patriots was Mr. T. P. Cooke—(it was just after his promotion to the honorary rank of Admiral of the Blue). The Covent-garden managers jumped at the offer of the actor, who was in due time announced as having, in the true play-bill style, "most generously volunteered his services for six nights!" Cooke was advertised for *William*; Elliston, having "most generously lent [N.B. this was *not* put in the bill] his musical score of *Black-Eyed Susan*, together with the identical captains' coats, worn at a hundred-and-fifty court-martials at the Surrey Theatre!" Cooke—the score—the coats, were all accepted, and made the most of by the now prosecuting managers of Covent-garden, who cleared out of the said Cooke, score, and coats, one thousand pounds at half-price on the first six nights of their exhibition. This is a fact; nay, we have lately heard it stated that all the sum was specially banked, to be used in a future war against the minors. Cooke was then engaged for twelve more nights, at ten pounds per night—a hackney-coach bringing him each night, hot from the Surrey stage, where he had previously made bargemen weep, and thrown nursery-maids into convulsions. Well, time drove on, and Cooke drove into the country. Elliston, who was always classical, having a due veneration for that divine "creature," Shakspeare, announced, on the anniversary of the poet's birth-day, a representation of the Stratford Jubilee. The wardrobe was ransacked, the property-man was on the alert; and, after much preparation, every thing was in readiness for the imposing spectacle.—No! There was one thing forgotten—one important "property!" *Bottom* must be a "feature" in the procession, and there was no ass's head! It would not do for the acting manager to apologize for the absence of the head—no, *he* could not have the face to do it. A head must be procured! Every one was in doubt and trepidation, when hope sounded in the clarion-like voice of Robert William. "Ben!" exclaimed Elliston, "take pen, ink, and paper, and write as follows!" Ben (Mr. Benjamin Fairbrother, the late manager's most trusty secretary) sat, "all ear," and Elliston, with finger on nether lip, proceeded:—

"My dear Charles,

"I am about to represent, 'with entirely new dresses, scenery, and decorations,' the Stratford Jubilee, in honour of the sweet swan of Avon. My scene-painter is the finest artist (except your Grieve) in Europe—my tailor is no less a genius, and I lately raised the salary of my property-man. This will give you some idea of the capabilities of

the Surrey Theatre. However, in the hurry of "getting up," we have forgotten one property—every thing is well with us but our *Bottom*, and he wants a head. As it is too late to manufacture, not but that my property-man is the cleverest in the world (except the property-man of Covent-garden), can *you* lend me an ass's head, and believe me, my dear Charles,

"Your's ever truly,

"ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON."

"P.S. I had forgotten to acknowledge the return of the *Black-Eyed Susan* score, and coats. You were most welcome to them."

The letter was dispatched to Covent-garden Theatre, and in a brief time the bearer returned with the following answer:—

"MY DEAR ROBERT,

"It is with the most acute pain that I am compelled to refuse your trifling request. You are aware, my dear Sir, of the unfortunate situation of Covent-garden Theatre; it being at the present moment, with all the 'dresses, scenery, and decorations,' in the Court of Chancery, I cannot exercise that power which my friendship would dictate. I have spoken to Bartley, and he agrees with me (indeed, he always does), that I cannot lend you an ass's head—he is an authority on such a subject—without risking a reprimand from the Lord High Chancellor. Trusting to your generosity, and to your liberal construction of my refusal—and hoping that it will in no way interrupt that mutually cordial friendship that has ever subsisted between us,

"Believe me, ever your's,

"CHARLES KEMBLE."

"P.S. When I next see you advertised for *Rover*, I intend to leave myself out of the bill to come and see it."

Of course this letter did not remain long unanswered. Ben was again in requisition, and the following was the result of his labours:—

"DEAR CHARLES,

"I regret the situation of Covent-garden Theatre—I also, for your sake, deeply regret that the law does not permit you to send me the 'property' in question. I knew that law alone could prevent you; for were it not for the vigilance of Equity, such is my opinion of the management of Covent-garden, that I am convinced, if left to the dictates of its own judgment, it would be enabled to spare asses' heads, not to the Surrey alone, but to every theatre in Christendom.

"Your's ever truly,

"ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON."

"P.S. My wardrobe-keeper informs me that there are no less than seven buttons missing from the captains' coats. However, I have ordered their places to be instantaneously filled by others."

We entreat our readers not to receive the above as a squib of invention. We will not pledge ourselves that the letters are *verbatim* from the originals; but the loan of the Surrey music and coats to Covent-garden, with the refusal of Covent-garden's ass's head to the Surrey, is "true as holy writ."

## A LEGEND OF THE EGÆAN.

WHEN Homer sung, there stood, on a promontory of the largest and most fruitful island in the Archipelago, a small temple, dedicated to Apollo. Thither did the shepherds and vine-dressers repair to hear the will of the just gods expounded by the sage Eobardus. No other priest nor priestess aided his ministry, yet he dwelt not alone. There was a maiden ever with him, trained to watch that the fire was not quenched on the altar, that the image of day's lord lacked not its offerings of hymns and garlands.

Now the islanders had but few themes for conjecture, yet, albeit, they knew nothing of Aphelia's birth, they dreamt not, while she was a child, of slandering Eobardus as her father; neither did they, when she became a woman, dare to doubt the sanctity of the tie which bound her to the servant of Sol. So innocent were these simple peasants; so charitably, peacefully good was their priest; so celestially pure the young and lovely Aphelia!

Her nymph-like form was fair as alabaster, her face well nigh as pale; yet her dark eyes floated in the dews of health; her black tresses shone with the lustre of youth; her elastic step was all airy grace and freedom. Gentle she was, and gay, yet proud, even to a sweet shyness, with all, save her revered instructor. She loved to listen as he related the histories of other lands, but most was she wrapped in that of her own. It was this:—

Their late king, Lysander, had two brothers. The youngest, Palemon, early left the court, and sought glory in arms. After some years he returned, the widowed father of a hopeful prince, but found that his sovereign, queen, and their infant, were no more; the people groaning beneath the yoke of the second brother, Thracius. Filled with dire misgivings, Palemon set forth for Delphos, where his great piety extorted from the oracle this sad truth: that the unnatural Thracius had secretly put the royal pair to death, and given over their child to a man pledged for its destruction. His subjects, apprized of this, instantly deposed him, and elected Palemon in his place; but he, having too mercifully banished, instead of executing or imprisoning his guilty brother, had been, for more than fifteen years, forced to wage war with him, even on their contested territory.

Eobardus and Aphelia knew not how soon the beauteous valley which lay beneath them might become the scene of bloodshed and desolation. Constantly did the maiden implore her protector that he would devote her to the god, believing, in her ignorance of evil, that the most savage passions must respect the sacred person of a priestess; but though Eobardus still kept her within the temple, he delayed her consecration. Long and oft did she kneel, praying Apollo to befriend the righteous cause, and defeat the fratricide, the traitor, the usurper, the foe to concord.

At last she was awakened by great shouts, and the shepherdesses came to her, saying—

“Sing, sing, oh Aphelia! and bid the worthy Eobardus exult; for, lo! Palemon, the avenger, and his brave son, Laurelius, have slain the tyrant, and dispersed his invading legions. Yea, there shall be peace in our isle, under an upright ruler. Praise be to Apollo, to Mars, and to Jove!”



Eobardus embraced his young charge with tears of holy transport ; and the maiden said,—“ Assuredly, father, it is now that I ought to make my vows in token of gratitude to Phœbus !”

“ Aphelia,” returned her monitor, “ not so. It is now that thou mayest safely leave me.”

“ Leave thee, and live, my sire ? It cannot be.”

“ Child of mine adoption, it must be ; but mine eye will watch over thy roof ; thou shalt see me day by day. It is time that thou shouldst think and act for thyself, acquiring those feminine and household arts of which, as yet, thou knowest nought. I am to bestow on thee a cottage, with a garden, a field, a vineyard, and a flock. The venerable Phrosyne, thy nurse, shall still attend thee. There thou wilt be at liberty to make friends of thy kind ; shouldst thou love, consult me on thy choice, my daughter ! for it is the will of higher powers that thou shouldst be the mother of warriors.”

Behold, then, Aphelia, whose life had been hitherto so ethereal, cheerfully lending her small snowy hands to the tasks of a rustic. No hearth was so neat as her's. She spun, she gardened ; she learnt to buy and sell. Her wine, her mead, were soon famed in the isle. Her economy, her bounty to the poor, endeared her to all hearts ; and was there a dispute, of so temporal a nature that the peasants would have blushed at appealing to Eobardus, they carried their cause before his pupil, whose keen sense of right, and deep love of harmony, so obviously blended, that her decisions were sure to silence, if not to satisfy both parties ; and young or old would whisper—“ Aphelia is inspired !”

Yet her high thoughts and lonely musings interfered neither with her womanly duties, nor her child-like calm ; though she said and did all things with an air so noble, she was so sincerely kind, so free from vanity or lightness, that the shepherdesses were not jealous of her, and even the swains she rejected remained her loving servants.

“ Be as my brother, dear Alexis !” would she say, with an artless smile ; “ I will pray that Cupid may draw his arrow from thy breast, and heal the wound ; but I cannot, my sweet friend, ask the young god to pierce my bosom for thy sake. Be as my brother.”

It was early spring when she settled in her cottage ; and after some months of prosperous labour, she bethought her, that, besides her due and daily service at the temple, it behoved her to thank Apollo in the very scene he had blest. So, one eve, just after sunset, she went alone to an open space, in a myrtle thicket by her dwelling, piled up a little altar of turf, laid on it some boughs of laurel, a piece of honeycomb, a bunch of grapes, then kindling it from her lamp, knelt down, and sung praises to the god of light.

It must have been a rare spectacle, that virgin in her fearless solitude. If the gross sylvans lurking near could there have dared to gaze and listen, they must have unlearned the ill desires, by which they so oft profaned scenes no less fair, and weepingly have owned, what a hallowed thing is love when inspired by chastity !

So entranced was the maid, that, every now and then, she imagined the rich tones of a lyre filling up the pauses of her chaunt ; but ere she could ask herself if this might be so, a heavy peal of thunder crashed over her head, and a dart of lightning paled the fires of her bloodless sacrifice. Aphelia started to her feet, crying bravely—

“ How have I offended ? What god is angry with me ?”

"Oh, Aphelia!" murmured an exquisite voice near her, "the sight of beauty thus employed must needs be acceptable to Heaven!"

Again the maiden sunk on her knees, and bowed her forehead to the earth, she knew not why. As she did so, she felt as if fond arms were exerted to raise her; and the same delicious accents continued.

"But that thou canst fear, I would not call aught so lovely mortal. Look up, dear, pious maid! though a stranger, I am not an enemy; speak to me, Aphelia!"

Trembling in his support, she turned her tearful regards towards him; but—oh, the glorious eyes which were feasting on her blushing face! Her own fell again to his feet; but though pride, awe, wonder, and gratitude, oppressed her spirit, yet, in that instant's glance, she had taken in an image, which her senses had carried to her heart, forbidding it to dread.

Never had she conceived aught so majestic, so divinely proportioned, as that boyish, and plainly-attired form. The fair and blooming face was smooth as that of womanhood; the features, though regular to a perfection such as she had not even imagined, were o'er-informed with varied expression, the wild, golden curls encircling them like rays. At his side hung his lyre, his bow and quiver. Aphelia felt as if her heart was melting away.

"Heiress of a strange but splendid doom!" cried the youth, "I have been sent far, a willing wanderer, in search of thee, and came to thine abode with Eobardus; thou wert not there; so, leaving the good old man to rest his limbs, I sought thee here, but would not disturb the rites in which I saw thee occupied. Behold one free from the selfishness of passion; if thy heart hath already selected its mate, I may soon have the power to crown thy choice with competence."

"Doth not my lord know," she answered, in a low voice, "how little the gifts of Hymen or of Plutus tempt his servant?"

"Nay, speak as to one more humble than thyself, and tell me—how canst thou, so delicate, so queenly, bear to labour for thy bread in obscurity?"

"It is the will of the gods; and while my life is spotless, I am content."

"Hath then Aphelia no wish?"

"My master knows I have."

"Name it, as to a friend who may not guess, yet burns to gratify it."

"I pant to be more wise, more good. If thou wilt make me so, I will bless thee."

"Come with me, then, to Eobardus."

The priest received them with delight; and though he called this wonder nothing but Myrtillo, the maiden perceived that he treated the youth with great reverence.

"Wilt thou not offer thy poor guest aught wherewith to refresh him?" asked Myrtillo, gaily.

Aphelia spread her board with simple dainties, and would fain have served him like a menial, but he would not permit this, so the wrinkled Phrosyne stole from her the honour of waiting on their mysterious visitant, whose every look and word betrayed the soaring, the refined nature of his soul. Sometimes he took his lyre, and sung to her lays, in which reason and honour seemed to have been arrayed in words by the Graces: then talked he to her of Pallas, and the Nine; of the independence

to which mortals may attain, by emulating the superior gods. He instructed her on many subjects of science and philosophy, but the moral of his brilliant discourse was ever the same.

"Let us use what talents we possess in the service of benevolence and truth, sacrificing vanity and covetousness at the commands of justice and of duty, so will our deeds be grateful to Jove, whether we sit on thrones or work in the mine."

And Aphelia felt more enamoured than when he had spoken of her own charms. The hours passed fleetly, and it was after midnight when Eobardus and Myrtillo rose to depart.

"As soon as the sun sets to-morrow expect me again, loved and excellent maiden!" So saying, the youth imprinted one balmy kiss on her forehead, and was gone.

Impelled to admire, nay adore, Aphelia felt dazzled into a kind of delirium; so infinitely above her, above aught she had ever known, was this gracious being, she scarce dared acknowledge her suspicions even to herself; that one whose smile brought joy to millions, should deign to bend his eyes on her, was ecstasy supreme; for all night, and all day, till near the appointed time of his return, she stood at her door, watching the sun, and, though with fresh devotion, she thought he would never sink into the sea. A butterfly flitted by her, and she cried aloud, "Oh, Psyche! powerful as was *he* thou lovedst, his might was not that of mind, of virtue; but I can never offend by curiosity. My lord's will be mine! Eobardus, sure, knows all—yet Aphelia dares ask nothing."

She turned to her favourite laurel, and, with a dignified rapture, spoke again—

"Yet, bounteous as he shines, had he addressed me rashly, I too would have besought the continent Dian to have rooted me among these trees, rather than have earned his fickleness by mine own folly; but so mild, so candid! what should I think? I cannot blame the enthusiastic pleasure with which I anticipate our next meeting; for there is in my heart already an esteem so rational, a tenderness so confiding, that, could I retain his undivided affection, and know that he depended on me for happiness, which he could nowhere else command, I could doat on him in his age; but, oh! I shudder at the price I may pay for his precarious favour. Fatal distinction! He will leave me while I am still young, and when I die, he will not weep; for eternal memories, immortal hopes are his. He cannot sympathize with human emotions!"

Her sublime shepherd himself stood before her, and alone. She bowed in silence.

"Fairest," he said, "assert thyself, discard this timidity, and, as we may meet daily for some while, I pray thee treat me as an equal!"

And again he led her in, and gave her new lessons in wisdom and in goodness. Nor was she his only scholar. Among the shepherds he perfected order and humanity; softening their manners, by giving them an increased taste for the temperate, decent charities of life. Beneath his care Alexis became a poet, and ceased to weep that he had loved Aphelia vainly, in the pride he felt, while singing her praise to the wonder of his kind. Many envied Myrtillo, yet none could hate him; for, simply as he dressed and fared, he had some secret hoard, from which he could reward the industry, and right the wrongs of those around him.

"Mine Aphelia," he modestly sighed, one evening, as they sat alone



together, "I am called so much from thee by day, that I would thy home was my own. Send me hence no more, lest I return not again. Dost thou not love me?"

"Oh! my patron, my benefactor, my governor and guide!" she answered firmly, "thou art my spirit's light, and vital heat; yet I would rather meet thee no longer, than unworthily retain thee. Be this interview our last, if my words displease. I will not tempt the Fates by presumption, nor aid my lord to offend a higher power; yet if thou knowest it to be right that I should consent, Eobardus will know it also. Love like mine deserves his blessing; without it, let me remain thy maiden slave."

Myrtillo, with a wondering smile, led her to the temple; its priest, after due prayers, uniting their hands, assured the bride that Juno sanctioned these nuptials.

"Ambitious visionary!" whispered Myrtillo, on their way home, "the realities of life will sorely try this dream-love of thine."

Fearful changes, indeed, befel them. All at once his mystic treasures seemed to fail him, and he was forced to toil, with his fair partner, through the cold rainy season, upon scanty food. Of the villagers, some pitied, some neglected, others reviled them; even Eobardus could do nothing to ameliorate their wants. Myrtillo's cheek thinned, his complexion tarnished; nay, he would sometimes treat his wife with indifference, almost harshness; yet, strange to say, she loved him more devotedly, more happily than ever, and would exclaim, with a fervor unfelt before,—“Oh, dearer for each imperfection! mine equal! my fellow-being! my husband! thou canst suffer with me; thou wilt never leave me, but requite this zeal, when our locks are grey. Thrice welcome, poverty, that unteaches me my fears! Yet we shall be rich, beloved! for we shall be parents.”

Nevertheless, he would turn from her cheering smiles with a doubtful sigh; but the strength, the sweetness of her patience failed not; even when surrounded by fears and pains, she became a mother. Her boy was strong as the young Alcides, handsome as a demi-god; and Myrtillo embraced them both with so exultant a delight, that she fancied herself more dear to him than ever.

Scarce was she again in her garden, the sweetest flower it had ever seen, when her husband, with a thoughtful aspect, addressed her.

"Aphelia! thy poor and lowly love must seek his fortunes other where."

"Wheresoever it pleaseth thee to lead, we will follow," she answered.

"Pardoning creature! yet, how must thou regret that thou didst not wed the rich, the equable Alexis!"

The wife looked on him upbraidingly, but only sighed forth—

"I have worshipped thee as a divinity, I have loved thee as a mortal. I must obey thee in all things, and ought to blame thee in none. Cease thou to care for me, I will never complain; but doubt not my truth, oh, Myrtillo! if thou wouldst that we should still live in peace together."

"Nay," returned he, "nothing but misfortune hath followed the blendure of our destinies. What if I disunite them?"

"Wayward man, thou canst not," she replied, sportively, holding her infant towards its sire.

"But I may leave thee—woman!" he answered coldly.

She did not weep, but pressing her babe to her bosom, uttered slowly—

"If thou canst be happier, I will strive to live on the remembrance that I *have* been happy, and on the presence of my son."

"He is as much mine as thine, remember," retorted the father. "If I bore him from thee to my home, he might rise to high honours."

Aphelia gazed on the being who thus spoke. The bloom returned to his visage, the unearthly radiance to his eyes; he stood over her with such an air of conscious power and freedom, that, prostrating herself before him, she cried wildly—

"It is then as I feared. Jove warned me by his thunders in vain! Take our son, but, ah, in pity, take his mother's life too. It will be no sin in *thee*!"

The supposed Myrtillo kissed her, saying hastily—

"No, beloved! keep thy boy. If I reclaim ye not shortly, conclude me no longer an inhabitant of this world."

He was gone; and when Aphelia fled for comfort to Eobardus, she learnt that *he* also had departed, none knew whither.

Now, added penury fell on the widowed one; bereft of her help-mate, and encumbered with an infant. The aged Phrosyne could give her little aid, and less advice. Fain would Alexis have shared his all with her; but declining every benefit from him, the matron struggled on—"It is the will of the gods that I should be thus tried," she thought; "but while they spare my child and my health, I dare not repine—for my conscience is unburthened. Nor avarice, vanity, nor unholy passion, brought me to this. No, my babe! thou wert not born in infamy, and, therefore, I shame not to see thee inherit the blue eyes, the golden curls of thy sire. Whatever he may be, I am his spouse, and will train thee to integrity for his sake."

One day, as she sat nursing her little one beside the door, she was startled by the sound of music; and, on looking up, beheld a grand procession winding along the road. In a sumptuous car sat a warrior of mature age, attended by soldiery and slaves. She would have retired, but that her boy, caught by the glitter, held out his dimpled arms, and laughingly sprung to and fro in her embrace, to the sound of the cymbals.

Presently the car stopped, the commanding hero alighted, and approached her. She stood as one in a dream.

"Aphelia," said the stranger, mildly, "Eobardus hath told me thy history. What he permitted is forgiven, but must be forgotten. Felicity awaits thee; thou hast no choice but to accept it; thy child, too, shall be protected, so thou thinkest no more of the faithless, the abject Myrtillo."

The woman's fortitude returned. Looking with scorn on all this pomp, she said—

"Never shall my son or I abide where we may hear my husband slandered. Honest labour in this hovel is the felicity I choose."

"Know, then," exclaimed her hearer, sternly, "that I am Palemon, thy king, and can chastise the disobedience of a subject."

"If I speak treason, slay me!" answered Aphelia, undismayed.

"Not so," returned her sovereign; "for learn that thou art the child of Lysander, whom the good priest swore to destroy, that he might preserve. Behold, an oath made unto a sinful mortal is not held binding by the righteous gods."

"Mighty kinsman!" cried Aphelia, "if these miracles be true, yet

can they in no way change me. I care not what I am, so I die that shepherd's loyal wife."

"Perverse, degenerate princess!" said the monarch, "suppose thy minion dead."

"Prove it, great king! I can but die too, rather than disown him."

"How, while mine own son is ready, in spite the past, to espouse thee."

"He cannot force me to be his—oh, Palemon!"

"But I, Aphelia, can consign thee to a dungeon, and separate thee for ever, both from Myrtillo, and this pledge of your ill-starred loves."

"Affliction, indeed, dread king, thou canst make me endure; but shalt not bend my soul to vice. Thou mayest rob the widow of her liberty, her offspring, but not of her truth."

"Ha!" whispered the brother of her sire, with solemn significance. "What if Apollo himself should convince thee that there is, there hath been, *no* Myrtillos to set thee free?"

"All gracious deities forbid!" ejaculated the young matron, energetically. "There was—there is—there can be none but Myrtillo for me. My poor, frail love!"

"Dreamer! the weaknesses and errors for which thou lost that being, though they wronged and pained thee, were but assumed."

"It matters not," almost shrieked Aphelia, "if—whatever else he prove—he *was* the faultless, the wise, and constant lord I at first believed him; shall I be less faithful than I would be to him, were all the imperfections thou namest redoubled? No! he shall not cast me off, or if he doth—I will never be another's!"

She swooned upon the earth. Palemon himself raised her and her child to the car. On reviving, she found herself within the temple. The shrine was decked with branches. The sacred fire was kindled. Before it stood Eobardus, in his robes of office. At sight of his familiar face, Aphelia rose, and cried aloud—

"Bear witness, oh servant of the sun! If I be not Myrtillo's wife, I am henceforth the priestess of Apollo. This boy also do I give unto him, vowing that we will acknowledge no other king, no other ties. Who shall dare dispute the firmness of mine oath?"

There was a brief silence; and then a thrilling voice replied—

"Aphelia! that dare I."

She lifted her eyes. Above her shone the features of her love; but the radiant garb, the laurel crown, renewed her every terror.

"What!" added this beauteous vision, "have I not done enough in educating thee for thy lofty state, in trying thy virtue by poverty, unkindness, desertion, all that can tempt a woman? Must I also own thee as a peasant's bride, or part with thee, and mine heir, for ever? No; thou who wouldst not yield to light love, even, as thou believedst, with a god; though, to conceal my birth, I availed myself, on detecting it, of the delusion I sought not to create. Accept thy mortal husband's reverence with his passion. Start not. This wreath I wear but in remembrance of the cruel Thracius's fall; the locks it clasps shall grow grey ere the brow it shades ever more, even feigningly, frowns on my beloved. Grace but a palace as thou hast dignified a cot, and be assured, that a maid—a matron—noble as the wife of Laurelius, must, indeed, be ever the favourite of Apollo!"



"Oh, my life!" sighed Aphelia, embracing him, "so that thou art holily mine, I heed not whether thou art a rustic or an emperor."

The father of her love now entreated her pardon for his apparent severity; Eobardus, for his seeming abandonment, though, in truth, he had secretly hovered over her, ever observing her conduct, and ready to prove himself her friend. He apologized not for having trained her in seclusion, as there alone could she have been safe while Thracius lived.

This good priest, with the disinterested Alexis, and the worthy Phrosyne, shared the prosperity of their beloved princess. Eobardus recorded her life, on a richly illuminated scroll, which was handed down from generation to generation, until it was so worn out, that I found some difficulty in transcribing it. But to the lays of the younger Alexis do I owe the little more I have to add. These are a few extracts from his great poem—*The Laureliad*.

"Blest is the man whose mate, though wedding him under the idea of his being a god, yet becomes only the more attached and dutiful on finding out that he is but human."

"Blest is the wife who discovers that her husband's faults were all pretended, and his virtues his own."

"Blest is the parent whose children please him, by pleasing themselves."

"And thrice blest the people, whose king hath voluntarily undergone their tasks, trials, and privations; who hath devoted his thoughts to their improvement; for their sakes reducing oppression to the dust, and raising merit to its birthright."

I. H.

#### SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

Oh, Love! who hath not felt thy mighty power?

Seek in the deep cold earth the treasure it contains,

Seek for that pure, chaste heart; the blest remains

Of all that cheered my youth's first blissful hour:

Tear from the hand of Death his lovely prize,

And fix once more thy precious ensign there;

Renew the flame that burned so fresh and fair,

And guides me still, though quenched, alas! it lies.

The panting stag by cruel hunters driven,

Ne'er seeks the stream, as I my treasure lost.

Sweet pilgrim, whither flown? Death's power is crost,

Since she who bound me here hath fled to heaven!

Oh, bondsman blest,—sweet was such slavery,

Thy chains are broken now:—alas! thou'rt free!

## A WARRIOR OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IGNORANCE of the common affairs of the world in which they live, and a deficiency of memory truly deplorable, have been long considered as afflictions almost peculiar to the "higher classes." I do not mean those convenient lapses of memory which have been the characteristic failing of great men in all ages; but inherited constitutional defects, fostered by education and example. Men possessing a greater abundance of the good things of this life, think little and know less of the affairs of others; however, it is some consolation to those of humbler pretensions, that they can occasionally enjoy a laugh at the expense of the privileged; while it is not discreditable to the good humour of the others that they are generally disposed to join in the mirth which their peculiarities create. Many amusing instances of affected forgetfulness are related; but the affectation of ignorance is even more amusing than that of loss of memory. To corroborate my assertion, I shall adduce for example as pretty a bit of coxcombry, in this particular department of exquisitism, as it has ever been my fortune to witness. And, be it understood, what I am about to relate is no fiction; but the narration of a scene which actually occurred, without pledging myself, however, to the very words used on the occasion, though certainly to the spirit of them.

On one of those very hot days in the summer before last, I called on a friend who holds an appointment in the Tower. For the convenience of attending to his duties he has a house within the fortress, and thither I repaired to await his usual time of returning home.

I seated myself by an open window; and, gazing at the White Tower, the visions of past ages were speedily conjured up, and would have taken entire possession of my faculties had they not been put to flight by a vision of a very different nature. Directly opposite the window at which I had placed myself, there is a shady avenue of lime-trees which stretches across the parade. My attention was attracted by the appearance of two young men emerging from the umbrageous shelter of the trees, and sauntering listlessly along until they nearly reached the window at which I was seated. One was an officer of the Guards, then on duty at the Tower. He was dressed with all the elaborate minuteness of a finished exquisite. Not the slightest crease or wrinkle was discernible in his well-cut regimental coat; it seemed actually pasted on him. Buttoned up to the throat—his waist contracted to the smallest possible dimensions—the sun shining fiercely on his bright red regimentals, and reflected from the glittering gilded ornaments with which he was bedecked—his face flushed with heat almost to surfeit—he seemed almost an object of compassion; it put one in a fever to gaze at him; he looked like a red-hot man, a very Phoenix amidst the flames! His companion was attired in *musli*, that is, as men dress who are not military. The two gentlemen drew still closer to my window, when the guardsman halted and took up a position against a stone pillar, or wall, I forget which, apparently overpowered with exertion. He twitched a small riding-whip backwards and forwards with a most laudable degree of perseverance, and looked stedfastly on the ground—or perhaps it might have been at his boots, I can't say—as it seemed, in profound meditation. His companion stood with his arms folded, and in an attitude equally contemplative with his friend. If one might

judge from appearances, some weighty consideration pressed heavily on them both.

"Well, my dear boy Harwison," said the Guardsman, doubtless meaning to say Harrison, but having some difficulty in pronouncing the letter R—"I do consider this the most frwendly act, the most disintewested piece of frwendship I've ever expewienced—'pon my soul I do."

"Nay, my dear boy," returned the other, "no thanks—you think too much of my little exertion in your favour. Though, to serve a friend, I will say it is not a trifle that can stop me."

"Twifle! my dear fellow," said the Guardsman—"twifle do you call it? If it were only a twifle I should say little, but serving a frwend at the wisk of your life is no twifle, egad!—'pon my soul it isn't."

I doubted the correctness of my remaining within hearing of a conversation of so serious and important a nature, and therefore moved the window a little higher, that the noise might give them warning of my vicinity. It made no difference. They did not move from their position. The guardsman, indeed, discomposed himself for an instant by casting up his eyes; but seeing the occasion of the noise, he yawned and resumed his attitude.

"Yes, Tom," said the military Exquisite, "this is the only dwawback on the service; and I can't for the life of me see why the City Light Horse Volunteers should not be placed on this cursed duty. It would suit them much better than the Guards. It is not the thing for gentlemen—it isn't, 'pon my soul."

"They would be much more at *home* here, than the Guards, certainly," said Harrison.

"I would almost as soon be sent into countwy quarters," continued the Guardsman; "there are farmers' daughters and people who can amuse one *there*—'pon my soul I would."

"It is devilish hard on you, I must admit," rejoined his friend.

"Hard on us, my dear fellow! it's banishment; positively banishment from the common wights of civilized life. I would as soon have a commission in the archers of King Tamyhamyhe of the Sandwich Islands!—'pon my soul I would."

"It is exceedingly severe, I must say."

"Severe! my dear fellow, it's atwocious," said the Guardsman, almost emphatically, "positively atwocious; the genewal complaint of the service; to be sent to this cursed jail—Oh! it's monstwous!—'pon my soul it is!"

"Monstrous hardship indeed," said Harrison.

"Hardship! my dear boy. There are few can bear hardships better than myself; I can make my dinner of a broil'd chicken and a pint of hock at any time, on necessity, and in winter I have more than once slept in a room without a fire!—'pon my soul I have!"

"Well, never mind," said Harrison, "it is but for a short period."

"Short pewiod! my dear fellow. You've an odd idea of a short pewiod. If the place was bearwable indeed; if one's frwends could come; but then that cwuel distance from town, and that impenetwable barwier, the city, wenders that impossible—'pon my soul it does."

"Not impossible," remarked Harrison, "they can surely come as I did."



"As you did! my dear fellow, my twump of twavellers!" said the Exquisite, "no, no; I can't expect that; you're one of a thousand. I know of no one beside yourself who would wisk his life to see a frwend in distress. Yes; I do wemember one; but he insured his life before passing the city; and wewy wight too—'pon my soul it was."

"Well, but I obviated the necessity of that," said Harrison, "for I came by water!"

"By water! my dear fellow," said the Guardsman, with incredulous astonishment. "No, no, Harwison; you're joking me: I never heard of your ever having been at sea in your life; you're joking—'pon my soul you are."

"Not I indeed," returned the other, "I embarked at Westminster-bridge, and landed here at the Tower."

"Embarked at Westminster-bwidge, and landed at the Tower! My dear Harwison, this is a discovewy indeed," said the Guardsman, with as much earnestness as was consistent with an Exquisite to assume. "You are entitled to my gwatitude in ewewy wespect, you are indeed, Harwison; I must write circulars to my frwends diwectly. The wigors of my exile will be considewably ameliorated, when they know they wun no wisk of coming thwrough the city. You are entitled to my gwatitude, my dear boy—'pon my soul you are.—Egad, I think it is a hoax after all—'pon my soul I do."

"You may rely on what I say," said Harrison seriously.

"Rely on what you say! my dear fellow, you delight me. I must wite immediately and send invitations. But where the devil is that fellow Buckley? never in the way when I want him. You must be devilish hungwy, Harwison—'pon my soul you must."

"And if I were hungry," said Harrison, "I think I can even now detect the scent of some food which would destroy the appetite of a cannibal; faugh! it's boiled beef!"

"Boiled beef! my dear fellow, you don't say so; what a horwor! Let us move. The man who could eat boiled beef wouldn't scrwuple to commit a murder—'pon my soul he wouldn't."

Just at that moment, two gentleman came up the paved way leading from the archway, under what is called the Children's Tower. One was an elderly gentleman of almost venerable appearance; his hair was quite grey, and he carried a small book in his hand. The curiosity of Harrison seemed suddenly excited, and touching the Guardsman, he exclaimed—

"Look yonder; don't you know who that is?"

"Know who *that* is!" said the Exquisite, "how *should* I know? Egad! I don't know myself in this place—'pon my soul I don't."

"Why, my dear fellow, it's Scott."

"Scott! What, Scott of the Guards?"

"No; Walter Scott."

"Walter Scott!" said the Guardsman, pausing; "and prway, Harwison, who *is* Walter Scott?"

This was a climax that I was hardly prepared for, though the intelligence was most gratifying; for I had the satisfaction of following the "Wizard of the North" through the departments of the Tower, and the information I gained from the remarks he made, which were by no means meant exclusively, fully compensated for the time I had wasted on the hero in the scarlet coat—that pink of chivalry—and his intrepid companion.

THE POLISH WIDOW TO HER SON.

PLAY on, my lovely infant child, and I will watch the while—

The ills, that sadden all around, have not yet check'd thy smile;

And as thy cup of life may near its brim alone be sweet,

Be happy, ere the gathering clouds above thy path-way meet.

Thou heedest not the sable robes thy little limbs that fold;

Thy Father's and thy Country's fall are both to thee untold;

The very eagles of our foe, that pass so proudly by,

Are mark'd by thee with childish joy, not knowing tyranny.

But this will change—the dream will pass—and thou must learn the tale

Of deeds that blanch the manly cheek, and make our maidens pale;

And when to me thou'lt sweetly turn of ages past to know,

Oh! how shall I reply to thee, and hide a mother's woe?

To speak of Poland's ancient fame—and then her fallen state;

To mention Kosciuszko's name—and then record his fate;

To tell thee of a Father's love—and then a Father's grave,

Who perish'd for that native land he had not power to save.

Yes—this will truth demand from me, a tale unspoken now,

And then, methinks, the cloud of grief will darken o'er thy brow;

And make that youthful spirit, erst so gentle and so gay,

To thoughts of sadness and of strife become an early prey.

And, when to manhood's state arrived, thou'lt spurn the Polish dance,

To learn to urge the war-horse on, or couch the Polish lance;

The spirit of the fallen brave shall be revived in thee,

And thou shalt long to strike a blow to set thy country free.

In vain will dangers frown around, and prudence bid thee hold,

The ardour of a noble mind shall not be thus contrail'd;

Though baffled oft, again, again the Poles will claim their right,

And rather die than tamely crouch before a despot's might.

Perchance that little hand, which now is grasping at the flower,

May be the first to draw the sword against oppression's power;

Or to the Polish winds unfurl the banner of the free—

They waisted it in days of yore, and what hath been may be.

But, ah! again the patriot band may only strive in vain

Against the myriads of the foe upon the Polish plain;

And nations, powerful and free, again may view them fall,

Unmindful of Sobieski's name, or honour's sacred call.

And then, my son, thy father's doom may speedily be thine—

To meet the "soldier's fiery death" while in the foremost line;

Or worse! if wounded in the fray, with mingled pride and pain,

Through life amid Siberia's wastes to drag the galling chain.

Oh! fears have thrill'd the mother's breast, however Hope hath smiled,

Or Fortune seem'd to hover o'er the cradle of her child;

Then think, thou tyrant of our race, what feelings mine must be,

To see the prospects of my son thus darken'd o'er by thee!

## TITHES, VERSUS RENT.

Soon after the article with this title in the preceding "Monthly" had gone to press, a friend of the writer's put into his hands a Treatise on Tithes, by one Parson Bearblock. The writer, having no predilections for parsons or tithes *in the abstract*, but only *in comparison with landlords and rent*, threw the book aside, taking for granted, it was a question-begging high-church farrago. Chancing to take it up a day or two after, he was agreeably surprised, to find it written in a very good spirit; and, bating a few professional absurdities, just suited to confirm the opinions which his own unprofessional observation had led him to form upon the subject.

The writer has plenty more to say, in the same strain, as in the former article; but, though like most men, who take the trouble to think seriously and constantly upon any subject, he believes firmly in the correctness of his views, and flatters himself, that those who happen to light upon his reasoning, will agree with him, he is much more anxious to contribute to the cause of truth, than to gain any credit to himself as its advocate. He offers no apology therefore to sensible and serious readers, for making the matter of Parson Bearblock's treatise the leading, and a large portion of the present article.

The present is a most critical juncture. Reform is wanted almost every where: in most places so thorough a reform, as to be very aptly styled Radical Reform; but, though no time must be lost in setting about this general business of reform; though the Tory cry, "Wait a little longer," must be treated with the contempt due to its sinister intentions; still, even at this juncture, requiring as it does, *promptitude and decision, hurry and rashness* will be as mischievous as at any other season.

The writer has, of course, the highest opinion of his own sagacity and conclusiveness; but his *amour propre* is not so pervading, as to entirely supersede his judgment. He knows when to yield the *pas*, especially for his own purposes, to so satisfactory a personage as Parson Bearblock.

The writer is really a very public-spirited individual! Above all things his object is, at present, to save the good, well-meaning public from doing itself immediate, irreparable injury: from mutilating itself: from cutting off its nose to be revenged on its face. Nobody so fit as the writer to help the public, *from his own resources*, as far as sound logical induction from *general* facts, from matters of notoriety, may be useful for the purpose: but the writer not being a man of business, but only a looker on, is not, of course, intimate enough with the details of transactions between landlords and parsons, and farmers, and labourers, to furnish from his own resources that most satisfactory, and, at this day, universally acceptable proof, by *induction from particular instances*. Parson Bearblock, as will presently be seen, is an admirable ally for the writer in this respect.

Parson Bearblock's weak point is the assuming, that the right to tithe, in the present day, is derived from Heaven: all he says to this effect, is of course quite inadmissible, though excusable enough in one brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. Especially, should Parson Bearblock be excused for forcing the Jewish economy forward in his defence against the person who had impugned the right of parsons to tithes.



This erring individual had, it seems, become from a thriving brewer a bit of a landowner; and having, according to the parson's very plausible account, been, while in the brewing line, distinguished from ordinary brewers by a reluctance to admit the claims for poor-rate upon the profits of his coppers, and mash-tubs, and coolers, it was not odd that he should be similarly disinclined to allow the parson's interference with his produce, as soon as he became a country gentleman. It appears, that this gentleman was so far prejudiced against the system of legislation upon which the poor-laws are founded, as to forget the obligation to bear his share of the burden of its positive legal enactments. Accordingly, in the excess of his zeal (no doubt only against the theory of the poor-laws, and not with an eye to his own personal exemption) he went such lengths, as to make out the profits of his brewery very much less than they were upon inquisition proved to be. This was patriotic, doubtless; but still it indicated a mind not disposed to stick at trifles; and common candour therefore obliges us to make great allowance for the parson, who pressed the divine right of tithe into his service against so dashing and unhesitating an opponent as this *ci-devant* brewer. This slight preamble was necessary to illustrate the animus by which Parson Bearblock was actuated in his treatise. Now for the contents of the text, as they bear upon the argument, "*Tithes versus Rent.*"

Parson Bearblock's gentleman brewer had stated, *totidem verbis*, that the parsons had "forfeited by their conduct all their right to tithe, and to the protection of the state," and urged as a *raison de plus* for their being still farther bullied, "they are perpetually quarrelling in law-suits." Our parson answers thus. "Our adversaries are the quarrellers; for they have been beat in nineteen out of twenty tithe-cases, that have come before the courts!"

"No part of the community," says Parson Bearblock, "have suffered so much oppression as many individuals among the clergy. No men have been so harassed to get their daily bread, though they have seldom demanded more than half their due. Lord Mansfield declared once in the House of Lords on a tithe-cause, that 'he was ashamed to see such a cause in that house; for it was one of the blackest complexion that ever disgraced any tribunal.'"

The parson being considered a knowing man, was asked to value some tithes in the West of England. He found the parish of vast extent, and that the poor bullied vicar had been awarded, by composition, to the amount of £268 per annum. This sum he had, with the utmost difficulty obtained by pleading to his *liberal, benevolent* parishioners in *forma pauperis*. These considerate souls though, had so harassed him with a law-suit about pews, that he became involved in debt, and died in a low and miserable way, wholly insolvent; leaving his property in the pockets of his parishioners, *unthanked, though by no means unregretted*; for his successor was not so likely to be dependent upon their will and pleasure for his subsistence. "I gave," says Parson Bearblock, "my opinion, that £1,400 would be a moderate annual composition for the tithes. Up was the parish in arms, of course, directly. Exorbitancy, extortion, oppression, downright robbery, was the cry! but what was the issue? Why, a composition to the amount of very nearly £1,200, in preference to setting forth the tithes in kind."

In this instance then, the *landowners* had been pocketing nearly £950 a year, during the life of the former vicar!

"Again," says the straightforward Parson Bearblock, "the vicar of a parish in the eastern part of Kent, requested me to value tithes, which to his predecessor had yielded £500 per annum. I named £1,200 as the lowest estimate. A gentleman, whose proportion of tithe had hitherto been five times less than my estimate, sent the following reply to the notification of the new incumbent. 'Sir, your estimate so much exceeds my opinion of the value of the tithes, that it requires not a moment's hesitation on my part to declare, that I never will accede to such terms.' A similar answer was received from all the interested parties; who, of course, did not like to surrender the profit which had been hitherto allowed them. Our parson, however, knew what he was about. He produced his calculations before some of the principal occupiers; who acknowledged his *candour and fair dealing*, and retired to try and agree amongst themselves to raise the £1,200. They were all, however, too much bent upon cheating each other, to come to an agreement as to the proportion to be borne by each; and it ended in the tithes being leased to a respectable gentleman for the whole sum of £1,200, and the gentleman, who wrote the note, applying to be admitted as a partner in the bargain."

"The landowner," says the parson, (this most admirable parson for the writer's argument) not only takes his full rational rent, but he can, and often does, exact more rent than the land is worth; and there are farmers in many parts of this kingdom who know this, and suffer under it. If therefore tithes were abolished, the industry of these farmers might be almost crushed; for in these cases of excessive rent, the farmer's greatest profits arise from the moderation of the clergy in taking a composition, instead of carrying off in kind, that portion of the produce which belongs to them. The farmer commonly appeals to the lenity of the parson, of which lenity the landowner reaps the benefit.

A Devonshire farmer is on record, as having once on a time caught a glimpse of the truth, and asked in vestry, "who are to have the tithes when they are taken from the parson?"—"The landlord," was the answer. "Then," said he, "I'd rather they should 'bide as they be, for I can always deal better with the parson than I can with the landlord."

Parson Bearblock was gratified by the compliment paid to his fairness on one occasion in Hampshire, where the farmers actually solicited him to value the tithe, on their part, against the incumbent's surveyor. What a very Daniel in judgment must this parson have proved himself, for even farmers to allow his merit? to prefer his decisions to those of a common surveyor! Where is the large landowner whom they would have so trusted, but for their dependence upon the general disposition of the landowning class to cheat the parson. The parson's case against that of the landowner is as clear as light.

Again, this parson—to be depended upon even by farmers—valued some tithe at Hertford at 4s. 9d. an acre. The tithe-payer was, in this instance, a noble lord, a landowner, *par excellence*. No doubt our parson, moderate as he always was in his estimates, was even the more disposed to favour the delinquent in this case, because he was a noble lord. A professional, if not constitutional determination to aristocracy, was one of the parson's misfortunes. One might have expected him to be cured, by his past experience, of any undue respect for the class: but no—only 4s. 9d. did the parson award his friend the incumbent;

four shillings and ninepence did the nobleman refuse to pay, instead of (as the parson afterwards ascertained he ought to have paid) £2. 18s. 0d. Thus the noble lord was not content with the parson's tameness, or rather meanness, in offering to take *less than one twelfth of his due!* Here be facts for the dispassionate and candid amongst the men of England! The Lord deliver them from the judgment of such wholesale-parson-haters as a Westminster reviewer! Our parson was a most veracious parson; but human credulity would have been too much taxed to believe him, had he *merely stated* his knowledge of the *ci-devant* brewer, above alluded to, having written as follows, in consequence of a similarly moderate demand by a parson, of 4s. 9d. an acre on land possessed by the noble house of Cowper. The evidence of his own words yet remaining, the just and patriotic malster, (for it seems he had substituted malting, as well as landowning, for brewing—any thing to gain an honest penny!) after quoting some sarcasms of the poet Cowper on the peculiar failings of the clergy, continued in his printed pamphlet thus:—"Had the pious poet, when he wrote these lines, foreseen, with prophetic spirit, what would have fallen (namely, the affair of the 4s. 9d.) on the offspring of his illustrious house! could his imagination have reached the hateful scene of such a rector, who, after every offer of conciliation, could consign the revenues of his living to an alehouse-keeper, to exercise his dominion over the estates of the nobility, gentry, and tenantry of the parish, celebrated as the birth-place and residence of the noble house of Cowper! had he seen the dejection of the husbandman, placed beyond the power of nobility to relieve! had he seen the delightful domains of his relations overshadowed by such a scene, and reduced to such a *state of ecclesiastical vassalage!* as must wound the feelings of every true Briton, his pen would have fallen from his hand before he had finished the portrait, his tender heart-strings would have broken, and his pious spirit would have fled from these scenes of noise and strife to the peaceful realms of eternal bliss!" So much for Parson Bearblock, and the farmers, and gentleman brewers, and noble corn-dealers!

The writer of the present article felt, in his own instance, the general prejudice against a book, *by a parson too*, on tithes; and, as he considers himself a fairer man, more inclined to give the devil himself his due than most men in England, he is well aware how little can be known by third parties in general, by mere uninquisitive lookers-on, of the comparative merits of tithes and rent. The fair-dealing writer himself was prejudiced against Parson Bearblock's book; and he feels certain, therefore, that gentlemen in general, who are not nearly so fond of inquiry as he is, would as soon think of reading a religious tract on the peculiar acceptability to Heaven of mortified, discontented spirits, and sour faces, as upon the treatise on tithes in its own proper form.

Gladly, then, has the truth-loving-writer availed himself of the friendship of the very discriminating editor of the *as-it-is-now-conducted-undoubtedly-sound-principled,-universally-interesting,-extensively-circulated,-and-indeed-pretty-generally-appreciated-and-acceptable-publication, the Monthly Magazine*, to insinuate the matter-of-fact evidence of the tithe-treatise into the ear of those before whom he pleads the cause, "*Tithes versus Rent.*"

But time's up—Parson Bearblock's seasonable interposition has



enabled the tithe-champion to get his second wind. He's on his own pins again—odds are on the tithe-man. Look out there, seconds, bottle-holders, ring-keepers; there's a blustering, bullying-looking fellow there, just behind the titheman, that looks as if he meant foul play—I'll be hang'd if he isn't like a Westminster reviewer! Who knows but he's a knife in his sleeve, and is watching his opportunity to stick tithy under the fifth rib. Keep an eye on him, and rap him hard over the shins if he breaks the ring. Now for the last round: the renter's sadly distressed, and all but settled. Step into him, tithy, and finish him off hand.

Tithe has completely answered its original intention. *Legal tithe* was instituted, when *voluntary tithe* was discontinued. The portion of voluntary tithe which was expended on the poor, was never otherwise than a most miserably insufficient provision for them.

Legal tithe was instituted to support a vigorous and pretty nearly incessant system of preaching and praying. It has not been owing to parsons; but to the improved taste of society acting upon parsons, that daily genuflections, and chauntings, and responses at matins and vespers in cold chapels and churches, have been discontinued. Parsons have furnished society with all that was contemplated by the original institution of church property; they have always been ready to supply as much preaching and praying as there has at any given time been a demand for. This is an unanswerable vindication of the parsons' moral right to the property they at present possess; since the moral right to property, held upon the performance of stipulated observances, depends upon nothing else than the due attention to those observances. The *legal* right to tithe is unquestionable. The *rational* right must endure, until after rent has been quashed; it is still found prejudicial to the good of the country, to charge the land with the deduction from its produce of even a tenth. Then, and not till then, will a *consistent and patriotic radical reformer* lift up his voice against the payment of tithe.

It would be just as reasonable to give the hideous new palace to the Duke of Devonshire, instead of converting it to a public purpose suited to its capabilities (supposing it to be condemned as a kingly residence), as it would be to let the landowners get hold of the tithes, merely because *the present proprietors of them are not more useful than ever they were intended to be.*

As in the natural and moral worlds, the mass of that which is good and useful is of a retiring and unobtrusive character, so also in the political world, the good and useful work in comparative secrecy. The benefits which the lower orders especially, and through them, of course, all others, derive from the essential parts of institutions, which *exaggerated radicalism* condemns in the lump, because it is not painstaking enough to try to find out good as well as evil, nor candid enough to notice good when it chances to meet with it; these benefits are so real, and so many, that it behoves every man who can make himself clearly understood by the public, to try to save the public from doing itself irreparable injury by *utterly abolishing* such institutions. All intelligent and candid reformers must exert themselves, especially just now, to help disabuse their less intelligent brethren of the bitter, unmitigated, unchristian, unmanly hatred which exaggerated radicalism induces them to entertain towards institutions, from which, in the midst of their manifold abuses, a great deal of daily, noiseless, unpretending good is derived

to society. If there be any one truth in politics beyond rational contradiction, it is this—that “very few, if any, of the institutions of this country can be destroyed, absolutely destroyed, without great and lasting injury to the very lowest orders of the community.” Reform, more or less, all of them require; most of them so thorough a reform as to be aptly styled radical; but absolutely to destroy these institutions, would be to perpetrate the most malignant, cruel, devastating, enslaving act of political criminality that the mind of man could devise, or his violence accomplish. The writer considers the reservation of a tenth from private property in land, for purposes of religious and moral public improvement, to be one of those institutions which must only be reformed, not abolished. Rent he considers to be tolerable as long as it can be afforded, but not a moment longer. He considers it to be clearly one of those social privileges which have the least of natural justice for their foundation; one of those cumbrous items in the lading of the state-vessel, which must be first thrown overboard in order to enable her to ride out the tempest.

Humanity and reason alike demand, that the intentions of those who have bequeathed property for benevolent purposes should be adhered to, as much as present interests may allow. It is inhuman to cut off from a dying man the satisfaction of doing good to his country, by a virtuous and wise disposal of his property. Yet this must be the case, unless he can feel assured that the public will not *wanton*ly set aside his provisions, but, though the inevitable changes of human affairs must, of course, render it, sooner or later, necessary to modify his bequest, will religiously adhere to the spirit of it; until, as is still farther possible, the very spirit of it shall be no longer compatible with public interests. The unreasonableness of wanton interference with bequests is obvious; it would, by destroying the confidence of testators in the public, cut off from it the benefits of such confidence.

To apply this reasoning to the question of tithes:—

This reservation from the property of individuals grew out of the pious and, at the time, wise intention of providing for the permanent support of christianity. It never occurred to the good souls, the testators (how should it? the world was then its infancy of civil and political knowledge) that there ever would be a better way of maintaining gospel truth than public preaching and praying. It never occurred to them that printing and mechanism would put the Scriptures and *Common Prayer* (that degrading title! precious *common* indeed has prayer become! too common, by half, to be efficacious. Just as common, and just as indicative of spiritual aspiration, as Sunday clothes, and church bells, and pew openings and shuttings, and a thousand other *common* things) in the hands of every reading christian. Nay more, that pious tracts, with such enticing titles as “Crumbs of Comfort,” would be comeatable for a halfpenny, or the mere asking the nearest good and charitable lady of the village. The good testators had themselves been edified by priest, and book, and bell; how should they dream of its being ever possible to do without them? We have, that is all the men amongst us, long ago found out that there is nothing more for the mere priest to do for us. Every man is aware now-a-days that a priest is as much in the dark about all real difficulties in religion as himself; that a real *bona fide* mystery is a mystery to the priest as well as the simplest clown in the land. Still the good testators, our ancestors, knew nothing of this; nor do we owe them the less consideration on

that account. We are quite as much bound to adhere to the spirit of their bequests, though we cannot to the letter. We are bound, by humanity and reason bound, to apply the funds they set apart for a religious purpose to a religious purpose, as long as those funds can be, by dint of our contrivance, efficaciously so applied.

Now, no fair man, in his senses, will suspect even, much less assert, that to give up any portion of the tithe to the landowners would be to convert it to a religious purpose. Such a purpose would be absolutely diabolical.

We all know how injurious over-feeding is to the lower animals; how it makes them dull, and slothful, and useless, and positively mischievous, as consumers of what might else be usefully bestowed. The application of this simile to the overloaded man of wealth is obvious. We must not then be so far beguiled by the solemn, oracular coxcombry of a Westminster reviewer, as to aid in the wicked work of increasing the religious disadvantages which nearly now overwhelm our landowning brethren. They have long been so full as to be in constant imminent danger of forgetting God, of denying him, and, in pride and self dependence of heart, exclaiming, "Who is the Lord?" If we would, with the property bequeathed by our ancestors for God's service, promote the views and objects of the devil, let us give the tithe, or a portion of it, to the landowners. They can then escape the arch fiend's fangs by nothing short of a miracle. If, on the contrary, we will act as humane and reasonable men, and regard, as much as possible, the intentions of our ancestors; if we will resist the temptation to return evil for evil, let us snatch the aristocratic brand out of the fire; let us save and try to convert to use what remains of it, charred and disfigured though it be. Let us, to drop figurative language, rather insist on the landowner's refunding every shilling of which he has ever cheated the public by defrauding the public officer—the parson. Let us not suffer him to escape the necessity of surrendering to the public at present, towards an improved method of cultivating christianity by the philosophy and general ability, rather than the lungs and sanctified demeanour of parsons, *every shilling* of profit, or by computation, *every square inch* of land, for which neither himself or ancestors ever gave a shilling of purchase money.

Though rent were quashed, or all but quashed, or only paid in such proportion of surplus produce as a cultivator, chosen by a proprietor, could afford to assign him after full employment and full payment of labourers, still would land be well worth buying.

A trading speculator does not scruple to forego the interest of money for years in order to insure a profit at last. Such profit would be the possession of an imperishable property conveyable to children's children, or relatives or friends. Is it not plain that, in the course of a hundred years, the family of one who had thus laid out his gains in lucrative business, would have more of those gains to shew than if he, the original accumulator, had continued speculating with and risking his gains, in order to accumulate still more?

Where is there a wealthy mercantile concern which dates the origin of its mercantile wealth so far back as a hundred years? There is none such to be found. The mercantile families, who have not insured themselves against chance and change by investments in land, are very short-lived families indeed. Their gains, and along with them their names, soon perish.



The writer is here endeavouring to shew that landed property possesses, independently of lucrative rent, immense advantages over any other in the fact of its durability. The writer knows full well, if his attempts to advertise the public of a most important truth should attract any attention, how commonly the counter argument will in society assume the tone of indignation and impassioned sense of injury.

"What, then," will the Duke of Newcastle's class, in all its degrees, exclaim, "am I not only to be deterred from doing quite what I will with my own, but is my own to be rendered absolutely profitless to me? '*Quousque tandem abutere Radicalis patientia nostra?*' As well take my property from me at once as abolish its uses! This is surely the first time that any such principles were openly avowed in decent society! If this be not to advocate spoliation, it is the next degree to it, and must soon lead to it," &c. &c. &c.

It is, therefore, important to shew that *to deprive a landlord of a portion of his rent profits is not to rob him of his property*. The landowner will, of course, be very slow to apprehend this fact, and will never candidly admit it. The public, however, the humane and compassionate public (the most humane and considerate, notwithstanding what block-heads sometimes say to the contrary), is to be prevented from feeling anything like pity for the landowners; it must be heart-hardened, without loss of time, against all appeals in the shape of the *argumentum ad misericordium* in favour of rent.

There is not, within the whole compass of political verity, a more certain truth than this; and with this the titheman purposes to floor the rentman of the Westminster, beyond any chance of his coming up again to time. "The security of landed property, and the returns it will yield to a cultivator (not a rent receiver), constitute advantages far beyond those of any other sort of property, and these are all the advantages to which landed property is entitled."

And now, having beat the renter out of all power of farther mischief from him, and jumped over the ropes of the ring in token of my own unabated powers of fight, let me, good gentlemen patrons, have a word with you before we part.

Gentlemen of England! if you'll only be persuaded to set apart a little of the zeal and energy with which you prosecute the various pursuits of ambition and profit, for a *personal*, inspiriting, manly interest in the advancement of unadulterated christianity; if you'll only take the lead in religious matters, instead of leaving them, as beneath your manly dignity, to the well intentioned and amiable, but feminine and misjudging patronage of your grandmothers, mothers, wives, and daughters, the work of substituting a body of masculine, philosophic, clerical, christian philosophers, for the present *aides-du-camp* of the dowagers and faded spinsters of the country, will have been accomplished in a very short time indeed.

You shall not, gentlemen of England! good and well-intentioned fellows as you are in the main, while I have a voice to expose the injustice, "*dum spiritus hos regit artus*," shift the blame of the present comparative inefficiency of the parsons to their shoulders, from the only one's that ought to bear it—from your own!

I tell you plainly it is your own fault that the interests of christianity are entrusted to less clear-sighted and experienced persons than yourselves. I complain not of those amongst you who care nothing about religion. Every grown gentleman has an undoubted right to despise

religion in his heart, provided he do not, in consequence, interfere with the interests and tastes of his neighbours. But I make a charge against the religiously disposed laymen of England, that they never have yet, as a body, approached the subject of religion like rational, serious men; that they have hitherto prostrated their intelligence at the petticoats of religious ladies, and the cassocks of presumed spiritual pastors and masters. I assert that there has been, up to the present moment, no national demand, from the masculine intelligence of the country, for a system of masculine and practical religion.

I assert that the parochial parsons would not have been able, by their own unassisted efforts, to create such a demand in general society; that the *good parsons* are the sort of wishy-washy old ladies they usually are, the mere bugbears to frighten boys and girls into decorum, because they could not keep their characters unimpeached without being so; because the absurd control over them, vested in the wig and apron of a diocesan, backed by constitutional prescriptions, has hitherto made it impossible for a manly parson to procreate a masculine system of religious instruction beyond the precincts of his own premises. It is not owing, then, to any inherent fault of parsons themselves, much less to the mode of property by which they are maintained, that they are priggish, quizzical nondescripts, neither man nor woman. From one set of the men of England, those, namely, who are too manly, too much engaged in more important matters to pay any attention to religion, the parsons have been, and, of course, always must be, estranged. The other set, the well-meaning, religiously-disposed men, have conspired with the good women of the country to make the parsons fools; to make them believe, for instance, that, because they are called in old books *Stewards of God's Mysteries*, they really know more about mysteries than other men; that they are the only men who can read and understand the plain words and sentences of the Bible; that, by virtue of apostolical ordination, they know more about the Bible than equally sensible and well educated laymen who attend to the subject. The gross, voluntary flattery of these good laymen and these good ladies, joined with the approval and patronage of civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and the aristocratic landowners (the sly landowners, who find their account in the moral emasculation of the parson, to whom it answers, more than to any other set of men, that the parson should be a spiritless, mistaken creature), all these circumstances combined have made the parson the nondescript he is when he is a *good parson*—have fretted many a parson of sense, and spirit, and sound religious principle, into such a contempt for the peculiar duties required of him, as to make him sick of *the profession*, as it is politely termed; and thus gain him, amongst the self-constituted and satisfied religionists, the character of a bad parson.

The writer has a friend, a retired medical practitioner, of a very radical cast of opinion, but withal manly and candid, and inclined to give the devil his due. This old gentleman, having kept an observant eye upon society during a long experience, assures the writer that he has not known more than two or three downright bad subjects amongst parsons; that he never knew a parish in which the parson (though not the wisest man in it by a good many) did not set the best moral example of any gentleman in it; that he never knew a parson who was not grossly cheated out of his dues, besides being expected to set a liberal example in alms-giving, to the exonerated from that duty of those who were defrauding him.

## PARLIAMENTARY PASTORALS.

No. I. BY CORYDON CROKER; FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS THE "POTATO-POET."

Oh! ye Clubs, spread your doors open wide,  
 To your darkest recesses I fly;  
 From those terrible Whigs I would hide,  
 And escape from each Radical's eye.  
 'Tis a shame that no author can brook  
 To be damned in that Scottish Review;  
 But Macauley has cut up my book,  
 And my speeches demolishes too.  
 Quotations of Latin and Greek  
 I always have ready at hand;  
 When the subject inspires me to speak,  
 With an eloquence brilliant and grand:  
 I own that I sometimes misquote,  
 And am often more flippant than fine;  
 But I learn all my speeches by rote,  
 And I sometimes forget ev'ry line.  
 But never from History's page,  
 Will I think of quotations again;  
 For so little I look like a sage,  
 When my blunders are proved to be plain,  
 And I've had so much drubbing of late,  
 That I always feel nervous and shy,  
 If Jeffery should join the debate,  
 Or Stanley should rise to reply.  
 Yet my friends echo loudly their "Hears!"  
 When they think I've been making a hit,  
 And they flatter me on with their cheers,  
 While mistaking my nonsense for wit.  
 I have spoken when late was the hour,  
 Yet they made the roof ring with their joys;  
 Poor things! what they wanted in power,  
 They determined to make up in noise.  
 'Tis in vain I am witty and wise,  
 In my best and most eloquent mood;  
 The reporters compress my replies,  
 And omit all I thought was so good.  
 Though attacked by a ruffianly Press,  
 One Paper at least I can boast;  
 Yet between you and I, I confess,  
 There's seldom much sense in a "Post."  
 E'en the "Bull" seems to lie upon thorns,  
 And roars with a terrible look;  
 Yet he does little harm with his horns,  
 Though possessing the power of a Hook.  
 But our "Standard" flies high and erect,  
 As it waves its proud flag to the wind;  
 (Not a soul, I believe, can suspect,  
 How much they may tremble behind.)  
 I pass by King Charles and his Horse,  
 As I go to St. Stephen's alone;  
 And I look to the right with remorse,  
 Where so long I made all things my own.  
 If I hadn't adhered to his Grace,  
 When he made that rash vow 'gainst Reform;  
 I might have been still in my Place,  
 Like "the Pilot that weathered the Storm."



## No. II. BY THE DAMON OF NEWCASTLE.

"THE L. QUATRO" My Boroughs are furnished with tools,

The best, and most willing of slaves;  
If the world does not take them for fools,

It is not the less sure they are knaves,  
Not a man who would do as I pleased,

If my bidding were flagrant or fair,  
But with joy on his person I seized,  
And I hastened and settled him there.

Though he looked very gravely and wise,  
And spoke very learned and fine,

Yet his speech was a trap to catch flies,  
For his principles always were mine.

When he rose in the House to impart  
His reasons persuasive and terse,  
Though he pressed both his hands to his heart,  
His argument lay in his purse.

But I always took very good care,  
That my votes were not given away;

Like the jackall, I looked for a share,  
While the lion was gorging his prey.

For the minister had at command  
Nice pickings, as much as one wishes;

And always allowed me a hand,  
In the share of the "loaves and the fishes."

I had always some snug little berth,  
For my uncle, or cousin, or brother;

And I knew what each sinecure's worth,  
When I pensioned my sister or mother.

But I fear the Reformers will take  
Without scruple the whole of my gains;

And my heart feels as if it would break,  
Though I've long been concealing my "panes."

Are not Boroughs most excellent things!

Do not all our "great interests" share 'em!

Is not talent hatched under the wings

Of Gatton, and Haddon, and Sarum!

Though it may be as newspapers say,—

One's a wall nearly down to the ground;

And the eggs it is likely to lay,

May be not, like itself, very sound.

Lord Grey must indeed be as mad

As the mob he incites to rebel,

If he knows not that, though it be bad,

The "System" still works very well.

And how shameful to sweep from the nation

Those customs so old and divine;

By a change in the representation,

And a downfall of all that is mine.

But a struggle shall firmly be made,

And "the Church is in danger" we'll swear;—

(Though, I must say, I'm far more afraid

That my Boroughs are doomed to despair.)

'Tis unjust to give up to the crowd,

What we have a right to alone;

And a shame if we are not allowed

To do what we like with our own!

no little indignation, an attempt made by those who called themselves the patrons of the dramatic monopoly.

It would at first sight appear surprising, that this question should ever arise. The very title of our article, a "Dramatic Monopoly," is in itself an absurdity;—the sole right of judging every effort made in dramatic literature—the sole right of appreciating every attempt in the histrionic art, with an almost equal control over the works of our native musical composers, and those of a no less gifted body of painters! If such a power had been created in a time of literary debasement, and political slavery, it surely could never be allowed to continue in an age of regenerate genius and lynx-eyed freedom. But it is so—here, this day, in England. It must then be perpetuated in behalf of some Pericles, whose equal judgment and faultless discrimination render him the only arbiter, fit to decide on the productions and the reward of the highest art? No. On behalf of two trading corporations interested in keeping the reward at the lowest possible rate, and so confident in their patent rights, that they prefer making *objects* of those whom chance, subserviency, family connection, or aristocratic recommendation may offer, to taking the trouble of assisting the progress of ability, or cheering with hope its diffident aspirators. This is not the language of rhetoric, or the mock feeling of interested advocacy. It is the plain unvarnished truth. Let us take the facts as they are on record in every newspaper of the day.

Some prosecutor, whose name we presume he will have no objection that we should forget, at the avowed instigation of the proprietors of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, carries on proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, and, by virtue of a statute, long since repealed by common sense and common usage, obtains a verdict against a manager of the name of Chapman, for performing certain pieces, actually purchased by him of the author, and played by actors whose talents found their market in the salaries he paid them. It was decided virtually to be against law, that any plays should be bought in London, except such as the larger theatres chose to purchase, even should they themselves refuse such productions when offered; and that any actor should presume to use the gifts of nature and education for the benefit of any other establishments, even though the monopolists might think proper to dismiss him.

This was pushing the argument to a sufficient extent of absurdity, but with the usual senselessness of oppression, they forgot that such an argument is a two-edged weapon, and they determined on trying its use a step or two further. They caused notices to be served on all the minor managers, threatening them with a like fate, unless they might prefer the pleasing alternative of closing their doors. Utterly reckless of the fate of twenty-five hundred individuals directly dependent on the establishments they sought to destroy, and of the losses which must fall upon many thousands more, the patent proprietors determined at one blow to secure their monopoly. The public, these proprietors thought, cared little for those engaged at the minor theatres, and would hardly take the trouble to understand the general question. They were mistaken on both points. The public viewed, with kindness and sympathy, the honest exertions of so many hundreds, supporting themselves and those dependent on them by honourable exertion; the public saw with

no little indignation, an attempt made by those who called themselves the patrons of the drama, to destroy the livelihood of so many of its members; and, although it would have been difficult to awaken the attention of any considerable number to the oppression allowed to exist in the monopoly of the regular drama, a prosecution for the performance of a new piece, bought and paid for by the person representing it, was at once tyranny made palpable to the understandings of all. And thus has the whole question been agitated by the very act of the soi-disant patentees themselves, at a time when it is the interest of all monopoly quietly to relax its grasp, and not, by a tighter pressure of the rein, to make itself more palpably, and more hatefully felt. We are now at liberty to consider the English stage open to an entirely new settlement. The dramatic Polignacs have cast down the authority they should never have possessed, and it is the business of those interested in the well-government of the state, to give a new constitution to the Drama.

Let not our legislators imagine that this is a task unworthy of their care, or one which ought to be postponed to a hopeless future. The dramatic literature of England is the noblest monument of its poetical glory. The truth and wisdom contained in this high dealing with the feelings and the destinies of man, are the household texts even of political science. How often does a quotation more vivid than the reality, more apt than the fact itself, serve, not merely to ornament, but to enlighten their debates! Have not all the greatest spirits of the time appealed to Shakspeare and our elder dramatists, as their teachers in the knowledge of humanity? To parliament in this very question is confided the fate of all future competitors for this usefulness and this glory. The splendours of war pass away before the opening eyes of the world as an exciting but a feverish dream. Mankind are beginning to recognise their real benefactors. The legislator who secures their rights, the statesman who watches over their prosperity, are the objects of their wiser gratitude. Nor in this thankfulness is forgotten, the minister of the poetic fire—whether his inspirations be poured out upon the canvas or the marble, his oracles delivered by the tongue of eloquence, or inscribed by the pen to eternity.

The discussion which arose with certain of the minor actors, in a mere defence of their existence, has now entirely altered its form and bearing. They had appealed to the public, and the public replied to the appeal, with this very just proviso, that as they were now parties to the contest, their own interests should have a share in the treaty. Undoubtedly the real interests, the ultimate ones, of all the servants of an art dependent upon public protection, must be identified with those of the patrons. The benefits of fair competition are, in a word, the objects sought by both. Let us regard the question by the light of the past, and the glimpse we may snatch of the future—first, as it relates to the actors; next, as it relates to authors; and the public part of the discussion will almost work itself out incidentally to such a division.

The only four houses legitimately entitled to perform any thing above the rank of burletta in London, Westminster, Southwark, the immensely populous suburbs—in short, within a circle whose diameter is forty-two miles, more thickly inhabited than any such space in the whole civilised world—are the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Haymarket, and English Opera House. By a natural use of the monopoly, the seasons of these houses are so fitted to each other, as to occa-



sion the least possible interference for themselves ; consequently for the public and the artists, the least possible competition. The seasons of the first two are by this contract limited to nine months each, that of the Haymarket to four months, and that of the English Opera House to six ; thus amounting in effect to two houses open for eleven months each in the year, for the exclusive performance of tragedies and comedies, and another open for six months for the performance of opera and melodrama. The actors of the larger houses are those, with very few exceptions, employed at the two smaller ones ; so that hitherto, at least, scarcely more than two companies have been lawfully exercising their art in this vast area—the only part of the British dominions capable of affording an adequate remuneration to the highest attainments in the art.

But, lest this competition should allow too great latitude for the demands of artists, another very natural combination has ever and anon been resorted to ; to limit the salaries at each house by a fixed scale, with a stipulation that the actor refusing the terms offered by one, should not exercise his trade at the other for one whole year after such refusal. This regulation, has, of course, sometimes been enforced and sometimes broken through, as imagined temporary interests of the ephemeral managements have prompted the one course or the other ; but it has been frequently acted upon, and its spirit is a consequence of monopoly far too natural to be long in abeyance.

It is necessary too, that the physical endowments of actors should fit the monstrous arenas in which they are to be exhibited. By virtue (or by vice) of the patents, there is neither beauty, grace, nor expression, in any delicate organization. A whisper must be given in the undertone of a speaking-trumpet. The silent anger of the eye and mouth might be discerned by the first row of the pit, but the galleries would infinitely prefer the dignified demonstration of a knock-down blow. Passion must lose its very class and kind in the exaggeration with which it must be notified and proclaimed. Tenderness must be vociferous, and melancholy uproarious. If any one doubts, let him carefully read any of our stock-plays with a view to the discrimination of their various feelings, and then take a peep at the stage-versions. It is not the fault of the performers, or the audience ; it is the size of the theatres. It would, however, be no dishonest or unfitting occupation for a critic, to take a view of the most popular performances of the English stage, with reference to their intrinsic merits as opposed to these accidents.

We put it to the performers of the greater houses, whether they consider it worthy of their station, in their art, to suffer this question to be exclusively agitated, and probably settled, by those minor actors, into whose hands chance and oppression have at the moment thrown it. Have they no interest in the honest settlement of this matter upon a fair, liberal, and permanent basis ? We are far too deeply impressed with the high merits of many of them, to imagine that any alteration which can tend to the benefit of their profession at large, must not bear them on still in the vanward to reap the advantages, though their own inactivity may deny them the fame. Surely an entire body, esteemed by the nation at large, and cherished by those who appreciate their art, need not fear the unpopular authority of two corporations, whose every act is but a step nearer to their own fall. If by one gracious and

honest effort they choose to free themselves, that freedom cannot be denied them. If it be possible that so just a cause can be lost, their pusillanimity must be at once the cause of defeat, and the excuse of the victors. But let us hope better of them. We need not gratuitously pay them so ill a compliment, as to suppose that they cannot perceive a better reward for their services from twenty unconnected competitors, than from two mock-bidders, who have previously settled among themselves the price at which the auction shall close. We cannot suppose them to be so insensible to the higher objects of their art, as not to prefer its exercise where it may be best discerned and appreciated.

One of the objections which we have heard, and which we consider as the only one in reference to this part of the subject which merits a reply, is the idea that the drama might thus become vulgarized—that the performance of the great tragedies, entrusted to unworthy hands, would have the effect of corrupting the public taste, and leading it from the real criticism of acting, to the love of unnatural farce, and melodramatic high colouring. Let us examine the position. The question is only this; whether an actor shall play a particular character under the free patronage of his audience, or by the fiat of an individual speculator; whether excellence is best understood and appreciated by those whose money rewards its exertions, and who pay in exact proportion to suit their appreciation, or by a manager, whom a thousand interests but those of the art may prompt to use such ability, without much reference to its proper claims. And by which is the public taste the more vulgarized? By the performance of any known character by an incompetent individual, who may be instantly compared with those who have ably sustained the part; or by the absence of ability in writing, as well as acting, by the venting of nonsense which, however badly, may not be inappropriately mouthed? Comparison, free and unlimited, is the only test of excellence; those who reward talent are its only efficient judges; and real ability need no more fear the eclipse of pretension than the lustre of the sun need shrink from the ray of a rushlight. But there is a means of vulgarizing their profession, which some of the defenders of its assumed dignity do not appear to remember. To make the principal attractions of a national theatre consist of the worst kind of melo-drama; to depend for the resources of its treasury for one-third of the season upon an exhibition of wild beasts, in a performance not even possessing the claims of ingenuity, and a clever display of the qualities of the quadruped performers; for another third of the season upon a comic pantomime, and probably for the remainder upon an Easter spectacle—these are indeed effectually to vulgarize the drama. The question is one in which all personality should be scrupulously avoided; but as the illustration is so strikingly before us, let us ask what must have been the impression of a Frenchman on reading the bills of Drury-lane theatre for some months past, and comparing the display of the tragedies of *Macbeth* and *Virginius*, and of the name of a representative of the principal characters now, at all events, unrivalled—with the type of *Hyder Ali*, and the ambitious announcement of M. Martin! Again and again we call upon the actors, as a body, to consider the subject with as much attention and as little prejudice as can be brought to the task. It would surely be ungraceful in them to accept the parts of camp-followers, and share in the booty, though they dreaded the conflict.

Those, however, who are by far the most deeply and permanently concerned, as individuals, in procuring a just settlement of this cause, are the dramatic authors. Indeed, they have much to claim from the equitable consideration of the legislature. A law of acting copyright, over which their own supineness has so long nodded, is absolutely necessary to secure to them the moderate reward of their labours; and it may be urged in reply to any seeming indifference upon the present question, that they have been too inactive even to apply for a protection, which they would probably gain without opposition, and which would have the speedy effect of doubling the incomes of many of their body, without inflicting the slightest injustice upon any one. To be sure, it is impossible to live out of the world and in it at the same time; and those who are accustomed to the dreamy repose of their own thoughts, find it painful to be awakened to the necessities of their interests. When aroused, however, they can be efficient in no common degree, and we do not fear that it will be impossible to excite them now. Let them gain one or two points, and they may safely sleep for the remainder of their lives—and this is holding out no slight boon to these lovers of idleness.

Some illustrious exceptions, however, to the general inactivity, have had the good sense to perceive, and the honest energy to declare, their interests in the debate. If the competition, which is necessary to secure a fair price for talent, be an argument with actors, it is much more so with authors. Their art is one only to be learnt by personal experience of effects—one whose probation cannot, like that of actors, be passed in provincial towns, but which must from the beginning have its growth and encouragement, where only authorship is paid—in the metropolis. If the size of the monopolizing theatres be an objection to the exercise of the art of acting, how much more fatally does it affect that of writing. The necessity of removing the interest from the ear to the eye, must reduce plays from being the vehicles of thought, passion, wit, sentiment, and wisdom, to mere pantomimic pageants. Here is the real secret of the deterioration of the drama; the art itself is changed: it is no longer a combination of metaphysic plot, of character, and language; but must, from the size of the houses where it is represented, become a series of practical jokes, or physical situations. Nor does this baneful influence confine itself to these larger houses. The people once led to believe that they may enjoy the drama through the readier medium of the eye, consider the listening to poetry as a severe employment, instead of a delightful relaxation. Indeed, we have sometimes been tempted to go so far on this point, as to consider the tripartite stage of Shakspeare, and the simple dress of his times, as apter vehicles for the realities of his dramas than the gorgeous scenery and careful costume of the present era; but this, perhaps, is a whim. The certainty is, that audiences do not now go to listen; that authors are, in consequence, released from the necessity of writing what should be listened to, or but little encouraged if they complete this condition; that a play dependent principally on character and dialogue, must be a short play to be tolerated, even though the plot be pleasant, and the execution adequate. We are quoting sentiments, avowed by such of the monopolists as have the power of thinking upon the subject; and let him who doubts, ask the "readers" for the two larger theatres.

And is it possible that the conceptions of authors should suffer no



mutilation from these two beds of Procrustes? Is it possible that they should not either be so framed as to avoid having the head lopped off, to make the body fit in the first instance, or that they should, to be represented, be forced to be seen headless after all? Are no fine ideas cast aside on this account? and are there no others sacrificed, because the outline of the plot offers no character for A, B, or C? or the whole might not be advantageously cast among the performers of either theatre? It is by this that authors are become—the few who, dramatically born, must continue dramatists, in spite of their interests—the slaves of individual caprice. It is by the monopoly that they are obliged to give up originality for conventional idea, that they are obliged to build up a new monster for the representative of an old one.

What would have been the fate of "*The Midsummer Night's Dream*," or "*The Tempest*," if now submitted for the first time to the consideration of a manager of Covent Garden or Drury Lane Theatre? The highest use that would be made of them would be to submit them, properly cut, to Mr. Farley or Mr. Barrymore, as pretty openings for pantomimes. Such is, indeed, all they are fit for in the present state of the houses. In theatres, where every word might be heard without painful attention, the case, to be sure, would be somewhat different. The very unfrequency of such subjects would give them a sufficient share of attraction to remunerate author, actors, and manager. Again, how many more plays would be written, if a popular author, in taking up his pen, considered himself amenable to no criticism but that of his own judgment and the taste of the public. Certain that his production would find its value in an open market, he would commence his task cheerfully, and complete it without misgiving. The mere amount of remuneration for each play might not be quite so great at first, but the gross amount would be tenfold, and each author's share proportionate. Let every writer take into his consideration the time he expends upon the chance of getting a play brought out, in conciliating those who ought to hail him with welcome, in the agitation of reconciling almost impossible interests; let him add this to the time taken in composition, and then say how enormous a portion of his life each play costs him. Let him compare, too, the honour and pleasure of the two occupations—that of cultivating his own imaginations to their perfection in his closet, with awaiting the caprice of others in halls and porters' lodges. With his unfettered strength, exerted in the certainty of an independent reward, would he not write four times the number of plays that he can at present? Would he not work out those finer sketches which he is obliged to lay aside for something more common-place and palpable, and therefore more certain? Would he suffer his energies to be diverted to less worthy pursuits, because by them only he can live? What is the hope of a dramatic author of the first class, as the monopolists would have the arrangement remain? Take up the files of bills of the two great houses for many years, count the number of new pieces, assess the sums yearly paid to authors, mark the number of those forced upon the manager, by aristocratic influence or private connection. If the trade were free, who would dare ask of a manager to ruin himself by the performance of any play he could not conscientiously offer to the public?

We know that it has been said, that plays fit to be acted cannot be

procured. Plays so far fit for spectacle, as to agree with the size of these theatres, and yet fit to be considered high literary efforts, are, to be sure, not easily produced; but, in the main, this cry is cant, mere cant, and those who use it are fully aware that it is so. In a free market, would *Rienzi* and *Foscari* have each lain upon the shelf for more than four years, and the talents of their authoress been cast by neglect into contributing to annuals, and the editing of American stories? How long did *Alfred* remain unrepresented? In the feverish excitement which attends the career of one play towards its representation, is the mind left calm enough to proceed to the creation of others? Are poets proverbially so philosophic?

Look at the past and the present, reason from experience or from common sense, employ certain knowledge or uncertain speculation, and all must agree with us in denouncing the present system as a huge burking-machine of dramatic genius. It is a Juggernaut, senseless itself, before which life falls prostrate, and is extinguished. In the name of civilization, in the name of honesty, in the name of those imprescriptible rights of mind, which Nature and Providence have given—down with it!

Our limits warn us that we must close. The view of the matter, as it concerns the public especially—hints for the practical settlement of the question—some words on the rights of vested wrongs, and other points which claim our attention, may be offered hereafter.

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#### BREVITIES.

PUBLIC men cannot always go direct to their object, as the crow flies. It is but fair to make allowances for the thick medium in which they act, and the courtly windings they are often compelled to follow.

A wise and benevolent man may reasonably wish for children, if able to maintain them; but perhaps he is neither very wise nor very benevolent if he suffers his deprivation to make him unhappy. What is it we admire or find interesting in children? Their beauty, innocence, helplessness, cheerfulness, simplicity; but he is a selfish sot who cannot appreciate those qualities in the offspring of others as well as in his own; and who, having the power, wants the inclination to cherish and attract them to him.

"Former," "latter," and "namely," are three verbal dowdies—the anti-graces of diction, who still, by prescriptive right, are sometimes found in good society.

We feel astonished that torture should ever have been used by rational beings, as the means of getting at truth; but, no doubt, when it was abolished, many admirers of the good old times thought the innovation exceedingly dangerous. In like manner our posterity will scarcely believe that persons were allowed to vote away the public money, as representatives of the people, who literally had no constituents at all, and purchased their seats in Parliament as regularly as their chairs for domestic purposes.

The anger of a generous man is effectually disarmed by a little gentleness on the part of its object—as a bread and milk poultice is sufficient to allay a casual inflammation in a healthy frame.

## THE LAY OF A LOST MINSTREL.

BILL of the Broom in youth had been

A tailor—cutting blade ;

And proved his trade he did not love,

By making love his trade.

His "heart's delight," industriously,

By toil made many a penny,—

Jenny hard worked at spinning, and

Worked hard a spinning-jenny.

All day he'd watch the attic pane,

To see how Jenny got on :

His heart would "cotton" to the maid,

While she, sweet maid, made cotton.

The youth he wrote to tell his flame,

She answer'd, maiden silly ;

He wore her *billet* on his heart—

Her heart was on her Billy.

The course of true love, saith the bard,

Never yet smooth did run—

A rival had begun his suit

Ere Bill his suit begun.

Smart Stephen Strap, with sayings sly,

Jenny would oft divert,

Crying, "Bill's not expert at seams,

He only seems expert."

In wrath the tailor learnt the end

Of such a fair beginning,

He sent her spinning-jenny first,

And then his Jenny, spinning.

The faithless one with Stephen wed ;

Cried Bill, half-broken hearted—

"She'll think, of course, that I am dead,

When told that I'm departed."

So quick enlisting (no one now

His valorous heart impeaches),

He breeches-making still pursued,

Simply by making breaches.

But wars must end ; so Bill returned,

And stood, with humbled mien,

(Being cleaned out with crossings foul,)

To keep the crossings clean.

Yet still he on his rival smiled,

Whom clouds now hung above ;

For Jenny shewed the love of power,

More than the power of love.

But tailors die as well as men ;

For death grants little leisure,—

Nor e'er was known to disappoint,

If once he takes his measure ;

And fits his customer so tight,

No room he leaves for dodging ;

Though if he calls him from his board,

At least he finds him lodging.

Bill's fall, which happened on his stand,

By every one was wept,

To think that he who swept the way,

At last away was swept!



back, displaying her beauties to the gaze of the vulgar?—of course, the deed was not done in the

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

**SAVINGS IN ST. SAVIOUR'S.**—Parish economy is often as bad as parish extravagance. The London Bridge Committee, and the parish-dignitaries of St. Saviour's, have been laying their apologies for heads together, in order to bring about the demolition of a beautiful portion of one of the most beautiful and antique pieces of architecture in existence—the Church of St. Mary Overy, Southwark; the resting-place of Gower, the father of English poetry, of Philip Massinger, and of other rare and revered benefactors to our literature. It seems that the Spiritual Court, or the building called Our Lady's Chapel—certainly one of the most remarkable of the many architectural beauties of the edifice—is a little in the way; according to the elevated notions of the Nashes of Tooley-street; and as uniformity, in the opinion of such persons, takes place of every other architectural consideration on earth, of course our Lady's Chapel must give way, that decorations, in the form of new wine-vaults and a lamp-post, may figure among the ornaments and utilities of the Surrey side of the bridge. Mr. Weston, "the banker," was by far the loudest and most enlightened supporter of the pulling-down principle; telling the parishioners, in the true spirit of a borough-banker, that "they should not allow any nonsense of national pride to deter them from merging all objects in their own advantage." Architecture and antiquity are fine things, but, as Mr. Weston says, we must look "to the present times, and to ourselves." The demolition of this magnificent appendage to the church would be a pecuniary saving to the parish; he had made the "calculation" with considerable nicety, and found that the "householders would be gainers" by its destruction. That is, Mr. Weston, as the occupier of a spacious dwelling, would save six shillings upon his next church-rate; and the other inhabitants of the parish would average an advantage of eleven-pence each. We recommend Mr. Weston to propose, at the next meeting, the pulling down of the church altogether; it would realize a sum sufficient to enable the whole parish to live tax-free for a twelvemonth. We ourselves would give something for a nail from Massinger's coffin.— Luckily, however, there were some spirited and sensible people at that and other meetings, and discussion is to precede the demolition.

**"PECULIARITIES" OF THE PRESS.**—We never could find out what those people are made of, who lay down a newspaper and say "there's nothing in it." We pity the news-lover who travels from the *Advertiser* to the *Albion* (farther he cannot go), and cries "'tis all barren." To us every column is a casket of gems. The most shocking accident, or the most horrible offence, will often provoke very ludicrous associations, simply by the manner in which it is set forth. The stereotyped phraseology of the press is to us a standing joke—a perpetual and never-to-be-exhausted spring of "rational entertainment." Is there an unusual shower of rain in any village within five hundred miles of London?—of course, its like was not known "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Does it happen to take place in town instead of the country?—of course, "the metropolis was visited by one of the most awful," &c. Is there a chimney on fire?—of course, the "devouring element" blazes through a long paragraph. Is a straw-bonnet-maker's apprentice robbed of her reticule, or exposed to the indignity of having her veil gently thrown

back, displaying her beauties to the gaze of the vulgar?—of course, the deed was perpetrated either by a “wretch,” or a “monster in the human form.” Is somebody *acquitted* by the Lord Mayor upon a charge of swindling?—of course, he is a “person of very interesting appearance.” Is somebody *convicted* upon a similar charge?—of course, he is a “suspicious-looking character.” Does a gentleman fail to recover, at the hands of a magistrate, a wife who has run away from him fifteen times?—of course, his feelings “may be more easily conceived than described.” Do five fools, aged fifty-one years each, happen to meet together at any time on this side of the antipodes?—of course, it is discovered that “their united ages amount to two hundred and fifty-five years.” Are people married now-a-days?—no, they are always “led to the hymeneal altar.” Are they hanged?—by no means; they are “launched into eternity.” Do rich landowners give their famished tenantry a dinner at Christmas?—it is hailed as a noble specimen of “genuine English hospitality;” and in this spirit the following must of course be regarded:—

“*Good Cheer*.—Yesterday being Twelfth Day, the whole of the prisoners in the Borough Compter were regaled at the expense of John Holmes, Esq., the high bailiff, with roast beef and plum-pudding, plentifully served to them, with a comfortable sufficiency of *good old English porter*, for which the objects of the bounty shewed a becoming gratitude by their peaceable and orderly demeanour; concluding the repast by wishing happiness and long life to their *generous benefactor*, not forgetting their *humane keeper*, Mr. Law.”

Now we can find no fault with this good cheer; on the contrary, we wish every prison in the kingdom had a high bailiff like Mr. Holmes; but still we are a little anxious to know what “good old English porter” is, and where it is to be obtained. Or is it to be had only by becoming an inmate of the Borough Compter? The “humane keeper” forms a peculiarly novel termination to the paragraph—though the phrase “not forgetting” is certainly somewhat equivocal.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER “ABROAD.”—Abroad in this instance means America, where steam and the school-master have lately been walking hand in hand; and the result is, the invention of one of the most wonderful machines that ever obtained a patent—or indeed that ever puzzled and petrified mankind since the days of Archimedes. A mechanic in America, we are told (but, by the by, we are not told whereabouts), “has invented a machine for *seminaries*, which by means of steam, not only warms the room, but flogs the boys on a *graduated scale*, according to their offences.” We earnestly trust that the patentee may be prevailed upon to send a model of his invaluable machine to that joint-stock company of grandmothers, the Society of Arts; and we hereby throw open our pages to him, in the hope that he may be charitably induced to describe the extraordinary invention. No preparatory seminary, establishment for young scoundrels, or boarding-school for young block-heads, should be three months longer without it, if our morals are to keep pace with our mental progression. Eton and Westminster would be under eternal obligations to the inventor; for it has been for a century past perfectly clear, that mere manual labour is utterly inadequate to the infliction of the proper amount of flagellation, required by the young aristocrats and juvenile boroughmongers at those celebrated public seminaries. Such a machine must be a rare godsend to Dr. Keate,

or his deputy, as well for its heating as its beating capabilities—making the ushers red-hot, if need be, and correcting the refractory branches of the rising generation without the least trouble to the present inflictors. As the boys are now subjected to the additional penalty of purchasing their own rods, they must under the new system become responsible to the coal-merchant of the college, in proportion to the extent of their punishment. The “graduated scale” in this new steam-flogging apparatus, we confess provokes a little scepticism; and we should really like to know the various quantities of hot-water required for the correction of those school-boy-enormities, which we ourselves once practised with so much pleasure and so little impunity. If one quart would award punishment for the crime of “fagging” a junior boy to death, or kicking him eleven times round a room two hundred and fifty feet long, how much would be required for him who should omit to cap to the head usher, or whose parents had forgotten to send the periodical basket of game? It would need a nice calculation to deal with the minor offences of way-laying servant-maids, driving cattle far a-field, setting dogs at lame itinerants, and breaking the windows of democratic pastry-cooks that have the impertinence to ask for their money.

Would it be possible to render such a machine of any practical use in that political Eton College, the House of Lords? If by means of steam, flagellation could be bestowed in proportion to the folly exhibited, Lord Londonderry would, in one single month, find his coal-mines in some danger of exhaustion.

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**BLACK AND WHITE.**—One of the greatest evils that can happen to humanity is to be “put into black and white” against one’s will. You happen to make confession of some infirmity—or to be critical upon a friend, in the strictest confidence—and the account is served up to you in print the next morning with your coffee. Happily, the days of Swift and Pope are past: we are no longer in danger of standing in a poetical pillory, or of creeping to immortality in a couplet. Epigram has had its elegy. But prose is at work: paragraphs are let loose upon us with the fangs of panthers, and jokes go off at us at every corner, like spring-guns. There is no getting at the news, without seeing that Hook or Rogers has said something smart at our expense. And the best of these jokes is, that nobody inserts them: they drop from the stars, and the very printer cannot guess how. We are held down, like Gulliver, by a thousand little cords, and are assured that it is merely a gossamer’s web. To figure in paragraphs in this way, is to get into “black and white,” as effectually as the heroine of a comic engraving that we have seen, who is placed between a chimney-sweep and a miller. You come in collision with scandal, in the first place, and are, of course, darkened all over; when, in order to shew that black is not “so black,” but that white is “very white” indeed, up comes some good-natured friend of an opposite colour, and covers you with his floury defence. Your situation is then supremely enviable.

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**ANTI-MUSTACHIO DECREE.**—When sentence of shaving was passed the other day upon the mustachios of our military exquisites, a panic ensued quite equal to any demonstration of horror that could be expected, if Mr. Hume were to succeed some night in stopping the army-estimates, and in abolishing half-pay altogether. But, of course, these ringleted



Cæsars and whiskered Alexanders best know what is the most valuable article about their heads, and have a right to take care of it. At all events the regulation and its results are not confined to England;—in the chamber at Cassel, we are informed, “a deputy denounced as unconstitutional, an order issued by the regent, forbidding the civil officers to wear mustachios. He said, the sultan himself had no right to touch the beards of his subjects; and that if to-day mustachios were disposed of, to-morrow every Hessian may be ordered to have his head shaved.” Now this looks sadly like a piece of satire upon the parliamentary protestations and prophecies of our anti-reformers at home. They have said the same thing over and over again: “the king himself,” say they, “has no right to touch the boroughs of his subjects; and if to-day Old Sarum is disposed of, to-morrow every anti-reformer may be ordered to have his head shaved.” Nothing can be more likely. We admit the conclusiveness of the reasoning, and are happy to think that the poor cutlers of Birmingham are likely to be so extensively employed; though, to be sure, the number of the foolish daily grows fewer, and the demand for razors and strait-waistcoats may not after all be very excessive. At Cassel, the chamber passed after a short discussion to the order of the day;—ours is still likely to be a long discussion, and “order” will not come till it is over.

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**FIRE-PROOF DRESSES.**—Among the many, or rather the innumerable triumphs of science that happen hourly, may be mentioned the invention of a new and very satisfactory fire-proof great coat, or other outward garment, formed of course of some exceedingly incombustible materials, and capable of being shifted with surprising convenience. We imagine it to be a sort of cloak or mantle, made of real Thames water—but at all events it is something quite as effective in shutting out the effects of fire, as the dress of Chabert himself. By the way, as the fire-king was said to have died lately, it is possible that his wardrobe fell into the hand of somebody who intends to assume to himself the merit of the invention. No matter; the dress is proposed for general adoption in all cases of fire, and tailors, duly instructed, are already at work in various directions. Now we must admit that this invention or discovery, in an age of incendiarism like this, is peculiarly well-timed; but we must also acknowledge that it is calculated to give some colour to the rumour circulated in anti-reform circles, that, as soon as the lords shall have thrown out the bill a second time, it is the intention of the reformers to burn London *à la* Bristol, cutting off the communication between Surrey and Middlesex by setting fire to the bridges. It was their intention at first to apply their torches to the Thames itself, but this they are determined to leave for the anti-reformers to do. Sir Charles Wetherell, who is known to be very particular about his costume, and also very tenacious of burning his fingers, has already given orders to Stultz for one of the new dresses—observing facetiously, that if it could be made *smoke-proof*, he should prefer it.

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**JACK MITFORD.**—We have had the loves of the flowers,—we shall shortly be edified by the “lives of the caterpillars;” for the newspapers of the past month, have, with scarcely an exception, treated the world with a biography of the worthy whose name commences this paragraph. Jack Mitford was the prime manufacturer of sixpenny infamy, in the

shape of lying lives of actresses, &c., and, consequently, his memory deserves to be embalmed in the columns of the best public instructors. He was the Jack Ketch to the Court of Scandal, and would execute any one for less than hangman's fees. He was one of those filthy satyrs, who drag on a life of dirt and drunkenness, by poisoning the minds of the young, and pandering to the impotence of the old. It was therefore fitting that his departure from this world should be reported with due emphasis by our daily and weekly contemporaries, who, in the plenitude of their charity sank the iniquity of their hero, and touched with graceful regret upon his incidental weaknesses. However, it cannot be disguised, that the booksellers will have a heavy loss in Jack. He was the Sir Walter Scott of a crim. con. case,—and for the illustrating a seduction,—the colours of Charles Phillips were dull and leaden compared to the rainbow tints of this literary *Bishop*. He *burked* a reputation with the readiest dispatch, and on the most moderate terms: one glass per character was his usual price; and any advance on this, his general fee, would purchase the worldly perdition of a whole family. Jack's appearance was in unison with his *no* character: the shell was worthy of the pearl. He looked the offspring of crime and misery. We never saw a human creature bearing more indelible marks of the filthiness of his craft. He looked as though, a moral ogre, he lived upon murdered reputations. The dirty means by which he gained his "daily gin," seemed to corrode even his outward man: active depravity had anticipated the marks of age, and stamped him prematurely old. Of his acquirements, one of his biographers speaks as follows:—

"Jack Mitford's acquirements were very varied. His name is, unfortunately, too much associated with a class of works in our *literature* (!), which, to name, would sully the purity of our pages. But, alas, Jack Mitford was but *little to blame* for this prostitution of his pen! Those filthy miscreants who live by pandering upon the worst of vices, and excite in action those feelings which, if suffered to mature, would undermine the very fabric of society, found in the needy resources of this unfortunate man, and his taste for gin, an engine suited to their purposes. Under the influence of this liquor, they bought him over to their interests, and while insensible of its fumes, he used his pen for purposes which his saner moments viewed with horror and indignation!"

A piece of rascality, committed in the "saner moments" of Jack Mitford, has come to our knowledge, which in few words we will relate. Mitford waited upon a gentleman engaged in the conduct of a journal, with a written report of the proceedings of a libel case, tried that day in the Court of King's Bench. The copy was accepted, and the case, in which Mitford flourished as a witness, and most vehemently belaboured Adolphus, appeared in the paper. It was scarcely published, ere a notice of action, by the alleged plaintiff, in Mitford's report, was served upon the proprietor of the journal. Then—and unhappily not till then—the whole affair was discovered. The report was one of "Jack's" ingenious lies, committed in his "saner moments,"—and the plaintiff, a gallant officer, who really had a suit pending, stipulated to receive upwards of ninety pounds from the duped journalist, as a consideration to forego all further proceedings. Of course "sane" Jack Mitford shared in the spoil, though we doubt whether he viewed it with "horror and indignation."

Jack, it is said, wrote the poem of *Johnny Newcome in the Navy*. His biographer says:—

"Mitford was then a beggar, and Johnston the bookseller, who published it [the poem], was afraid to trust him with money, knowing that when he had cash in hand, he would not work. Each morning he received a shilling, and a certain quantity of paper, which he engaged to fill with rhymes and deliver by night. His method was to put some gin in a blacking-bottle, and twopenny-worth of bread and cheese, with an onion and some salt! Thus provisioned he repaired to Bayswater fields, where he sat and wrote. It was a dry summer, and he seldom had to encounter rain. In a gravel-pit, near the water-works, he made a bed of grass and nettles: the nettles that grew on each side he twisted over so as to form a canopy, and here he lay for forty-three nights—the poem being finished in that number of days. Before day-light [it was a "dry summer"—Jack must have been an early riser] he would rise and wash his rag of a shirt in a stagnant pool, which he put on wet, and yet never caught cold, nor did he ever enjoy better health than when confined to his nettle-bed and a shilling per day."

The biographer descants on the luxury of "an onion," a couch in the fields, and the ablution afforded by a "stagnant pool," with the *gusto* of an experienced sensualist. However, we can believe, if we except one particular, the whole account as applied to Jack Mitford. We do not, or we should be heretics indeed, dispute the blacking-bottle and gin—we can away with the onion, and grass bed; nay, we will strive to believe the nettles—(how real poetry is often associated with matters of fact! a satirist making to himself a bed and curtains of nettles!)—but we cannot, though we stretch our belief to the wonders of a Waterton or a Munchausen—no, we cannot yield credence to the "rag" washed in the "stagnant pool." The clean shirt we turn from as apocryphal.

It is said that a statue of Jack Mitford is about to be erected at the corner of Holywell-street, a place peculiarly benefited by the labours, not only of his drunken months, but of his "saner moments." If it be asked why we devote this space to the exhibition of this literary *Abhorson*, our reply is, that the exposure of such creatures goes far to neutralize their venom. Unhappily, in these days, miscreants of the Jack Mitford *genus* are not uncommon; and though they may elaborate their poison over champagne instead of gin, they are alike worthy of the cold contempt of those whose reputations they would vilify.

THE GREENWICH RAIL-ROAD.—The world seems never at a loss for projects. One rail-way makes many, and the frog Greenwich is puffing itself into the ox Manchester. A company has been formed, with a capital of the usual number of hundreds of thousands, or millions, for the purpose of establishing a rail-road communication between the metropolis and Greenwich. We like new projects, if for no other reason than to shew a spirit of resistance to those who hate innovations of all kinds; but we confess that we are romantic enough to like them the better when they happen to be based upon some object of utility. But we are as yet at a loss to discern the peculiar desirableness of this new rail-road from the Green-park to Greenwich-park, and from Greenwich-hospital to Guy's-hospital. Such a communication would no doubt tend greatly to facilitate the progress of the flies, caravans, and stages, on Easter and Whit-mondays; and the tumbles down One-tree-hill might be rendered much more regular by means of a rail-way; but we can see little other good that it is likely to effect—unless indeed it should tend to the comfort and convenience of the old pensioners, in their occasional peregrinations to town. They might pay their visits to their shipmates



in Wapping, and be dispatched back to their quarters with the velocity of a cannon-ball. Something might be thus saved to the country in the article of wooden-legs; but still we are a little sceptical as to the advantages that are to result from the Greenwich Rail-road Association.

**THE ADVANTAGES OF GOING TO JAIL.**—Mr. E. G. Wakefield's recent pamphlets, "Swing Unmasked," and "Facts connected with the punishment of Death," are just now going the triumphant round of the newspapers. The Times quotes, the Sun praises, the Spectator adopts; while all three agree in opinion that they contain much shrewd observation, much sound, practical morality, much valuable, and even novel, information. Assuredly these are signs of the times when a gentleman goes to Newgate to complete his education! Had Mr. Wakefield never honoured that classic region with a three years' residence, instead of being the man he now is, "a thing of mark and likelihood," he would merely have been one of the multitude, a cypher in society as in literature. But going to jail has been the making of him! It has not only enlarged the sphere of his observation, but, strange to tell, even improved the quality of his ethics. He enters Newgate a thoughtless, reckless *roué*; he comes out of it a sage, a moralist, a philosopher! As Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress washed off all his earthly stains in the chilly waters of Death, so Mr. Wakefield regenerates his intellectual Adam in the purifying atmosphere of Newgate. In fact, he perfects his education, and takes his degree there, precisely like a student after a three years' residence at the University. Since therefore this incarceration has redeemed our clever pamphleteer, by expanding his judgment and maturing his powers, who knows whether it may not be made to produce the same blessed effect on others? At any rate the experiment is worth trying. This is the age of theory, when all systems, all opinions, whether fantastic or otherwise, are sure to meet with encouragement. With due submission, therefore, we propose that all our embryo politicians be henceforth sent, one after the other, to jail; some for two, some for three, some for five years, according to the urgency of the case, and the extent of their acquirements, in order that they may be thereby qualified, like Mr. Wakefield, to enter on the great business of public life, in a shrewd and practical spirit.

**A PROPOSITION FAIRLY CANVASSED:—IS THE WORLD GOOD OR BAD UPON THE WHOLE?**—In those instructive volumes recently published by Colburn, entitled "Jefferson's Memoirs," the great American philosopher, writing to his friend Lafayette, is made to say "the world is good upon the whole; were I to live my days over again, I would do so most readily." This is undoubtedly high, but it is far from being decisive or even weighty authority. And why so? Because from first to last, from the alpha to the omega of his career, Jefferson's life was one long, uninterrupted triumph. The stream of his good fortune knew neither flux nor reflux, but flowed on from youth to age in a broad, calm, and un-wrinkled channel. He never knew disappointment except by name; nor adversity except as he witnessed its effects on others. At twenty he was a rising man in America; at twenty-five he was her prodigy; at thirty he drew up the Declaration, and witnessed the achievement of her Independence; at forty he was her Secretary of State; at sixty her President; and up to the period of his dissolution her most venerated

patriot, statesman, and philosopher. During all this time he enjoyed unabated health and consequently felicity, for—so intimate is the connection between health and happiness—there can be no true pleasure, and not much social feeling, where the gastric juice is disordered. To such a man the world was of course “good upon the whole;” but his was an extreme case; and it is by general, not particular examples, by the authority of the aggregate, not of the individual, that matters of fact must be decided. Ask the majority of our Spitalfields, Manchester, Macclesfield, and Congleton mechanics; of our labourers, West India proprietors and ship-owners; of our lawyers, clergymen, authors, actors, half-pay subalterns, and tenpence-a-day soldiers;—ask each, or all of these, what they think of the world, or even put the question to the vote throughout the kingdom; and let us be guided by them, not Jefferson, in our opinion of its worth. For our own parts, so far from thinking the “world good upon the whole,” daily experience convinces us more and more that it is a sorry business at the best, and that Burns and Chesterfield spoke but the strict truth, when the one declared that man was made, not to rejoice, but to mourn; and the other expressed satisfaction that his bustling and varied life was at length drawing to a close. The question is one to be decided, not by two or three major authorities, but by a thousand minor practical ones.

**THEATRICALS IN HIGH LIFE.**—The Duke of Bedford and the Marquis of Londonderry, however little they may agree in the House of Lords, have exhibited something like a reciprocity of taste out of it—in running a race of private theatricals against each other. The Duke, however, has not appeared himself; but at Wynyard Park, the Marquis has superintended the production of the *Wreck Ashore*—in which Lady Londonderry, as *Alice*, entirely eclipsed Mrs. Yates; while his lordship—but hear his critic:

“The melancholy incidents of the piece were frequently enlivened by the Marquis of Londonderry, and his *talented* son, Viscount Seaham; the former of whom, in the character of *Marmaduke Magog*, the parish-constable and beadle, and the latter in “the cute country lad,” *Jemmy Starling*, kept the audience in roars of laughter, whenever they appeared on the boards. The Marquis possesses a *rich vein of comic humour*, which he kept in full play throughout the whole of his performance. His lordship reminded us of a popular actor, named *Rock*, who figured on the Durham boards, some twenty years ago, and to whom, in our opinion, he bears a very striking resemblance as a comedian. Of Lord Seaham, who is not eleven years of age, we cannot speak in terms *sufficiently intelligible*, to convey to our readers an idea of the gratification we derived from his performance. To say we were *delighted and astonished*, is to say *too little*; and we shall, therefore, content ourselves, by simply expressing a hope, that the *splendid talents* of the heir of Wynyard, developed thus early, may hereafter be employed in the *service*, and to the *advantage* of his country.”

It is rumoured that John Reeve intends to start for America; for it is evident that he has no chance against a Marquis, who happens to be so perfect a genius in the parish-beadle business. The reference to *Rock* puzzles us. Does the critic mean Captain Rock? Mr. Buckstone, also, when he wrote and acted the part of *Jemmy Starling*, little thought that he was so soon to be extinguished by so wonderful a little viscount as Lord Seaham. How his lordship's capacity, however, for playing *Jemmy Starling* is to tend, as the critic hints, “to the service and advantage of his country,” we cannot surmise—except as it may tend to keep

him, for a few hours now and then, out of the House of Lords. That may be something.

**BURNS AND HIS DINNERLESS DEVOTEES.**—We had hoped that the meeting at the Freemason's, in celebration of the birth-day of Burns, and of the coming of the Ettrick Shepherd, would have been marked by a sense of hospitality as well as by an appreciation of literature. But the result proves it to have been quite innocent of both. There was no dinner, and no devotion. It was a Scotch, scrambling, seat-seeking, speech-making, stupid, stewardless scene of starvation. Nobody gained anything by it but an appetite—price, one pound five. The health of the Duke of Wellington was drunk—as if the company were determined to consider him a Scotchman; and the "Warriors of England" were proposed, as if Burns had been the Colonel of the Scotch Greys. Hogg, Lockart, and Allan Cunningham were the only persons of literary note present; and they may say with Falstaff—"an we are not ashamed of our company, we are soused gurnets."

**MAGISTERIAL MUMMERIES.**—The retirement of Mr. Const the other day was an affair of infinite jest; but we are little disposed to be merry at the expense of such very grave persons as magistrates. Mr. Const is, no doubt, a very amiable man; but really he should have yielded to the pressing solicitations of his brother magistrates, to remain a "little while longer"—one month, one "little month." This was all they asked, and he was stoic enough to deny. The whole bench, according to the papers, were "deeply affected, and immediately retired to dinner."

The Irish magistrates are just as unwilling to serve as Mr. Const—but for very different reasons. "Most of the magistrates there," we are told, "have ceased their functions rather than pay £8. for a new licence." Surely £8. for the pleasures of tyranny for a whole twelvemonth, cannot be considered an unreasonable charge. There are people in England who would pay £800. for the privilege.

**MARVELS OF LITERATURE.**—We have the pleasure of announcing to the literary an exclusive piece of information. It involves such consequences to the whole human race, that we hardly know how to give it a sufficiently distinguished situation in our pages. Perhaps some may suppose that we are about to substantiate the current rumour, that the Queen, assisted by the leading literary and political ladies of her court, is about to write a fashionable novel; or that Lord Brougham is actively engaged in preparing for the press a revised edition of Dr. Watts's Hymns and Spiritual Songs—not at all; the fact is, that "The Bard of Heaven!"—as some have been pleased to designate one Mister Robert Montgomery,—the same gentleman who, by a little effort our readers may perhaps recal to mind, made some few juvenile attempts at poetizing a short time ago,—his imagination and intellect having made rapid strides since that period, is about to bewilder and utterly confound this infidel world, by bringing to light a poem to be called the "Messiah!" In this great undertaking we hear he has been assisted by the Rev. Mr. Irving and Mr. Spencer Perceval; the subject of the unknown tongues to be treated of by the Rev. Gentleman, and of that the fasting of forty days by Mr. Perceval.

Fourteen editions are already bespoke by private friends, although



at present the affair is quite a secret. We are promised an early copy for notice in our next number.

**DRAMA, TO ORDER.**—A copy of Mr. Jerrold's *Bride of Ludgate*, has been forwarded to us; we have, in another place, given our opinion of its merits: our present observations relate to the remarks prefixed to the drama, in which the system, which has rendered our large theatres contemptible, is aptly touched upon.

"The fate of the dramatist is peculiarly hard. If he succeed in penetrating the almost impenetrable phalanx of 'puny green-room wits and venal bards who, for a playhouse freedom, sell their own,' that environ the 'great lessee'—nay, if the word 'accepted' greet his ear, let him not vainly imagine that his difficulties are at an end. There is a back-stairs influence,—a power behind the throne, to be counteracted and overcome. Time was, when every showman was master of his own puppets; but now,—as the 'médecin malgré lui' said of the heart being once on the left side, and the liver on the right,—the college (the march of intellect!) have ordered it otherwise. Every puppet is his own manager! The playwright must propitiate, flatter, and succumb to—actors! To transmit a drama direct to head-quarters is an unpardonable breach of theatrical etiquette; Mr. Jenkins must first glance his eye over it, to see if every character be made subordinate to his monopolizing ascendancy. If the parts run tolerably equable and dull, and the interest centre solely in himself,—if he stand no possible chance of being defrauded of a single clap from some fugitive Joe Miller, surreptitiously put into the mouth of a lesser or greater droll, he issues his veto that the name of Mr. Jenkins may be advertised in the bills! But, if the inexperienced author, calculating on the company's capabilities, kindly bounteous, care for all, forthwith he seizes his critical tomahawk, lops off the redundances, and what he appropriates not to his particular use, like a loathsome weed, indignantly casts away. This mutilation of his scenes the playwright must submit to, if he would enlist the mirth-moving shrugs and grimaces of Mr. Jenkins.

This picture is as disheartening as it is true. However, let us hope that dramatic free-trade will ultimately remedy these abuses. We know not how far the statement may apply to particular actors—we relate only what we have heard—which is this; that when Farren read the above extract he asked his brother—the pundit of the Assurance Office—"Whether an action would not lie" against the publisher of the libel. We are not yet enabled to give the fraternal answer.

**REMARKABLE CONFESSION.**—Mr. Hood imagines Eugene Aram to relieve his burthened conscience, by telling the tale of his crime to one of his pupils, as a dream. As if to exemplify the truth of this conception, a weekly contemporary, not in any other respect like Eugene Aram, has in like manner made confession of himself by advertisement, in guise of the reprobation of others. The unhappy man says—

"The noise of impudence and quackery is so loud in the press, that a calm elevation of voice only once a year, may be excused in those who are never egotistic, or combative at any other time." New Year's Address of the Literary Gazette.

Thus he feels conscious, that he is not one of these privileged to speak, as the grotto boys beg, "only once a year," and he is compelled to this expedient to obtain a hearing of his confession.

Pretending to speak of the press, but really describing the Literary Gazette, he observes—

"It twines itself into so many folds—proceeds upon so many hidden

motives—proclaims its false pretences so boldly, that it is indeed difficult to distinguish through its medium the right from the wrong, the true from the false. None can more regret than we do, to see the noblest engine which man can employ so exceedingly debased [here is remorse]—to see that which ought to spread knowledge and virtue and benevolence over the world, made the organ of slander and depravity and malignity [too strong, the Lit. Gaz. is not so much to blame]. Were the individual oracles whence these pernicious principles are diffused, held up to the scorn and infamy they richly merit; *were they but dragged from their darkness, and rendered visible in their own naked insignificance and worthlessness; we can fancy how astonished the public would be at its folly in having listened to such guides.* This is wise [*γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν*]. Persons for whom the English tongue has but one impressive term, blackguards; boys pert from school; men never met in society, and without the responsibility of reputation; ignorant and envious libellers; the justly disappointed; the scurrilous and the self-interested, take too prominent a part in our periodical literature, and to those who are in the secret of their existence furnish an abundant wonder that they should produce the slightest effect upon the mind of the country."

The same remark has often occurred to us when we have happened to glance over the slip-slop columns of our repentant contemporary, but politeness forbade the utterance of it, till his very full confession gave us the permission. The penitent must be greatly eased by this delivery of his breast, which, after all, was unnecessary, for every body knew the facts, except indeed the other dunces. It is easy to imagine how heavily burthened his mind must have been when we consider, among a multitude of minor offences of puffery, that he blew the trumpet for the King Death of Quacks, Augustus St. John Long. The ghosts of the patients have doubtless haunted the editor's couch.

He continues to say, with great propriety, "We confess that our wish is strong, for an improvement not only in ourselves, but in our contemporaries."

Certainly a little education and instruction in good manners would be serviceable to many of the public instructors, and especially to those whom the penitent *does* meet in society. Where is the fable of the bug, who boasted of his bed-fellows? Whenever we hear a creature talk of his society, and whom he meets, we set him down for a bug. A gentleman would no more think of turning his associations to pride than of bragging of wearing clean linen; but a fungus is properly in perpetual admiration of his own place in the world.

The contrite man, under a strange delusion, says, "*Be it ours still to cherish the literature of England, and make known its merits to every quarter of the globe; never be it ours to hurt one good feeling by the miserable ambition of being smart and clever.*" Of smartness and cleverness no one can accuse him; but what in the name of wonder has put into his head that he cherishes the literature of England! The literature of England is not dry-nursed, not brought up by spoon. We will tell him what he does. The publishers send him suds, and he blows bladders with it, or, to drop metaphor, he "*cherishes*" advertisements, and propagates puffs.

motives—proclaims its false pretences so boldly, that it is indeed difficult to distinguish through its medium the wrong from the true from the false. None can resist them but we do not see the noblest engine which man

**THE DRAMA.**  
**MINCE-PIES** and turkeys, twelfth-cake and pantomimes, which were meant, no doubt, to connect in friendship the old with the new year, like most things of venerable date, seem to be now at a most awful discount. Verily, ours is the age of innovation; and even the Christmas festivities appear to suffer from the prevailing rage—not that we mean to insinuate that the taste for mince-pies and turkeys is on the decline. Heaven forbid! that would indeed be a bitter reflection on the glories of John Bull—but we maintain that the merit of those *friandises* as symbols of certain festivals and enjoyment is fast going to decay. The genius of pantomime is dead! Farley—Farley himself, we are afraid, has shone to the awe-stricken eyes of nursery-maids and children, in the last effulgence of his magic—and when *he* is gone, alas!—But the subject is too pregnant with melancholy speculations; for the present, we are happy to announce that Farley is in a sound state of health—long may he live to *pantomimize* at Covent Garden theatre. This is as much as we can say about the pantomimes *this year*!

Take some ridiculous dresses, *supposed* to be the old Spanish costume—get some faded scenery—collect from plays, most venerable for their antiquity, those incidents “stale, flat, and unprofitable,” which have been stage-property these hundred years—provide yourself with a ladder of ropes, lanthorn, disguises, &c. &c.—write a competent quantity of bad prose, and worse verse—give a bad part to Farren, and two or three bad songs to others, and the whole will produce a musical drama. We are extremely partial to the musical drama, and we must pronounce “My own Lover” one of the very best specimens of *its kind*! It possesses one extraordinary merit, that if the gods and fate permit its ever-so-frequent re-appearance, you witness the last representation with the same pleasure as the first. During the performance you laugh or yawn, cry *bravo* or *pish*! *pooh* or *pshaw*! and then when the whole is over, you are as much at a loss as ever to know what it is about! We have heard that an opera must be seen half a dozen times before one can form a just estimate of its merits—perhaps the same rule holds good with regard to a musical drama. *When* we have seen it six times (!) we may speak with a more corrected judgment—*until* then, we do consider it neither just nor prudent to say more.

There was once an astrologer that was *no* astrologer; he has a long beard and a wand; people flock to his study to consult him. Among others there is a count, called St. Megrin; he is in love with a married lady, and that lady was the Duchess of Guise. She reclines on a sofa—dreams—awakes. The lovers meet *fort apropos*. They say something of the tender passion. There is a little stamping of feet behind the scenes, Holloa! he comes! The astrologer, who is *no* astrologer, here smuggles the Duchess away. Enter the Duke in a rage. The Count likewise gets into a fury—but no murder. Exit Count; and the Duke picks up a cambric handkerchief. Flame and furies! 'tis the very identical handkerchief which the Duchess had bought two or three days before at Howell and James's, or some such emporium. The Duke very naturally falls into a fit of jealousy. He had read Shakspeare's Othello, and



knew that handkerchiefs are proverbial for conjugal infidelity. He looks again at the cambric proof; and that the audience might not think him rash and hasty, he shews them the mark, X. Y. Z. He says, in a concentrated voice, "Very well, my lady! I'll do your business!" and off he goes.

*Act the 2d.* Noblemen are seen idling (a thing common enough, to be sure). Count St. Megrin is in a deep reverie. The Duke of Guise declines fighting the Count, because he is only a count. Herewith the amiable King, to obviate the difficulty, creates St. Megrin a Marquess and a Duke at once; but now see the strange perversion of human nature—they are as far from fighting as ever. Is this fair? we candidly ask, supposing a Mr. Smith, or a Sir John, is made a peer, that he may vote in favour of *Reform*, will not this Mr. Smith, or Sir John, get a title under *false pretences*, if he does not stand by the original agreement! But let that pass. The Duchess is melancholy, and talks with a pretty page. The Duke comes, and desires her to write a letter—she obeys—when, lo! it is an assignation for the Count. She suspects foul play, and declines. "You won't, hey?" quoth the Duke, with a malignant sneer. He puts on his gauntlet, and then squeezes the Duchess's delicate wrist so tightly, that it makes her cry out—"Don't, Henry, you hurt me!"—a piece of intelligence which we thought superfluous. The barbarous Duke does not relent. What can she do? She writes.

*Act the 3d.* The Count comes to the assignation, in spite of a hint from the astrologer. He, however, takes a charm which will render him *invulnerable*. A very distressing scene—we do not recollect the exact words, but the spirit of them runs thus—"Oh, Heavens! why do you come?"—"That's good; why, because you told me."—"Yes; but 'tis all a plot—you will be murdered!"—"Bless us, you don't say so! Oh, treacherous woman!"—"Accuse me not, the cruel Duke obliged me to write."—"Well, well, that alters the case; but do you love me?"—"Upon my honour."—"That's enough; I die content!"

A noise is heard—the Duke advances—confusion and despair—a ladder of ropes is thrown in by the page. The Duchess enacts with her arm the part of an iron bolt. The Duke *tugs* at the door, while the *invulnerable* lover escapes by the window. The lady's arm at length gives way, as we had anticipated, and the Duke, in a phrenzy, exclaims—"Holloa! where is he?"—Gone! The *invulnerable* lover is, however, dispatched under the window as well as the page, whilst the Duchess lies writhing under the combined tortures of a compound fracture and poison, &c. &c.

Such is the outline of the plot of the tragic drama—"Catherine of Cleves," translated and abridged, adapted, and materially altered, by Lord Leveson Gower. We think his lordship's powers might have been much better employed on a different subject. There is no dignity—no stamina in "Catherine of Cleves," to elevate it to the rank of tragedy; it will make an excellent two-act melodrame, but no more. The exhibition of bodily torture is, to say the least, excessively repulsive; and the only two stirring situations in the play owe their chief interest to that exhibition.

The "Bride of Ludgate" has been performed with complete success at Drury Lane; but the star of the season was produced on Wednesday last, entitled the "Rent-Day," by the same author. Mr. Jerrold is

distinguished in the dramatic world—they of the green-room tell you that there is no other world—as the author of “Black-Eyed Susan,” &c. To say that it met with a more triumphant success than even the author hoped for—and that is saying *much*—is, however, saying *little*. As if a plot of intense interest, combined with striking incidents, and sustained throughout by language of the most powerful description, were not sufficient to cast into the shade, nay, to entirely smother the translations and adaptations of the present day, Mr. Jerrold has introduced *tableaux vivants*, from Wilkie’s most celebrated pictures, “The Rent-Day,” and “Distraining for Rent.” The effect was acknowledged from all parts of the house—a clear proof that the “gods” are not insensible to the beauties of the fine arts. Of the drama, they, in conjunction with the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Mulgrave, have always been the leading and most vociferous patrons. The talent exhibited in Mr. Jerrold’s piece entitles him to rank among the very first dramatists of the day.

A theatrical reviewer in a Saturday journal, of the *exquisite* class, is mightily enraged against Mr. Jerrold for the intense interest he has contrived to throw into his new piece. His nerves were so shocked at the representation, his scent-box and cambric handkerchief were in such requisition, that as soon as his health permitted him to pen an article, he inflicted in his turn on the author a most dandy dressing. Verily we should think this gentleman was a gentleman of “rose-buds and sweet-scented waters”—that lisps when he prattles, and dips gently into his “pouncet-box” his delicate finger, wearing a ring thereon.

We have given the novelties of the month at the majors—the minors have been more prolific, and perhaps more successful; the stream of public favour runs certainly that way. The Olympic has produced a little piece, called “He is not a-miss”—which the papers, with their usual discrimination, say is an *original* production, by Mr. C. Dance. We don’t intend to contradict them, but we feel rather indignant at the impertinence of Messrs. Duvert and Paulin, who produced last summer, at the *Théâtre de Variétés* of Paris, a piece called “Monsieur Chapolarde,” which was evidently translated from Mr. C. Dance’s recent burletta. It is extremely unhandsome of Messrs. Duvert and Paulin to palm this piece on the public as their own; and we are surprised that Mr. C. Dance, who is so ingenious in pointing out the translations of others, does not assert his right.

He comes! he comes!—the great “Robert-le-Diable”—such is at present the engrossing topic of the green-room. The two patent houses are actively at work, both eager to have the start—but alas! the *Adelphi* is, after all, the first in the field. Buckstone, the purveyor-general of the establishment, has raised the devil first, and accordingly an *entirely original* drama, taken from the French, was produced on Monday the 23d with complete success.

“The Demon Duke” at Drury Lane has, we understand, been *concocted* by Mr. Beazley—Mr. Lacy is the *arranger* of the *diablerie* at the other house.

Mr. Planche is *au desespoir* that he is out of work. His scissors "hang idly in his hall." In the present busy scene of botchery, or rather butchery, of poor "Robert-le-Diable," his talents ought to have entitled him to the rank of head slaughterman. But alas! managers are imbecile; merit lies at Brompton unregarded.

Miss Sheriff has performed her rotation in an incredibly short period, to the amazement of the dramatic world. Mercury is a sluggard in comparison with her. The glorious sun himself has been nearly extinguished by her short-lived blaze. That great luminary, however, has the advantage of rising again, while his formidable rival, alas! seems set for ever! Miss Sheriff's career has been more like a sky-rocket—blazing and brief; so much for puffing.

A new subscription theatre has been opened in the Strand by Mr. Rayner. One of the public journals praises the manager, because his company is composed of *Yorkshire* people. The "*Yorkshire-Pudding*," or, the "*Horse and the Halter*," by an unknown writer, is one of the forthcoming novelties.

There has been a tremendous clatter about M. Laporte taking Covent Garden theatre; it was all, however, "*vox et præterea nihil*." This Laporte is a terrible fellow. He took, takes, and will take every theatre in London. He takes the French theatre, he took the Opera, and, they say, he will take the Pantheon. He took another Italian Opera—he will take Drury Lane.—He takes a small theatre for English vaudeville—he will take a provincial tour—and is now about to take, Heaven only knows what. One thing, however, is certain, that he takes too much room in the paragraph department.

The march of theatres begins to be alarming—every day brings a new undertaking of the kind into notice. There is one now building in Portman Market. Should the minors carry their point, we shall have as many theatres as streets. But the multiplying evil will soon correct itself; or at all events, some of them will make good hospitals.

The English dramatists are looking rather melancholy—some suppose it is the approach of cholera. It is not so. The real cause arises from the clear intimation of dullness in the French vaudeville-makers. Nothing of any note has been brought out at Paris of late; for the recent list of novelties exhibits nothing but failures, or successes which are pretty nearly the same.



## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

EUGENE ARAM. BY THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM.

THE high estimation which Mr. Bulwer enjoys among what are denominated "the Reading Public," renders every new publication of his a most desirable acquisition. As a novelist he ranks with the highest. If there is a writer of fiction at the present day, when that kind of writing has arrived at an extraordinary degree of perfection, worthy of pre-eminence where so many are excellent, we should consider the author of Pelham as possessing a fair claim to that distinction. Sir Walter Scott may have produced fictions of a more romantic beauty, Mr. Cooper may have described scenes of more intense interest, and Mr. Godwin may have rivetted our attention to his stirring narratives, with a stronger and more commanding power; but the volumes of Mr. Bulwer are imbued with a deeper tone of philosophy, and possess more pretensions to thought and reflection than those of his great contemporaries (if we except Mr. Godwin). His fame rests more upon the merit of his works, than upon their number. Of his first novel, which we believe was "Falkland," we have but little recollection; the publication of "Pelham," immediately produced for him that elevated degree of celebrity, which more recent productions of his pen have continued and increased. "The Disowned," and "Devereux," if they have not obtained an equal share of popularity, possess merits which alone would have entitled their author to a durable and honourable fame. "Paul Clifford," though of a very different character from his former volumes, is marked by a strong power of satire and humour. The author has shewn himself as much at home with the habits and peculiarities of the lower orders, as he had previously done in his delineations of character in a more exalted society. His notions of men and things are marked by originality and truth; his development of the good and evil of human nature, the "mingled yarn," of which stuff our lives are spun, is drawn with a spirit of wise and just observance; the gentle feelings of humanity, and the darker passions of the heart, are thrown over the picture, like the *chiaro-scuro* of the most skilful artist, and blended into one grand and harmonious whole; and beneath the surface lies an under-current of reflection and philosophy scattering golden meanings, and treasures of thought and poetry as sparkling as the sands of Pactolus.

The rank which the author holds in society, has given him many opportunities of becoming familiar with its construction and character; with the invisible links which connect the foundation-stone buried in the soil, with the magnificent sculpture placed upon the top of the column; and his insight into the hidden principles which govern men's actions, he has proved to us to be as great as the advantages he possessed of its study. He lays bare the human heart to all men's eyes, not by a sudden withdrawal of those innumerable coverings which conceal it from the world; but its many motives and feelings, and passions, and desires, and aspirations, are, like the fabrics and cloths that envelope an Egyptian mummy, gradually unfolded, and the nakedness of its nature lies exposed before us. He weaves upon the ground-work of fact, a fiction of glorious colouring, and splendid texture, which, like the famed productions of oriental magnificence, is woven in with precious things, the treasures of other men's gathering. The great charm of Sir Walter Scott's writings lies in their romance: it is so mixed up and blended with its characters that we see it, are dazzled by it, and acknowledge the glamour of the "Wizard of the North;" but Mr. Bulwer relies not so much upon the romance of fiction, as the romance of truth. Imagination colours the one, and knowledge of human nature produces the other. With the Author of Pelham, truth is the quarry out of which, like the great sculptors of old, he chisels forms rivalling the perfection of nature: with the Author of Waverley Romance is the Philosopher's stone which turns all it touches into gold.

Joined to these powers the author possesses a spirit imbued with profound

scholarship, a mind which has drank deeply of those precious waters, which the intellect of the mighty dead has poured out with such abundance, and their refreshing influence is liberally diffused over his pages. These powers, and more than these, has he brought to the production of a new work, which rivals, perhaps surpasses, all his others. Eugene Aram, who is known to all by the beautiful and impressive poem of that name written by Thomas Hood, comes before us ushered in with a Dedication to Sir Walter Scott, written with great good taste, and full of liberal and modest sentiments. The story is of one who made much stir in the world about the middle of the last century. The author has made him here a character of extraordinary power and wonderful effect; a being of superior mould to those of common humanity, and who does not, even in his fall from virtue, seem "less than Archangel ruined." He is a scholar, left at an early age poor and friendless; books become to him friends, knowledge his wealth, and the world his home. But with his limited means he soon exhausted the learning within his reach, and his soul panted with the most restless and daring aspirations for an increase. Though his yearnings were ambitious, they pointed to a noble and a glorious end—the enlightenment of his race. How his proud but generous heart, was clogged and bowed down by the bitterness of his lot—how he was tempted by a villain, to wrest from a meaner and more despicable villain, who had taunted him with his poverty, and whom his soul hated as a wretch "aged with vice—forestalling time—tottering on to a dishonoured grave—soiling all that he touched on his way—with grey hairs, and filthy lewdness, the rottenness of the heart, not its passion, a nuisance and a curse to the world,"—the means by which he might accomplish a more general philanthropy; all this is as finely described as any delineation of the progress and result of human passions in the language. The three volumes are full of poetry, and profound thought. The characters are strongly marked, and skilfully drawn; though not numerous, they are various. The worthy Corporal, "a man of the world," whose notions on many subjects we particularly admire, is a good set-off to the kind and benevolent 'Squire; the fiery and impetuous Walter is in strong contrast with the deep villainy of Houghton; and the gentle and affectionate Ellinor, forms a sweet relief to the high poetical enthusiasm of her sister. But the intense object of the reader's interest is Eugene Aram; for him it never flags from his first appearance, to the closing chapter. The plot is arranged with much skill, and the effect its development produces is strong and lasting. We had marked many passages for quotation, but our space is so limited that we regret being obliged to leave them out; but probably it would be needless, for before this Review comes before our readers, the work to which we have but feebly endeavoured to render the justice which its merits deserve, will be in the hands of all those who wish to be amused, or desire to be instructed.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON, WITH HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS, AND HIS LIFE. BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ. IN FOURTEEN VOLS. VOL. I. 12mo.

How little did we expect to see the day, some few seasons gone by, when, in the spring-glow of life, of lavish fame, and Don Juan quartos, he had just fleshed his maiden sword in the reputation of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, to see the lordly Byron himself—the facile princeps of his tribe, and the most aristocratic of peers or poets—reduced, by the levelling and radical conversion of Mr. Murray, to bow his laurelled head before the prolific age of cheap editions, cloth covers, and curtailed five shilling volumes: alas, for the aristocracy of letters:—

"The mighty Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,  
May stop some hole to keep the wind away."

But whether "Lords of the Lyre," or of the earth, and to whatever "vile uses they may come at last," one common fate seems to be prepared for them, and the greatest of their age and order are doomed to appear by the side of the most plebeian—the minors or the minnows, who could scarce produce a ripple on the surface of the deep streams of time, to be fathomed only by the sacred few. But

though even the Byron of his age can lay no claim to steer clear of the now universal law proclaiming the reign of 12mos. and sixty-penny books, yet we think he might fairly appeal to his peers for a rescinding of the sentence, on the ground of its being inflicted by a friend; *et tu, Brute?* and with much the same shew of justice as Cæsar himself, had his friend Marc Antony, after weeping and preaching over his remains, gone and given his commentaries to the Roman world, on the most villainously old pieces of parchment or papyrus he could get, and copied them with a stylus like a skewer! Had he but dreamed of future fate, like this, well might the lordly poet have exclaimed, (with slight alteration,) with Hassan the camel driver:—

“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from England’s coast I bent my way.”

But more seriously, what the poet may here suffer, from decreased size and splendour of appearance, will doubtless be amply compensated by wide-spread circulation and popularity; and if the publisher also can contrive to compete with French cheapness in this case, he will deserve the success he meets with. In the cheap, portable shape it has assumed, Mr. Moore’s *Life of Lord Byron* cannot but be esteemed a signal benefit for the people at large, and the reading public in particular; and for the manner in which he has executed the delicate and important task, we believe we may refer the more curious to a more copious account, on its appearance in the first quarto edition.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. PLUTARCH. TRANSLATED BY JOHN LANGHORN, D.D., AND WILLIAM LANGHORN, M.A. Vol. III.

We perceive, not without pleasure, as a proof that some affection for sound and useful reading still survives the evanescent and worthless taste engendered by the *soi-disant* fashionable literature of the day, that this excellent and long desirable re-publication has at length reached its twenty-fifth Number, in the third volume of the admirable and entertaining *Lives of Plutarch*. We have before had occasion to speak of the plan and object of the work in the manner it deserved; and the judgment shewn in the selection, as the series advances, fully justifies our expectations, increasing, as we think it has done, in interest and entertainment in almost every volume from the commencement. The ground it now occupies is the most rich and valuable that could have been chosen; and to have, instead of the old lumbering editions, the sight of which was enough to deter a young reader, a few light, portable volumes, at the sum of 5s., embracing all that is most valuable in ancient literature, forms an improvement in publication deserving every praise and encouragement.

ANTHOLOGIA SACRA: OR SELECT THEOLOGICAL EXTRACTS ON SUBJECTS, DOCTRINAL, PRACTICAL, AND EXPERIMENTAL, SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY THE REV. BERNARD GILPIN, M.A., AND W. H. VALPY, ESQ.

THE practice of superficial reading is one of the literary delinquencies of these times, and we are often ready to condemn all the manufacturers of “Extracts”—“Abridgments”—“Spirits”—“Abstracts” and “Epitomes,” as the patrons and founders of the vice. For if a student wishes to distinguish himself in any department of letters, he must converse with the fathers of our literature through their ponderous tomes, and exercise his own judgment, taste, and industry, in compiling a common-place book for himself, in which shall be found “Extracts,” that have first passed through the alembick of his own mind.

Theology however, in all its branches, “Doctrinal, Practical, and Experimental,” has, in different ages and countries, called forth such a multitude of master minds, that no man who has not devoted his whole life to the study of their ponderous folios, can expect to become familiar even with the titles, much less the contents of their multifarious works. To those, therefore, who are not divines by profession, and yet feel a commendable anxiety to know the opinions of the most eminent theologians, upon all the peculiarities of christian doctrine and practice, we can cordially recommend this handsome volume. Here they will



find the opinions of Fathers and Martyrs, of Confessors and Reformers, of Catholics and Protestants, of Churchmen and Dissenters, of British and Foreign divines, classed under distinct sections with much perspicuity, and will find throughout the book many eloquent appeals and accurate definitions.

POETICAL EPHEMERAS. BY JAMES P. BROWN.

WE have perused this unpretending little volume, of poems with feelings of real surprise and delight. We had no idea, on opening its pages, that so much genuine poetry lay concealed under the humble guise, and yet more modest announcement, with which it has been ushered into this ungenial world. There is a chasteness as well as power and beauty in many of the little pieces with which it is enriched, that forcibly call to mind some of those sweet original passages scattered over the works of many of our minor elder poets, and in the smaller poems of our great dramatic bard himself. This is both rare and pleasing in times of poetic dearth like these; and we can convey no happier idea of the feeling excited by Mr. B.'s poetry, than by contrasting it with the commonplace productions of the annuals of the age.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA. EMINENT BRITISH MILITARY COMMANDERS. VOL. I.

THE name of the Rev. Mr. Gleig, the author of the present work, is already, we believe, sufficiently familiar to the public. His literary efforts, if we rightly remember, commenced with a military novel, if we may use the term, which discovered marks of considerable talent and became popular. Indeed, we much prefer the Rev. Gentleman's style and character of composition, when employed in stirring warlike incidents and details, than in giving a history of the Bible; and with all his readiness and versatility, he will always be found to appear to greater advantage in works like his first, and now his last, than in any other of his multiplied productions we can call to mind. In the present instance, he seems to have entered on his task with peculiar zeal and vigour, like a man who finds himself suddenly restored to a more natural and congenial element. He has consequently, we think, acquitted himself with due skill and ability, in compressing, and throwing interest into the narrative of men's lives, within the compass of a 12mo. volume, which might easily be made, each of them, to fill a 4to. In this there consists no slight difficulty; and it has been met by the hand of a practised master, in this department. There is much curious and entertaining matter in the introduction, describing the military systems which have been practised in England, to the present time. Sir Walter Manny as a specimen of chivalry, is made peculiarly interesting; and his name is followed by those of Sir Francis de Vere, who shed lustre on the Elizabethan age; by Oliver Cromwell; and John, Duke of Marlborough: the last two, perhaps, too little in unison with the previous spirit of the book. We cannot, however, praise the style adopted by the writer, as we can the arrangement and materials of his work.

PROBATION, AND OTHER TALES. BY THE AUTHORS OF "SELWYN IN SEARCH OF A DAUGHTER;" "TALES OF THE MOORS," &c.

IN a pithy introduction to this bulky volume, rivalling two or three of the modern slim race of novels (pressing hard on 500 closely printed pages), there is some mention of the motives which led to publication, and which, if not directed as a *dead hit* at the critics, ought to boast the effect of disarming us in some degree of the sword and scales of just criticism. The plea of amiable and charitable feeling, engaged in alleviating suffering humanity or sorrow in any shape, is of a nature not to be heard by Justice herself without some twinge or relenting tear which falls like the blessed dew of heaven—the tear of the accusing angel which would blot out as it records the offence. There is so much kind and warmly sentiment, so much excellent principle, and unpretending, frank

sympathy, with all that is good and generous, that had the author been far less talented than he assuredly is, one could hardly have found in all the critical dictionary terms mild enough to convey our opinion that the title of "Probation" was so aptly chosen, as to apply in many parts as much to the situation of the reader as to the character and incidents of the story. But however we feel inclined to temper the law of critical justice with more than usual mercy, we must not conceal from the writer that with all its simplicity, its frequent touches of pathos, and its quiet, unassuming knowledge of life and character, he has very much to learn and reduce to practice before he can lay claim to the qualities of a really useful and engaging teacher of moral truth, through the medium of a well wrought fiction. Thus with considerable knowledge of, and experience in the world, and not a little derived from travel and reflection, the stories of this volume display a writer too careless of sustaining the interest of the narrative, unambitious of vigour and effect, and whose progress in the reader's estimation, for want of point and terseness, lags and halts, like a villanous Alexandrine, too frequently and too far in the rear. Yet these Tales are no way destitute of a merit of a peculiar kind:—natural pictures of middle life and manners; traits of alternate, quiet humour, and of pathos, giving one a distant view of the shade of Sterne; the simplest materials made palatable by a playful, frank, and genuine mind; and a style which only tires when divested of all incident, and losing itself in passages which lead to nothing.

LARDNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA. VOL. XXVI. TREATISE ON THE ORIGIN, PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT, &c. OF THE MANUFACTURE OF PORCELAIN AND GLASS.

THIS is an interesting volume of an interesting series of the Cyclopædia, and one with which we are as much or more pleased than the generality of the numbers. To all inquiring minds which have not made themselves acquainted with the process, history, &c. of the manufacture here described, every meal must present silent reproaches; and besides, the arts of pottery and glass-blowing, are in themselves highly curious and amusing. We have not space for extract, but cannot refrain from giving additional publicity to a discovery mentioned in the book, which we trust will be generally adopted in potteries, and save a great expense of human life in the manufactories. It is well known that the glazing used for earthenware contains a preparation of lead, and is highly prejudicial to the health of the workman; but one of the Lambeth potters we are told has recently announced the discovery of a glazing compound which is sufficiently fusible without containing a particle of lead, and is preferable on many other accounts.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE AIR, A MYTHIC TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS. BY DR. E. RANPACH.—Translated from the German.

THE author of this play is most probably known to most of our readers by his tragedy of "The Serf, or Isidor and Olga," which has been familiarised by translation to English lovers of the Drama, within the last two or three years. Ranpach ranks high among German tragedians, which is not faint praise, while the names of Schiller and Goëthe are comprehended in the list. The plot of this play is perhaps almost the very last the title would suggest, as the foundation a German would select for a superstructure of five acts and their due compliment of scenes and dramatis personæ; still less should we have imagined that on such a foundation such an architect would have raised such a superstructure. "The Daughter of the Air," is one whom censorious persons have generally deemed of lower birth, Semiramis, the far-defamed queen of Babylon, who is mothered on "Derceto,"

"The queen of air, who in clandestine love  
Linked with a mortal brought this child to light."

After being protected by a priest who keeps the *enfant trouvé*, "twice-nine" years, she is carried to Nineveh by Menon, the commander-in-chief of Ninus

the Assyrian king. Ninus, struck by the matchless valour she exhibits in an ensuing war against the Bactrians, deprives Menon of his anticipated bride, and Semiramis is raised to the throne. The rest of the story differs little from the current version excepting the first catastrophe (we use the word literally not technically) of the death of Ninus, who is made a *felo-de-se*. The alterations in the history would sadly disappoint an audience who would go to see a German version of Semiramis, with a golem's appetite to "sup on horrors." To our eyes the character of Ranpach's Semiramis seems to be as little "of a piece," as Nebuchadnezzar's image.

"She is a monster: like the storm her rage,  
And stubborn, as the senseless rock, her breast."

She can fight, even when a child, with the "bloody tiger,"

"And any thing else of the sort beside,"

as the author comprehensively expresses it. She can talk in the following strain, and "a pretty considerable quantity of nonsense as well." (Vid. p. vii.)

"I long with ardour now life's joys to share,  
Yes, let me hear again those sounds extatic!

They are to me the enchanted horse that bears

The Sorcerer on his dreadful tour erratic,

To heavens high thrones beyond the golden spheres.

Come, come on this impetuous rushing sea,

I feel myself upborne and rapt away."

Some of the ideas of love she expresses to Menon, remind us of the beautiful *naïveté* and devotion of Mignon in *Wilhelm Meister*; and then in a few seconds she is again transformed into a foaming tigress. But in spite of these and a few minor specks which offend our (perhaps too fastidious) taste we would gladly hail "The Daughter of the Air," or any other daughter who would come to Albion even in a foreign dress, to drive from our prostituted stage the mummers, monsters, and monkeys, which have made the temple of the muse a den of fools. To cool our anger, we will take a draught of Ranpach's beautiful poetry.

#### SEMIRAMIS.

And if I were your wife then, as you call it,  
What must I do, and what will be my duties?

#### MENON.

Love knows no duties: all it wishes is  
To find its image in another's breast:  
And when love thus meets love reciprocal,  
It so entwines their mutual hearts in one,  
That all the lover does, what e'er it be,  
Is the fulfilling of his loved one's wish.

#### SEMIRAMIS.

Is't not enough that every pain we feel,  
That hunger, thirst, tried nature, frost and heat  
Weighs down the noble spirit to the worm?  
Is't not enough that I must daily die,  
And many golden hours wherein the stars  
Move bright and wakeful through the solemn heaven,  
Lie blind and idle in a mighty death?  
Is't not enough that I have not got wings,  
That I must let the stream, the clouds, the birds,  
Pass on their course and cannot follow them?  
Is't not enough, must duty bind me too,  
Invented thralldom? have I then but left  
One prison there to find another here?  
For whether verdant field or dungeon dark  
Keeps me from life, 'tis one alike to me.



## THE ANNUAL BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY, 1832, Vol. XVI.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to record a series of more distinguished names, comprehending equal loftiness and diversity of talents, than in the course of the past year have ceased to reflect lustre upon the respective pursuits, of which, while living, they formed the chief ornament—were the leading authorities—pursuits to which they were so devotedly and passionately attached. Among the more intellectual and highly gifted of these, the public has to regret the departure of genius that may not speedily reappear, of genius that appealed to its deepest and warmest sympathies, penetrated the sources of the human passions, and called forth joy or woe with irresistible power like that of a magician's wand. A Siddons herself has gone to the world of spirits, with the awful shadows and mysteries of which, depicted in word, and look, and action, she could so often startle the house from its propriety, and make the terrors and sympathies of nature triumphant in the glory of her wondrous art. Elliston, too, the most elegant and refined comedian of his day has left us; and in another sphere, and no less a powerful master over our human sympathies, Mackenzie, the accomplished author of "The Man of Feeling," "Julia de Roubigne," and so many other excellent works, he too has departed; while in other walks of knowledge we meet the names of the great, original, eccentric Abernethy, of the eloquent and widely popular Robert Hall; the celebrated academician Jackson, Thomas Hope, William Roscoe, and the highly talented and eccentric Northcote. The memoirs of these and other personages of high rank and character are in general respectably executed, without, however, having much claim to superior novelty, successful inquiry or sound remark, as compared with the Obituary of other years. A few of the lives are hardly of sufficient extent, according to their public importance; while others appear, at least to judge by relative value, to be carried beyond due length. This inequality may have arisen from their being treated by minds of less congenial stamp than is desirable, when we know how few writers we have, capable of doing justice to merit like that of Siddons, Abernethy, or Mackenzie.

FACTS RELATING TO THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH IN THE METROPOLIS. BY EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, ESQ. SECOND EDITION; WITH AN APPENDIX, CONCERNING MURDER FOR THE SALE OF THE DEAD BODY.

THIS work of Mr. Wakefield, has already been acknowledged by the public press to contain many valuable remarks and suggestions, the more entitled to attention as being derived from long personal observation and experience. Its utility indeed seems wholly to consist in its practical aim and tendency; its object being to afford hints for carrying still farther the late improvement in the executive system of metropolitan law. In performing this public duty, some of the arguments brought forward by Mr. W. must strike every man of sense and reflection as entitled to the early and most serious consideration of a British legislature. That portion in particular, the mere title of which is so startling and appalling to the human ear, announcing a new crime, exceeding in strange enormity every thing recorded in the penal annals of any country, and against which, like that of parricide amongst the Romans, there long existed no written law, so terrible a stigma on the human character being wholly improbable and almost inconceivable; that portion, we repeat, is become of too vital and paramount importance, whether as regards the safety or the character of a civilized community, not to meet with the instant and most strenuous exertions from every branch of the legislature to remove so terrific an evil by more wise and efficient measures than punishment after commission of the offence. Among other ingenious methods for this purpose, not the least just and rational proposed by Mr. W. is that the bodies of all who receive above a certain amount of public money, shall be liable to be claimed for the public good; and, which would clash less with our system of government, by excusing from payment of legacy duty the representatives of those persons who had bequeathed their bodies for dissection, and whose bodies had actually been dissected. Considering the

immense value which is in this country attached to money, even by the dying, the adoption of this last suggestion might soon diminish the revenue. But by then the object in view would have been accomplished; and the law might be repealed without any risk that the prejudice would revive, if meanwhile every law were repealed, which causes dissection to be considered the most ignominious of punishments. The work reflects credit on the writer's judgment, and powers of discrimination.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., L.L.D. POET LAUREATE, &c. &c. CHIEFLY FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND YOUNG PERSONS.

IN this additional volume of selections, we are happy to perceive that the same taste and judgment have been employed, as have already led to the favourable reception of its predecessor, containing those from the more philosophical if not more poetical pen of William Wordsworth. As heads of what has been termed the lake school, as lake residents, and lovers, and as no distant neighbours, the names of Wordsworth and Southey are here not unaptly linked together; as they have indeed been in political principle, and in their entire career, whether for evil or for good.

As poets however, the more we read, the more we find in them to admire and love; and when wearied with some half dozen of the mightier names of English growth, who wrote for all times, there is no more agreeable occupation than taking up a volume of the greatest of living poets, containing the essence of such spirits as those of Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson. Let us advise Mr. Moxon to let his next specimens consist of the poetry of John Wilson.

THE PRODUCING MAN'S COMPANION, OR THE RIGHTS OF MORALITY, AN ESSAY ON THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY, MORAL, POLITICAL, AND PHYSICAL IN ENGLAND: BY JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

THE "Tale of Tucuman," it appears, has served the office of harbinger to the little volume now in our hands. Junius Redivivus exhibits we think a great portion of good sense and good feeling in these pages, but as few, if any, good things are unalloyed in this world,

"Where right and wrong so close resemble  
That what we take for virtues' thrill,  
Is often the first downward tremble  
Of the heart's balance into ill—"

in the earnestness of pleading the cause of liberal sentiments, he forgets that bigotry and intolerance in unguarded moments will sometimes, alas! intrude even into the lines of virtue, and fight under her banners. In one of these moments the author must have penned the following passage: "It is agreed by all really disinterested persons, that the government of England, not any individual government, but the general system—is one mass of immorality in practice." (p. 72.) We trust, however, that notwithstanding the present state of the country (concerning which by the by we see no cause to despond and pen Jeremiads) the author will still let his "rifle" "hang idly on the wall," (p. 94); that instead of seeing him "back a horse, and wield a blade," in defence of Mr. Effingham Wilson's window-shutters, we shall find another tale of Tucuman on the shelves the next time we pass by the Exchange; that instead of staining Cheapside with the "crimson current of life," he will pour forth his soul only on Bath post, or Whatman's vellum.

BRITAIN'S HISTORICAL DRAMA; A SERIES OF NATIONAL TRAGEDIES, BY J. F. PENNIE.

THE object of the present work, as stated in a lengthy preface, is to furnish a series of dramatic illustrations of the early history, manners, &c. of Britain. This volume contains four Tragedies, Arixina, Edwin and Elgiva, the Imperial Pirate, and the Dragon King. "Almost all the dramas," says Mr. Pennie, "of

which I possess any knowledge, have, in their characters—no matter when their era, or where their scenes of action are laid—the manners, feelings, institutions, and usages, which belong to the age and country of their respective authors.” In support of this sweeping and paradoxical assertion, the author adduces a passage from the *Revue Encyclopedique*, in which the demand for these proprieties in dramas is styled “an extra condition now imposed upon dramatic poets.”—“Local verity,” to use the reviewer’s phrase, we presume has been acknowledged both by critics and poets, as a *sine quâ non* in dramatic poetry ever since the time when Melpomene was worshipped in a waggon.

“ Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta  
Romani tollent equites peditesque Cachinnum.  
Intererit multum Davaſne loquatur an heros—  
Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.”

When Mr. Pennie too says, that in Shakspeare’s plays “there is little or no due keeping, no vivid colouring of manners and national customs,” he is unadvisedly, we think, setting up a high standard indeed of merit in the walk of literature he now adventures in; and it seems like a hectoring challenge to critics to put his plays to the most rigid test in this particular. It appears to us, that the present dramas have as little pretension to the credit of “due keeping” in “national customs and local verity” as any we ever read; and we would be bound to point out in them nearly as gross anachronisms as the quotation of Aristotle in *Troilus and Cressida*, or the tricks of Robin Good-Fellow at Athens. In the very preface, and almost in the same page in which he inveighs against ignorance of national custom, &c., we are told that *senatus consultum* is “assemblies of wise men and elders!” p. xiii. In the first play, *Arixina*, the marriage between Claudia, a Roman patrician lady, with Cymbaline, a foreign barbarian, and King of Britain, is celebrated in the Roman camp—a custom not in very “good keeping” with the national forms of the Romans, who had a law *non erat cum externo connubium* without permission from the senate. It was not till the time of Caracalla that freedom of intermarriage came in vogue. Again, marriage was not a religious ceremony at Rome, except by the obsolete form called *Confarreatio*. Neither can we imagine Britons in the time of the Roman invasion talking of tigers (p. 29), the “dark centre” of the earth (88), or “chivalry” (116); or little drummer-boys beating their *reveillé* and “go to bed, Tom,” in the camp of Cæsar. (Vid. p. 25).

THE PHENOMENA OF DREAMS AND OTHER TRANSIENT ILLUSIONS, BY  
WALTER C. DENDY.

THE “visions of the night” are a subject of interest to most individuals, from the venerable maiden, who duly recounts every morning over her bohea, the shadowy visitants that have enlivened the sad solitude of her slumbers, to the profound psychologist who burns to break through the veil with which sleep partially conceals the nightly revels of the mind. We conceive that all such persons will feel indebted to Mr. Dendy for his ingenious explanation of “the phenomena of dreams.” Many of the remarks are highly amusing, and, we confess, novel to us; for instance, that on the influence of “posture” on the mind. “The posture of supination will unavoidably induce an increased flow of blood to the brain, which, under certain states of this fluid, is so essential to the production of brilliant thoughts; an end, indeed, attained so often by another mode, the use of opium. Some persons always retire to bed when they wish to think”—(Pope is instanced).—“I must also allow that some few individuals compose best whilst they are walking, but this peripatetic exertion also is calculated to produce what we term determination of blood to the head. The most remarkable instance of the power of position in influencing mental energy is that of a German student, who was accustomed to study and compose, with his head resting on the ground, and his feet elevated and supported against a wall.” p. 53. *En passant* what a profound thinker must Grimaldi have been who walked so

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frequently on his head! How devoutly should we pray for the time when the world will be turned *upside down*!

"Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth."

We must object, however, and strongly too, against most of the metaphysics of the first few pages of this little work, and particularly some unjust censures on Dr. Priestley,—a man who, great as his errors may have been, has deserved too well of society by his scientific research and unflinching spirit of inquiry, to be made the butt of the ignorant. "The opinions of Priestley," says the author, "can only escape the stigma of being supposed to favour the doctrine of annihilation, by believing that he adopted the system of the ancients who recognised in man three great principles, *σῶμα*, *ψυχή*, and *νοῦς*, &c." p. 7. No person who has ever read the singular "Essay on Matter and Spirit" can suppose that the opinions of Priestley favoured the doctrine of annihilation; and we are the more surprised at this statement, since the author alludes immediately below to the arguments of Paley on the resurrection of the body, which are almost the same as those employed by Priestley in the Essay. We can inform the author also that Dr. Priestley makes no sophistical distinction between the soul and mind. We may also hint to our readers in an *aside*, that the commonly received contradistinctive explanations of *ψυχή* and *νοῦς* are not so well grounded as many suppose.\* The distinction of mind and soul, by which the soul is described as a mere existing substance, devoid of perception or reason, is one which involves more absurdities than we should feel comfortable in being bound to defend. Waiving these reservations, we recommend the work to all dreamers, whether of night-dreams or day-dreams, excepting, however, all young ladies who have not yet passed the ordeal of the wedding-cake and ring mystery.

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY. VOL. I. THE LIFE OF WICLIF, BY C. WEBB LE BAS, M.A., PROFESSOR IN THE E. I. COLL. HERTS, AND LATE FELLOW OF TRIN. COLL., CAMBRIDGE.

At the rate that the secular "Libraries" and "Miscellanies" have lately been lading our book-shelves, scarcely a niche would soon remain for clerical authors to figure in, and clerical booksellers to fill; the pastoral advice of the clergy would not be heard beyond their parish-churches, and Messrs. Rivington might strike their church-militant colours in Waterloo Place and Paternoster Row. To prevent this, a strong clerical corps have lately taken the field under Archdeacon Lyall and the Rev. Hugh James Rose, and the first symptom of their activity is seen in the present volume. Wiclif must be venerated not only by those who prize the blessings of a reformed religion, but by all who glory in mental emancipation and freedom of inquiry; and they will, no doubt, be glad to read his history by as good a writer as Le Bas, or perhaps a better. We have perused the present life with great interest, and recommend all our friends who are not well acquainted with the noble old reformer to seize the present opportunity of increasing their intimacy with him. The work is prefaced with a long introduction on the corruption and subsequent reform of Christianity: of the style of this we cannot find it in our consciences to speak so favourably. We are afraid for the sake of Mr. Le Bas that the ears of the present generation are too "Ciceronian," and that in these days "the graces of a classical style are *too much* cultivated" for language with which Mr. Irving's readily amalgamates (*vid.* p. 23), to be

\* The nice distinctions (if so they can be called) between those apparent synonyms, *σῶμα*, *φύσις*, *ψυχή*, *νοῦς*, &c. were not invented till the sophists began to infuse their subtleties into the very elements of learning—language. In attempting to explain away the tautology of Homer, Hesiod, &c. in these words, great ignorance of the customs of those authors is exhibited. A striking instance of this tautology may be seen in the Theogony of Hesiod, *lin.* 549—554, and the sophistical explanation, in Plutarch's Tract, on the "Face of the Moon." See also *ἡρώδης* and *ἡρώδης*, *lin.* 764, "*mentem animumque.*" Virgil. "*Mens cui regnum totius animi a naturâ tributum est.*" Cicero.

much admired, at least in its present place. We beg leave to ask Mr. Le Bas if the following is a specimen of his "classical style." Speaking of the papacy he says: "The elective conclave was a scene of eternal rivalry, intrigue, and conflict. And yet did this rope of sand, as it must have appeared to ordinary eyes, coalesce into such a union of strength and flexibility, that it was able to twine itself round the mightiest of mankind, to bind kings as it were with chains, and nobles with fetters of iron."

The following remark, among others, appears to us not only a puerile contradiction but false philosophy:—"In the proportion as the race of man improves, in the same proportion, frequently, are his passions brought out in bolder relief. The tale of his absurdities and his atrocities becomes more fearfully and more distinctly legible." We could not help stumbling over a sophism or two in the life. In page 323 we find the author stating, that the sentiments of the soundest thinker of our own times, on necessity, may be summed up in the language of Dr. Key: "Disputes on liberty and necessity are vain and idle; as much so as if you were placed within a spherical surface and I without it, and we were to enter into abstruse arguments on the question whether the surface between us were concave or convex. In my situation it is convex, in yours it is concave." We should be sorry to be ranked in Mr. Le Bas's list of "soundest thinkers." In taking leave of this volume, we would assure the author that all our censures are inflicted in the spirit of the text—"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and recommend the clergy of the present day to emulate the disinterestedness and other virtues of the illustrious Wiclif.

NICOTIANA, OR THE SMOKER'S AND SNUFF-TAKER'S COMPANION, BY  
H. J. MELLER, ESQ.

THE devotee to the immortal weed may peruse this little but elaborate treatise, and be prepared in future to give "an account of the faith that is in him." Mr. Meller is neither a lukewarm nor superficial advocate; he has armed himself before entering the arena, and hanging up his glove in defiance of all the enemies of the

"Joy of the palate,  
Delight of the nose,"

by a laborious investigation into its history "from the earliest period to the present time." Raleigh, Bacon, Locke, and hundreds more of the great and good are summoned from their graves to give evidence in the good cause. We trust, therefore, our sensitiveness will no longer be so grievously wounded by gross blunders about the divine weed, but that every student of the noble arts of smoking and snuff-taking will duly qualify himself with a course of Meller; he will then be enabled "to keep his acts" against all opponents, and descant on the various characteristics of the *Nicotiana Fructuosa*, the *Alba*, or *Auguste-folia* with unerring fluency. In fine, we recommend every possessor of a *meerscham* to place *Nicotiana* in the most favoured nook of his book-shelves; every owner of a *tabaticu* to study the amusing anecdote of the far-famed Lundy Foot and his man Larry; and above all we enjoin every neophyte in the mysteries of the cigar to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the mems. and maxims of Mr. Meller, and he will then no longer commit the heretical crime of decapitating his "brown-vested darling," and still less would he think of polluting with sugar his cup of mocha, "that inseparable associate of the weed of strange power."

WAVERLEY NOVELS. VOL. XXXI. QUENTIN DURWARD.

THE chief feature of this reprint, like that of its predecessors, is the introduction and notes by the author. The introduction speaks of the times, on the principal events of which the novel is founded; but dwells more particularly on the character of Louis XI., who figures so conspicuously in the work. Among the notes we find an interesting history of the Gypsies or Egyptians, Bohemians as they were then termed. We had marked a passage for extracting, but are

compelled to omit it. The embellishments are of a more tasteful character, in this instance, than in many of the preceding volumes of this series.

**TWELVE SELECT ORATIONS OF M. TULLIUS CICERO, WITH ENGLISH NOTES.**

We have here a new edition of the principal orations of Cicero that are generally read; the text of the Zurich edition is selected, and the whole accompanied with brief English commentations that cannot fail to be useful to the young student.

**DAVID. A POEM.**

MUCH more time, we fear, is lost in versifying the Bible than reading it; and the story of David is much better in prose than as a poem, without making any exceptions in favour of Cowley's Davideis, or the volume before us.

**FINE ARTS.**

THE celebrated exclamation of a lover in one of Dryden's dramas—

“Ye Gods, annihilate both time and space,  
And make two lovers happy,”

is reiterated every now and then by several of our friends, artists and amateurs, in wishes that we should exclude all mention of several very important topics, and devote our space and attention to the arts. We have made arrangements, however, that will enable us to attend to their suggestions, without incurring any sacrifice at all. In the meantime, we have a considerable accumulation of subjects of interest, scattered through several portfolios, that we shall notice as rapidly as possible. One, that has just caught our eye, has been long a popular favourite; but at this moment we may be excused, however late, for referring to it. It is Bromley's splendid engraving, from Lawrence's equestrian portrait of the Duke of Wellington. The recent illness of the modern Alexander, and unrivalled anti-reformer, induces us to look at it with feelings of unusual interest; for the Duke is a person that we cannot after all be indifferent about—he is one of those whom we must either reverence or execrate. Without declaring our own tendencies, we may honestly confess to an admiration of the engraving. It is just the position in which the great Captain should be seen, and the plate has been executed by Mr. Bromley, with a corresponding magnificence of effect.

The next is, *The Enthusiast*—engraved by Robert Graves, from a picture of Theodore Lane's. There is a little extravagance and affectation in the design; yet it is full of comic effect; and the force and fidelity of the engraving have done entire justice to it. The picture is well-known, so that it requires no description beyond that which is conveyed, by a mere testimony as to the truth and skilfulness of the engraver.

By way of contrast, we turn to *The Bride*, by Mr. Leslie—a most tasteful, elegant, and touching composition. The face presents a loveliness of sentiment and of feature, and the soft shadow thrown over it, gives a peculiar effect to the expression. We have again to commend the engraver (Mr. Thomson), who has treated his subject with exceeding grace and delicacy. While Brides are to be had, even half as seducing as this picture, Mr. Malthus must be contented to theorize in vain.

*Frame Tablets—Vizetelly and Branston.*—We have seen some extremely pretty specimens of the above. They are for the purpose of mounting drawings, &c. and the objects aimed at are; to give them the effect of projection, without a raised surface, and that the tablet should so blend with the drawing, that it should seem to form a part of it. Compared with what has usually been applied to the same purpose, they have the extra advantage of lying flat in the portfolio or album, and are not so liable to soil.



## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

**Legends and Traditions of the Castles of England.**—A work with this title is in course of preparation by Roscoe and Leitch Ritchie, Authors of the "Landscape," and of Heath's "Picturesque" Annuals; and is to be published by subscription, in 12 Monthly Parts, with Engravings, price 3s. 6d. each Part. It will comprise not only a genuine narrative of the fortunes of the English Castles, but in a more particular manner the events of what may be termed their private history, founded upon Legends and Traditions. It will contain also Picturesque Sketches of the more celebrated of the Castles, from materials collected on the spot by Ritchie, in the manner adopted in the Picturesque Annual; and the antiquarian, historical, and traditional Notices, by Mr. Roscoe, will be throughout relieved and illustrated by Romantic Tales.

A Second Edition of "The Horse," by Mr. John Lawrence, with considerable additions, and a Portrait of the Author, by Wivill, engraved by B. Hall.

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### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE old year took its leave and the new one commenced with N. E. winds and white frosts, by no means distinguished for their severity. These continued to the 5th instant, when the wind veered to the southward of the E., reproducing the former mild and moist temperature, which was fully confirmed on the 10th by another change of the wind to the W., where it has been fixed to the present day, excepting occasional northern variations, but those more generally to the southern quarter: with almost constant fogs, and a degree of mildness both uncommon and unseasonable at this time of the year. On the strength of this atmospheric sketch, our weather wise-acres determine that so much moisture has been expended in fog, as to leave little for the production of much snow or rain, during the present winter; and should this mildness continue, gloomy apprehensions are entertained of a cold ungenial spring.

The country business of the season is universally reported in a state of great forwardness, notwithstanding the general complaints of poverty. The few days, or week of mild frost, were taken advantage of, for carting manure upon the land, which succeeded upon light and dry soils; but certainly the damage done thereby to wet and poachy lands, far outweighed the expected benefit, taking into the account the extra and severe labour of the teams, and the cutting up, both public and private roads. The mild weather continuing, all possible expedition has been used in finishing wheat seed, but little of which remained to be done over year, excepting in the warm south-western districts, and on some parts of the northern border. The scarcity of English wheat, and that choak-pear to the farming interest, the immense import, have stimulated our farmers to the greatest exertions, and there surely never before was so great a breadth of land sown with wheat in England, Scotland, and Wales, as in the present season. We heartily wish their patriotic exertions may be rewarded by a productive crop; a blessing unfortunately unknown in this country, during several past years. Its early appearance was never more universally promising; but the great desideratum, at present, is a few weeks' frost and dry weather, to check a too great luxuriance, which, unchecked, may detract from the solid production of grain. The young seeds, like the wheats, are so forward in the grass, as to excite a similar apprehension. Trefoil excepted, the seeds of last year proved a general failure. We cannot help again noticing the prayers of our friends for frost, to check the WEEDS, couch, charlock, *et id genus omne*, and beg to remind them of the carter, whose load being set, fell down on his knees to Hercules, instead of himself lifting at the wheel. Be it remembered, however, we address only farmers of property. As to the corn farming on poor lands, that has long since ceased to be a money-making, or even a living concern. Turnips,



potatoes, carrots, all the root crops, with some exceptions against mangold, have proved abundant, almost beyond precedent. Of hops, nothing new; the dull state of the markets and absence of speculation, are sufficiently indicative of ample stocks.

Letters from that fine and rich corn county, Suffolk, are the best commentary on the state of the last year's wheat and barley crops. On some soils, the produce not exceeding five bushels per acre; on many, not above twelve, the quantity and quality much upon a level. The cost of thrashing, six and seven shillings per quarter; yet few persons, from the late intimidation, daring to use a thrashing-machine, however great their want might be of pecuniary assistance from market, where, in fact, the corn was scarcely saleable except at a very low price, as from its damp state, it could not be ground unless mixed with dry foreign. The barley crop, also, has not equalled early expectation; but a small part of it being of fine malting quality, and the difference of price most extraordinary. The pulse crops much in the same state, and of those which have succeeded, the grain are uncommonly small. We formerly noticed Herts. as a favourable exception, yet we have since heard of want of money in that quarter; and we now announce RUTLAND as perhaps having been blessed with the most abundant of last year's crops of all kinds in this country. Wheat a full average, with little drawback as to quality. The farmers are all amusing themselves with the horrors of the currency bill, and the great import of foreign corn: with respect to the latter, in what a situation would this country have been, without an ample foreign supply!

There is little novelty in the state or price of the cattle and sheep markets, none in that of horses, the export of which has become a great and flourishing trade, infinitely to the credit of this as a breeding country. Markets and fairs generally well stocked, and the Christmas beef was of a high figure, as well in quality as price. The mild season and the immense turnip crops have wonderfully economized the fodder of the home stall, and both sheep and cattle are even yet abroad. The constant moisture however, both of the air and the food, have not been favourable to the flocks, the fleeces of which have long remained soaked through with wet and soiled with mud, even on lands not usually deemed unfavourable to sheep. The early season of lambing in the west, is said to be propitious, with the drawback of a premature weaning, in rather a considerable number of the ewes.

We have had lately a new edition of the Scotch wheat-fly, which, in its operations, appears to have little analogy with ours in England. The Scotts are equally forward with ourselves in their husbandry; barley of last year their best crop, as oats with us; their labourers industrious and contented, and their lands well stocked with cattle and sheep. The straw crops of wheat and barley have proved more bulky in South Wales than elsewhere; even yet a cheap country to live in. Labourers' wages ten shillings per week, whilst in employ, which is too uncertain, and many are then partly supported by their parishes, in order to keep them out of mischief. Numbers of able-bodied men in nearly all our southern counties, are anxious to emigrate to Canada, but are destitute of the means,—a subject well entitled to the consideration of parliament. We were much gratified by the late Circular on Emigration of the Colonial Office, for forwarding the passage of unmarried females between fifteen and thirty, government bearing one half the expense.

We have lately seen, with much regret, letters of the following tendency, from several parts of the west:—"Instead of advanced wages diminishing poor rates, they are almost universally increasing here, by which it seems too probable that, in a very short time, the whole produce of the land will be swallowed up by idle vagabonds, most falsely and improperly characterized as industrious and meritorious poor. An advance of poor rates has been cotemporaneous with the advance of wages, and a decline in the price of bread. In the mean time, discontent and complaints are not abated, less work is done, with grumbling, for more wages, and the really industrious labourer discouraged, and justly offended at seeing a profligate and lazy rabble paid as much as himself."

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 8d. (dairy-fed).—Rough fat, 2s. 11d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 46s. to 80s.—Barley, 25s. to 42s.—Oats, 16s. to 30s.—The London, 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 55s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 75s. to 120s.—Straw, 28s. to 38s.

*Coal Exchange.*—Coals, in the Pool, per ton, 17s. 0d. to 23s. 6d.

*Middlesex, January 23rd.*

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# THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor is apprehensive that, by an accident over which he had no control, some of his Correspondents were put to the inconvenience last month of sending to the publishers' before their communications were prepared for them. He has taken care to guard against any recurrence of the circumstance that gave rise to this disappointment.

Communications for the writers of the undermentioned papers are in the hands of the publishers:—

The Sacred Conscience.  
The Recorder of Ballyporeen.  
Events in the Life of a late Barrister.  
Political Unions.  
Random Sketches.  
A Fragment.  
The Victor of Laussen.  
Recollections of a Valetudinarian.  
Metropolitan Improvements.  
The Downfall of an Irish Patriot.  
Society in the Provinces.  
The Press.  
State of Ireland.  
Irish Volunteers.  
Senator of Venice.  
The Brother's Revenge.  
My First Invention.  
Anecdote of 1641.  
A Tale of the Sea.

Articles intended for insertion in the ensuing number must be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

It is requested that *all* communications may be addressed "*To the Editor*" only, and forwarded to Messrs. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane. It is scarcely necessary to say that no *unpaid* letter can be received.

The writers of poems, and other short pieces, are requested to keep copies of them.